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E DENOUNCES SPIRITUALISM VERY STRONG TERMS.

Religion Should, He Says, Drop ell from Which It Came—New ents for the Music at Old Plym- . Hugh O. Pentecost Replies f His Critics.

acle was crowded yesterday with anted to hear Dr. Talmage speak. was on Spiritualism, and he took for erview King Saul had with the Witch no, Dr. Talmage asserted, was a edium of her time.

said that spiritualism is a very old ave a history of modern spiritualism g description of its manifestations. s existed through all the ages. Its been called sorcerers, charmers, mes- oyants, and long before Christ the the table-turning and other tricks of ey are exhumations from the unseen r. Talmage. "What does God think

preacher was willing to admit that hatic performances are ascribable to nion after a while will be demon- ieved nine hundred and ninety-nine housand of such achievements are nbugs.

g that most people at some time of at felt a touch of hallucination, he e night after eating something disa- the President of a certain college is bed and was sure he asked him to ents. His indictment of spiritualism . He said:

iritualism because it is a social and The worst deeds of licentiousness t orgies of obscenity have been its patronage. The story is too vile I will not pollute my tongue nor the recital. Sometimes the civil voked to stop the outrage. Families ave been broken up by it. It has dreds of young women into a life of t talks about 'elective affinities,' relations,' and 'spiritual matches,' whole vocabulary of free-loveism. could have its full swing it would into a pandemonium of carnality, n, damnable religion, and the sooner e hell from which it rose, the better and heaven."

beginning his discourse Dr. Talmage e denial of the statement that had to the effect that at a recent dinner ers of the Thirteenth Regiment at his d been four different kinds of wine

$1,000," said the Doctor, "to any rove that a drop of wine was offered, hat amount to any charitable insti- y be named by any reputable min- r detective, such person designated in the whole matter. That which I d in a joke has been used all over e the impression that temperance *ise, and I respectfully ask that the have been misled by the report*

From the Pall Mall Gazette.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* of the 20th December contains a quotation from a Chicago newspaper, in which not only is it stated that I have taken part in "a series of experiments, chiefly with the medium Home," but it is pretty plainly suggested that I am disposed to judge what is called "spiritualism" more or less favorably.

The statement and the suggestion are alike erroneous. I never met with the medium Home, and my knowledge of him, derived from the reports of the proceedings of courts of justice is not such as to lead me to regret that circumstance. But I have had to do with certain other "mediums" of hardly inferior notoriety; and my deliberate judgment is that they were, each and all, utter impostors, and, with one exception, not even clever at their shameful trade.

I have always refused to have anything to do with spiritualistic experiments, unless they were to be carried out in a house belonging to some one whom I could trust, and unless I knew enough of the persons who were to be present to be sure that they would not play the part of confederates of the medium, at any rate consciously. If I ever undertook such an inquiry again, I should, further, insist on the presence of a shorthand writer with a watch, whose business it should be to note down everything that was said and done, verbatim and in exact order. Any one who has had experience of spiritualistic proceedings and of the extraordinary discrepancies of testimony between the cool heads and the hot heads as to the simplest matter of fact, will, I think, see the importance of this stipulation. I once sat at a table which was to be moved by the "spirits." There was a tall lamp in the middle of the table, and while the "spirits" were being invoked I noted that the globe of the lamp covered a particular pattern of the wall paper so long as I kept my head in a certain position. Suddenly the medium said, "There! did you see the table move?" There was a general cry of wondering assent. But it was the old story of the Northumberland House lion in a new shape. As a matter of fact, the globe of the lamp had remained exactly on (as a sailor would say) with the pattern all the time. I pointed out this little difficulty, and by dint of persistence got an admission that there was some doubt about the case even from the medium. If the paper had been plain I should have been beaten by an overwhelming balance of testimony.

The oldest in date of my spiritualistic experiences goes back about five-and-thirty years. It took place at the house of a relative of mine, and the "medium" was a pleasant, intelligent, and well-mannered woman, a native of the United States, whom I will call Mrs. X. The chief performance was the usual pencil and alphabet business, and operations commenced with me as scientific witness and doubter general. The ease and rapidity with which that quiet transatlantic lady fooled me was, as she herself might have said, a caution. The name of the dead friend of whom I was thinking was spelled out in no time, and I was left morally agape, while Mrs. X. followed up her victory, and made one after another of the company a still easier prey. However, as soon as I could pull myself together I watched the proceedings somewhat narrowly. I noted that the medium's success was by no means uniform; and in the case of one of my friends, who enjoyed a well-deserved reputation for outward impassibility, she failed altogether. So when Mrs. X. had made the round

spirits did their work admirably. The
s were loud and abundant, and the company
lared that they came from all parts of the
m. Indeed, there were some who main-
ed their persistence in the house for days
rward. At any rate, the suggestion that
particularly quiet woman who sat easily
ing at the head of the table could be all the
le making these wonderful noises seemed
irst sight outrageous. Drive it away as I
ld, however, the suspicion, the offspring, no
bt, of a basely materialistic philosophy,
coming back—took shape as a theory, and
lly, by dint of patience and perseverance,
odied itself in practice. From that time
h I became the master of two spirits quite
fficient as those of Mrs. X., and I verily be-
e of the same nature. My "delicate Ariels"
de in the second toe of each foot. The
hod of evocation is simplicity itself. I have
ely to bend the toe and then suddenly
ighten it. The result is a sharp rap on the
of my shoe, which by practice may
repeated very rapidly, and rendered
e or piano at pleasure. To produce
best effect, it is advisable to have
socks and a roomy, hard-soled boot;
oover, it is well to pick out a thin place in
carpet, so as to profit by the resonance of
floor. The upper leather of the boot should
ld rather than patent, as a bright surface
betray a slight movement. By skilful
lification of the force of the blows and con-
ational misdirection of people's attention
the methods familiar to conjurors and ven-
quists) the ordinary intelligent and well
cated member of society—who is about as
potent to deal with these matters as a Lon-
street boy with a dairy farm—may be made
believe anything as to the direction of the
nds. So long as no one is allowed to touch
foot of the operator detection is impossible.
en I was in good practice I could stand
ing on a well-lighted floor while the by-
nders, who knew that I caused the raps,
ld not divine how they were produced. And,

No. She—I thought not.

Any one could discern, on very short a
quaintance, that my friend was a kind-hearted
chivalrous gentleman; but it is not everybo
who would have perceived so shrewdly th
Irish wit had for once been too much
Yankee cuteness, and that the only chance
the culprit was to throw herself on the mer
of the court. Fraud is often genius out
place, and I confess that I have never be
able to get over a certain sneaking admirati
for Mrs. X. But as to the other two mod
whom I have tried they were merely male a
female specimens of the Sludge family—who
contemptible, clumsy creatures with no fac
ly save boundless impudence.

No one deserves much blame for being d
ceived in these matters. We are all intell
ually handicapped in youth by the incessa
repetition of the stories about possession a
witchcraft in both the Old and the New Test
ments. The majority of us are taught noth
which will help us to observe accurately a
to interpret observations with due cautio
Very few of us have the least conception ho
much more difficult it is to make such observ
tions and interpretations in a room full
people, stirred by the expectation of the ma
vellous, than in the calm seclusion of a labor
tory or the solitude of a tropical forest. A
one who has not tried it cannot imagine th
strain of the mind involved in sitting for
hour or two in a dark room on the watch f
the dodges of a wary "medium." A man m
be an excellent naturalist or chemist, and
make a very poor detective. But in these
vestigations those who know are aware th
the qualities of the detective are far more u
ful than those of the philosopher.

I had no intention when I sat down to wr
so long a letter. But I have for many yea
watched, not without anxiety, the mor
descence in our times, and under respect
sanction, of that belief in man's power of e
ing spirits from which the basest and crue
superstitions of bygone ages logically enou

6.1
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PRESENTED BY THOMAS WELTON STANFORD

FACTS AND MYSTERIES

OF

SPIRITISM:

LEARNED BY

A SEVEN YEARS' EXPERIENCE AND INVESTIGATION.

WITH

A SEQUEL.

BY

JOSEPH HARTMAN.

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"The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight."—Matt. iii. 3.

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DEDICATION.

TO one now in the realms above, in whose beautiful and filial earth-life the spirit of the Divine Master shone conspicuously, and whose memory clings to me like a guardian angel, ever directing my affections and thoughts to the Fountain of all Truth and Goodness—my blessed spirit daughter, Dolly—these pages are affectionately dedicated by

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

THE *facts* of Spiritism are of two classes and have two aspects. Those heretofore published have generally possessed the seductive fascination that surrounds mystery, and have been represented as harmless, elevating, and spiritualizing.

The author was conducted through the open portals into the chambers of "mystic lights," and then beyond into the dismal shades of Tartarus and the foul atmospheres of the abyss. If the horrors of these regions were ever before experienced, the fact has never to our knowledge been recorded.

Since every investigator desires to understand the "basic principles" underlying every new phenomenon, the author is impelled to disclose important facts divulged to him; and these facts are understated rather than exaggerated.

He regrets the appearance of egotism, but this was unavoidable in a personal narrative.

Nor does he shrink from the censure or odium which some may heap upon him for his temerity in undertaking to investigate these mysteries and publish the facts. But he hopes the reader will attach no blame to any member of his family who acted under his guidance.

Of the "Sequel," only one word. It consists mainly of discussions and familiar dialogues held between the spirits and the author, who acted as the writing medium. It was produced after the true nature of the spirits was discovered. A notable fact is, that the Sequel opens with an "Introduction" and closes with a "Conclusion," dictated by spirits.

J. H.

PITTSBURGH, PA.,
Sept. 1885.

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Facts and Mysteries

of

Spiritism.

FACTS AND MYSTERIES

OF

SPIRITISM.

CHAPTER I.

FIRST INTRODUCTION INTO A "CIRCLE."—PLANCHETTE.—TABLE-TIPPING.—WRITING AND DRAWING.—A GEOLOGICAL SUBJECT.—THE "OPEN GATE," AND MATERIALIZATION.

INTERCOURSE between spirits and men by one mode or another, has been known and practised in some degree by all the nations of the earth, from the earliest antiquity down to the present day. But passing over the anterior mystic ages with their diverse modes, we reach the eventful year 1848 which is the date of the beginning of "spirit-rapping," and all its successive steps of modern spirit phenomena.

At this period Mesmerism and Clairvoyance, as well as Spirit-Rapping, with their mysterious phenomena, were creating a wonderful excitement in the country, and Mr. A. J. Davis and the Fox girls were modern wonders. Spirit-mediums were being developed everywhere. Naturally I felt interested in these manifestations; and as opportunity offered I sought information, but had never met with a private circle until the year 1852, at which date I resided in Baltimore.

Having no prejudices, and feeling myself in perfect freedom, I could see no objection to investigating any subject,

natural or spiritual, that comes within the scope of reason or observation. Hence I had no scruples about investigating or witnessing spiritual phenomena.

First Introduction into a "Circle."

1852.—During the summer a friend one day invited me to his house in the evening, to meet his young daughter aged fifteen years, who was a writing-medium, and a Doctor Scalpel and his wife. The Doctor was also mediumistic, but not fully developed. I gladly accepted the invitation and went. Five persons were present. I took no part except to observe. The other four persons seated themselves around a table, with the palms of their hands on top. Presently the table responded to questions by tipping one side, and by a soft gentle rapping on the table. Then the table turned upside down, while the hands only lightly touched it; then moved to one side of the room, rose over a sofa with the legs against the wall, and clearly described the motions of writing on the wall with one leg of the table. Now the table was placed in proper position again, and the young Miss commenced writing very rapidly with pencil on paper. Several messages were written, and among them one for me, purporting to be inspired by a friend who died while I was in California. I had been told that he "crossed over" from Terre Haute, Indiana. The writing was in a large, bold, strong hand entirely different from a long message in a small feminine hand, previously written in a message to the medium's family. My friend's name was properly written; but he said he had left earth-life at Zanesville. Here was a discrepancy with a fact as written in my memory. None of those present could possibly have known of the friendly relations between the spirit now communicating and myself; and had the message said he "left" at Terre Haute, I should have had some confidence in the identity of my friend's spirit. Thus it will

be seen, that on the very threshold of my investigations I find grave cause to doubt the truthfulness of the spirit, while the honesty of the medium was undoubted.

1854.—In the summer of this year, I changed my residence to Philadelphia, where I was almost constantly associated with a class of church people who were uncompromisingly prejudiced against spiritism, mesmerism and other related isms; and they pronounced the whole business "disorderly and from hell"! I did not share in this feeling, but held reserved opinions until I could see some reasonable grounds for condemnation. I was disposed to be tolerant.

1855.—In the spring of this year I settled in Pittsburgh; since that time the people with whom I have had business and social relations, have rarely looked upon spiritism with favor, and my church associates have almost unanimously pronounced against everything that savors of spiritism. Living within this sphere of prejudice, while not entirely indifferent to its influences, I gave but little thought or attention to the wonderful phenomena referred to in our every-day literature. Still I had a general thought not unfavorable to the manifestations, as I believed they portended still more wonderful phenomena, and a less doubtful and more general intercourse with the spiritual world.

Nothing surprised me, and I expected these manifestations would be instrumental, in preparing the way for the reception of a more rational and acceptable theology, by first dissipating the hard literalism, and forced interpretations of the Lord's revealed Word. Therefore I was not averse to learning of every incident of the kind within the churches, occurring in the presence of clergymen or laymen; and these incidents have been the subject of many interesting private discussions with my friends. All apparently would be pleased to hear what had been witnessed by others, but would shrink from it themselves, as if fearing contamination. In this respect I have not

sympathized with the conservatives, because my nature leads me to investigate anything and everything, spiritual or natural, coming within my intellectual capacity. I have no superstition; and it seems as reasonable for an intelligent man to investigate spiritual phenomena, as to study the subtle principles of terrestrial magnetism and electricity. They all have properties that elude our limited powers of investigation. Therefore I concluded that man being a spiritual being, may search after the hidden things of the spiritual universe, with the same freedom and exalted purpose that he seeks to comprehend the machinery of stellar worlds, or the laws that hold together the particles of a grain of sand. From this sense of freedom I have acted without fear.

Viewing the subject from this stand-point, I could only laugh at the timid fears of my less hopeful and more cautious friends. Moreover, I believed that with a few the "interior way" had now been opened, and that, as a logical sequence, many would be inspired to seek what had heretofore been concealed, namely, the "Open Gates." Hence when I was told one day by a church friend that he had been exploring the "way," and had seen and communicated with the spirits of persons he had known, and directed me to where I might find the "Open Gate," who will wonder that I went directly to seek it?—This was in 1869. But let me not anticipate. There were certain "leadings" or home incidents which I did not seek, but which, like one providential step after another, led me on, and encouraged me to investigate.

Here let me add parenthetically:—About this date I was in Philadelphia and went to hear Mr. A. J. Davis lecture on the "Summer Land." The discourse satisfied me that his spiritual senses had been opened, and that he had seen and conversed with some of his friends in the world of spirits. In Pittsburgh I had witnessed at a public meeting the "inspirational" oratory and poetic composition of a medium,

who also gave clairvoyant descriptions of invisible spirits in the audience. I could not doubt that the medium had open, interior perceptions and that spirits spoke through her vocal organs. I had also seen partial materializations, and other phenomena attending the Davenport brothers.

Planchette.

1867.—Then there was in use, and is yet, a capricious little wooden machine which runs on wheels with a pencil attachment, on which if a hand is placed, it immediately proceeds to write legible and intelligent communications. But it does not write for every one, indeed only for a few, and occasionally for small children who do not know how to write. With these facts there can be no question as to the power which operates planchette.

My daughter Kate was then attending a private school, where planchette had found its way as a curiosity, and during recess the scholars and teachers frequently amused themselves with its freaks of writing. It operated very freely for Kate. This she reported at home. I was silent, but concluded that she possessed mediumistic qualities, or was a "sensitive."

Table-Tipping.

Not long after the discovery with planchette, an esteemed lady friend visited my family during my absence, and the freaks of planchette having been narrated, she communicated the fact that the table would "tip" for her, and answer questions correctly. Then they proceeded to test the table, and obtained satisfactory results. Subsequent visits led to further tests, with similar results. This continued at long intervals, until the summer of 1876, when discussing the subject of spiritual phenomena with several friends who had been making some investigations, they expressed their unhesitating belief

that it was not derived from a spiritual source, and pronounced the whole business an unmitigated fraud, and a delusion.

I then assured them that I could arrange for a seance where some of the simple table-tippings could be witnessed, and that I would vouch for its honesty. This led to a meeting at my house with our friend as medium. The results were a success, so far as related to the table responding to every question asked, and generally giving satisfactory replies. After the seance my friends were still suspicious, and disposed to think it was trickery.

These experiences led me to collect my children around the table, and test the matter with uninitiated and honest individuals. For I felt provoked that my friends should have doubted the honesty of what they had witnessed. We soon found that the table responded quite energetically and intelligently. Besides, it would beat time when any one played at the piano: it would answer mental questions: would move about through the room: turn upside down, etc., so long as we touched it with the hands, or ends of our fingers. We had no doubt of the source whence came the manifestations. During these investigations I instructed my children respecting the nearness of the spiritual world, the constant presence of good and evil spirits, and their powers when consciously associated with man, and that they were the operating forces of the manifestations. By means of the "tips" we were enabled to spell names, and among those purporting to be on the "other side" meeting with us, was a spirit-son deceased, 1872, aged twenty-five years, named James. Our family consisted of Kate, Mary, Frank, Will, Dolly, and Lou. Mrs. Hartman took no part in our seances. Mary was timid and afraid. Frank's business rarely allowed his presence. Will was indifferent respecting it. Kate, Dolly, Lou and myself, usually occupied the places at the table.

Writing and Drawing come on Christmas-Day.

1876.—On Christmas after dinner, three or four of the children and myself collected around the table, when it began to tip in the usual way. I then asked, "Is there a writing-medium at the table?" The table tipped three times, signifying "Yes." I named each one at the table, and when Lou's name was called, the table responded. Paper was placed on the table, and pencil in his hand ready to write. I directed him to let his hand rest passively, and not to interfere with its free movement. In a short time it moved, began scribbling in a very tremulous, agitated manner.*

The writing at first was only "practice," by which a more perfect control was to be obtained. Then a few words were written, and the names of several deceased school-mates of Lou's. Now commenced the drawing of pictures of various objects and scenes, embracing quite a large range of subjects. This was done very rapidly, and of course not very artistically. Forty or fifty cartoons were drawn within an hour and a half, with explanations of the subjects—all this without a thought by the medium as to the design; indeed they were produced so quickly that he hardly had time to realize what he had done. No words can express our astonishment and delight, for the entertainment seemed to come as the result of association with youthful spirits, who were glad to have found an open avenue by which they could "come" and manifest their presence and tell of their happiness. They said it was "fun," and several very amusing pictures were drawn. Toward the last they showed their political proclivities. It will be remembered this was the period when Congress was trying to settle the Presidential difficulty between Hayes and Tilden.

* This tremulous agitation is characteristic with many writing-mediums, especially with novices.

Now was, "Hurrah for Hayes!" Then a "mule" was drawn with the explanation, "This is Tilden's Mule." The allusion to the "mule," referred to a campaign order sent to Indiana, supposed by politicians to have a money contributive significance. Lou at this time was in his thirteenth year, and what was being done exceeded his normal abilities.

After this, once or twice a week we held strictly private seances, and only rarely invited a friend to witness what we were doing. The general results were of the same character. Sometimes we could not "coax" them to write, probably because of the aversion of the medium, who did not like it. The pictures drawn were always new designs, and like the messages, were uniformly of a childish or youthful character, never rising above the tastes or mental capacity of the medium, though the cartoons were above his ability for designing, and all the work was executed very rapidly. Answers to questions were quite unsatisfactory, and often were evidently false, and intended to mislead. Then I would accuse them of falsehood, but they would reply that they "were only in fun." But to me it had the appearance of lying for a bad purpose, and I could not reconcile this fact with my belief in the good states of children in charge of angels. I felt something incompatible with the universal Christian idea, that children after death are adopted by the Lord, and given to guardian angels who protect them from dangers, and teach them the truth, and warn them against falsifying, or the commission of other evils.

We continued for a year or more, increasing the intervals as the medium grew quite averse to the sittings, until, at last, we seldom attempted it, and finally discontinued. During this time we discovered that Kate was a "sensitive," and there were frequent attempts to control her hand to write, but there was too much agitation, so that she only a few times wrote a word or a sentence, though frequently some

rough drawings were executed—principally flowers, leaves, or trees, and several times houses or a rural scene. In consequence she seldom sought to be controlled. None of the rest of us seemed to have any mediumistic qualities at that time. Here it is proper to state, that several years ago I commenced collecting matter for a treatise on "A New Theory of the Formation of Coal." When I commenced arranging the subject, I felt the want of a preliminary chapter on the "Creation of the Earth," without which my work would be defective. That feeling brought me at last to attempt a work on "The Creation of the Two Universes." To this fascinating work I had given my leisure hours for the past four years, and had the manuscript nearly finished. Of this, more as we proceed.

The "Open Gate," and Materialization.

1879.—Now, in the order of time, I come to the "Open Gate" to which allusion was made above. Materialization was a phenomenon which I had not yet seen to any satisfactory extent, and so far as I had learned respecting it from published descriptions and conversations with others, I could not but think it was a fraud, or else a realization of my belief, that open intercourse with angels and spirits was about to be restored to the people of this earth, and that it would become a common matter of fact, as it had been in the golden age.

I therefore sought and obtained entrance to a materializing "circle," and attended once or twice a week during the winter of 1879–80. During this time, I was present and cognizant of some remarkable written messages to persons in the circle, from spirits who could not have been known to the medium.

The first message I received through Mrs. Dickens, was signed by my friend who had directed me to the "Open Gate," he having soon after "passed on." It ran like this

in the most important sentence. "Mr. Hartman, I advise you not to rely too strongly on your present theological opinions. Since I came over here, I have changed my mind." This, I wish to note, was the first direct assault on my religious faith, and it put me on guard against subsequent assaults, which were rarely so bold as this. Evil spirits will assail the faith of any one who believes in the Divinity and Glorification of the Humanity of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Considerable writing was done on closed, double slates, which, several times were fastened with screws, and could not be opened without a screw-driver. The slates were placed under the top of the table, and held a short time in the hands of the medium. The honesty of this transaction I could not doubt. But the materializations I thought of more doubtful character, possibly because more incomprehensible; but I am sure there was no collusion. Then the forms were of different stature, though there were no children, but usually females entirely or partly in white robes, and some had gold and shining ornaments on arms and head. Male forms seldom appeared, and then only obscurely.

CHAPTER II.

DOLLY BECOMES MY GUIDING STAR.—A PERIOD OF REFLECTION, MEDITATION AND LONGING.—HOME CIRCLE RENEWED.—RAPPINGS.—SPIRIT MESSENGERS.—CHILDREN'S MESSAGES.—A LYING SPIRIT DETECTED.

Dolly becomes my Guiding Star.

IT was while I was investigating these mysteries, that in February, 1880, my beloved daughter Dolly, now aged eighteen years, "crossed over" to join the bright and shining hosts, the redeemed of the Lord; and thenceforth my thoughts and affections seemed to dwell with her, and the

things of eternal life. And since spiritual visitants were appearing in our circle, why should I be surprised if my own spirit-daughter should manifest herself to my expected gaze? And thus it happened. After her remains had been cremated, and on my first visit to the "circle," the medium was seated at the table writing a message, which she handed to me as soon as I approached the table. She addressed me thus: "Dear, dear Father. I am here to welcome you, and to materialize for you, and hope we shall frequently have opportunities of communicating.—DOLLY."

The word "father" was sufficient to create doubt of personal identity. Never in her lifetime did she call me any other name than "Pa." And stranger still, before her remains had been disposed of, a message was received by the circle, addressed to me in the same paternal language. Many allowances are made for the mistakes of spirits, and this is one of the kind; but I did not then, nor since, believe that Dolly was the author of the message. And I was not in favor of making allowances for such glaring blunders. And now was to come the test of materialization. It came—and several times afterwards at meetings of the circle. While there was a figure came out of the cabinet, of her size and proportion, beautifully robed in white and was announced by the control as "Dolly," I could not see that it was she, however much I desired to recognize her; nor could I *feel* that it was. It is true that I was not nearer than ten or twelve feet, and was not permitted to approach closer.

But I could not account for these forms except by supposing that the medium changed her dress, which must have been concealed on her person; which seems improbable, as she had on a previous occasion been examined by ladies who found no white apparel on her person; but materialized forms, robed in white apparel just as usual. Of this fact I have been assured by those who knew.

All who attended, had free access to the cabinet, and after thorough examination, I am satisfied there was no secret arrangement of traps or doors, as at one time the cabinet consisted merely of a black curtain suspended three or four feet in front of a solid brick wall, and again in a plastered closet attached to a business office.

As there was a very unusual, and remarkable manifestation of what purported to be Dolly on one occasion, I will briefly describe it. Several forms had appeared as usual. One personated the wife of an eminent Pittsburgh lawyer. The form was beautifully robed in white, but the figure was evidently too small, for the lawyer asked the control, "Do not spirits at first possess the same proportions as when in the natural body?" "No, not always, but after a while they obtain permanent forms." Then a figure of Dolly's size, appeared dressed in resplendent white. She appeared at the parting of the curtains which she parted with her own hands. Then bowed to me, as if in recognition. I reciprocated. She advanced outside and timidly seated herself on the corner of a chair. Then arose and passed into the cabinet. I proposed to place the chair in a better position, and expressed my belief that she would then advance and sit down with more confidence. I was allowed to make the change, which having been done, the form advanced and sat down on the chair, and remained probably half a minute; then retired again.

Now the control announced that "Dolly desired to show us something. Be attentive!" Then the form advanced to the parted space. The curtains were now permanently separated. She stood facing us and engaged her hands as if knitting, and there appeared before her and below her hands what seemed to be a very small bundle of the knitted work. Suddenly she extended the right hand as high as her head, and full length squarely to the right side, while the left hand was extended to the left as high as her waist. Then, behold! She held in

her hands, what appeared to be some very fine knitted work, which fell to the floor in profusion, and concealed the form except the face and left shoulder.* This material was gracefully waved, then caught up on her left arm, and the figure retired towards the medium who was always at one end of the cabinet, from whence she gave directions how to proceed, answered questions and announced visiting spirits. This exhibition surprised me, and increased my suspicion; and after the seance I asked the medium "If she had been to the funeral, or had seen the remains of Dolly?" She frankly said "she had visited the house, and had seen the remains, and was very much pleased with the arrangement which was so beautiful, because so natural, just as if she had carelessly laid herself upon the sofa to rest, and had fallen asleep!"—Now there had been thrown across the back of the sofa a very fine knit white woollen shawl in a negligent manner, in keeping with the idea that she had laid down to rest, first removing the shawl from her person and placing it carelessly on the back of the sofa. All this constituted a natural picture, and simulated sleep. And now it seemed that the apparition was trying to reproduce it in a living, moving reality. It was a most successful imposition! Or an amazing fact? I am not prepared to say which.

I went there to investigate materialization. I went often. I discovered nothing convincing. Incredulous as I am about what I do not rationally understand, I found no basis for an explanation—and gave it up, under a cloud, and a suspicion of fraud. Whatever doubts I may have entertained respecting the above phenomena, I am clearly of the opinion that

* Since this occurrence I have many times read of similar displays of manufacturing lace, and other fabrics, with no other mechanism than the bare hands of the "forms," and this in sight and the immediate presence of the circle, and then the form and lace dematerialize and sink down through the floor, while held by the hand of some one present.

honest materializations are now of frequent occurrence in the presence of several noted mediums in this country. Who these forms are, or whence derived, is a mooted question.

A Period of Reflection, Meditation and Longing.

March, 1880.—Now my business required my presence out of the city, and the circle discontinued its meetings after April 1st. The summer passed without any opportunity for further investigations; and much as I desired, and hoped that it was possible, to communicate with Dolly, we refrained from any attempt at home; and the several messages received through Mrs. Dickens I did not consider reliable.

Through the succeeding months, I frequently thought over the past occurrences, and anxiously desired to receive reliable communications from Dolly.

In the following December I received an unexpected invitation for myself and Kate to attend a private family circle, where the medium was a young married lady, and a near relative of Mr. Wise, at whose house the seance was to be held. I gladly accepted the invitation and took Kate with me, she being in fact well acquainted with the medium, Mrs. Rex.

The communications received during the seance, for the most part purported to be from the deceased relatives of the family, and seemed to be received in good faith, though there was one spirit, who gave some annoyance from his pranks, showing him to be a teasing plague of a fellow. But they recognized him as one of the deceased relatives. The others behaved well, and gave apparent satisfaction. When their friends ceased communicating, I asked, "Are any present who will communicate with me?" A reply came promptly. It purported to come from Dolly. She addressed me as "Dear Pa," and desired us to "hold meetings at home, where she could learn to write to us, and perhaps make light, and ma-

terialize." Much more was said just in the way that a loving daughter would address a loving father.

Home Circle Renewed.

January, 1881.—I communicated Dolly's wish to the family, and then we renewed our meetings at home. Before her decease she was interested in our seances, though she seemed to possess no mediumistic power. The first response we received was through Lou as medium. It was a drawing of a covered gateway, constructed of heavy masonry of square or oblong blocks of stone, and a roadway leading to it hedged on both sides with shrubbery. I asked, "What does it mean or signify?" "It is the passage." "What passage?" "The entrance." "What entrance?" "The entrance through which we pass to meet our Father in Heaven." "Who is with you?" "Uncle Lain is here helping me to draw the entrance." Then a picture was drawn of Uncle Lain, but without the patriarchal-looking beard; still it was easily recognizable. Then a picture of Frank and another of Dolly herself, both recognizable, though the lines were quite irregular. Then some other drawings, but their import is forgotten. Then I asked, "Did any meet you that had known you on earth?" "Yes, sir, but only Uncle Lain, though others received and welcomed me as if old friends."

We continued our seances until the end of March, 1881. During this period we received only a few brief messages through Lou, but generally drawings of birds, doves with scrolls or ribbon-like streamers held in their bills. The first drawn was a dove in flight, and on the streamer was written, "To my dear Pa." Another dove and streamer, "To my dear Ma," and another, "To all the dear ones at home." The last was larger than the others, conveying the greater idea of embracing all. Simple and cold as the words are, used in this narration, no one can realize the depth of feeling they

awoke within me; and the genuine comfort I derived from them. The dove in flight bearing the simple message of love, had a signification that could not be expressed in words. Similar birds with similar messages, were frequently drawn, and occasionally short messages. But there would soon be a change in drawing, to birds of different kinds—or occasionally landscapes—and frequently portraits of unknown or imaginary persons. All this interested me. But these brief messages did not satisfy me, as I now had an insatiable craving to learn more fully of Dolly's state, or spiritual condition. I therefore invited Mr. and Mrs. Rex to my house, that I might converse with Dolly through a more perfect medium.

They came about the first of February. I had in the meantime prepared a list of questions, covering principally subjects personal to Dolly, and other topics relating to the spiritual world. Mrs. Rex proved to be an excellent writing-medium, and as Dolly was only too glad to respond, we had a very satisfactory seance, as the entire evening was spent in intercourse with her, relative to the spiritual state of existence, and especially in respect to herself.

What was communicated was mostly in answer to the questions previously prepared. The responses afforded me a great deal of real comfort; for she assured us that she was under the care of good angels, and within a city protected with stone walls, with streets paved with white stones, and the temple and houses in which were composed of cubical blocks of white stone. That she had entered in at the West Gate, and was advancing toward the Eastern Gate, in which direction she saw the light; and although it was not visible as a luminary or sun, still it was light incomparably greater than the light of the natural sun. Beautiful gardens and fountains were within the city. Birds of beautiful plumage, and birds of song came to them and were not afraid. I asked, "Have you any birds of prey or birds of night?"

She replied, "I am not interested in birds of that kind, and never see any, nor vermin of any kind." "Do you see any cattle, horses, or sheep?" "No, sir, not any cattle as yet, nor sheep, though I have seen lambs, and very small deer like fawns—and horses, and mules, and asses and ponies, but no carriages, or wheeled chariots." Her food and clothing were provided without knowing whence they came, except from Our Heavenly Father. She had guides to guard her from danger, and instructors in the temple where there was worship, but not at any regular or stated times. She had many friends, and occasionally met her deceased brother James, who was now in advance of her; but he could come back to her, though she was not prepared to advance to him. So also with other relatives; they occasionally came to her, or they could all meet on the common plane around our table at our family circle, to which they often came, but could not very well control the medium to write. James, however, occasionally drew birds, landscapes and portraits quite well, and on one occasion requested us to have colored inks, and then he would show what he could do, and so he did; as he drew birds of several colors with variegated plumage. This was all done very rapidly, never changing a line, and apparently without hesitation or previous thought. Lou was the artistic medium, and had recently improved his skill and taste by study at school, which made him a better medium than before, as spirits use all the abilities of the medium, and exalt them.

Now when Frank saw how easily Mrs. Rex wrote, he became possessed with a desire to write also, and on trying, found there was a powerful force exerted through his arm, but could not be controlled to write until after several trials. Then by degrees it calmed down and began to write in a surprisingly rapid, though perfectly legible and intelligent manner. Only Dolly controlled him, and messages were received from no

other person; at least they were all signed with her name. Nor would the power last long before it would weaken, when she would ask us to hurry, as the power was leaving her. The idea of Dolly coming to our own home circle, and controlling her brother, and answering our questions, whether false or true, in fact, was inexpressibly comforting to us at the time.

With the view of obtaining all the benefit of her short visits, I wrote and numbered my questions previously, and in this way we derived very much in a brief time. And thus I was able to keep a connected correspondence, with the date of each seance. I wish to say that I never descended in these seances below the things of the spiritual world, and there was more there to inquire about than I could ever get answered. These messages, though not so lengthy as those received through Mrs. Rex, were quite as satisfactory.

March 1, 1881.—Mr. and Mrs. Rex came again. I am assured that she never affects drawing in her normal state, and only rarely when under control. At this seance, under Dolly's control, she drew several leaves and some flowers, and then a Roman cross with an ivy climbing over it, with the following legend below it: "Nearer, my God, to Thee." In answer to a question by me, "What objects in your world have interested you most?" there was drawn the picture of a book from which proceeded rays of light in every direction. At first she could not tell the name, but after a little while said, "It is the Book of Love," and it teaches "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you," "Love one another." "I think it is the same as your Word, but it is here in a higher sense; but I will find out more about it, and tell you some other time." On this occasion she drew a sprig of lily of the valley, and usually at many seances afterwards drew a similar sprig before writing; thus indicating her presence, and intention to write, which she did immediately.

At this seance I received many satisfactory answers, but there were others not in agreement with my own thoughts respecting spiritual life. Some views were so opposite to my own, that I began to suspect the presence of intruding, misleading spirits. But I did not express my fears.

Rappings.

During the above described seance we had very distinct rappings on the table, which interested Mr. and Mrs. Rex very much, as it was a new experience with them; and they had their spirit friends rap frequently, changing from one part of the table to another just as requested, and often quite loud. This feature of rapping had been with us for some time. It came at first like a gentle creaking in the table-top, then very gentle raps; and although often repeated before and after this date, they were never very loud, but might be heard at a distance of twenty or twenty-five feet from the table. This is the simplest method of manifesting spirits' presence, and their power to make themselves heard.

Spirit Messengers.

After Dolly's first message to me through Mrs. Rex, she often wrote at their family seances, our visits apparently having discovered to her that avenue of intercourse. Besides, she was frequently writing for us at home. It then occurred to me that she ought to be able to carry a message from me to Mr. Rex if she really visited there, and I proposed to test it. I therefore asked her, "Can you carry a message to Mr. Rex?" She replied, "I will try; but I cannot go to two places the same night." "Carry these words, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men.' Do you remember having seen these words before?" "Oh, yes, sir; over the altar in the church, at Christmas time." Now this was a pleasing answer, and seemed evidence of her

identity; but it is a notable fact that the message was never delivered to Mr. Rex.

Children's Messages.

During the first three months of 1881, I collected many messages and drawings, pretending to be from children. One was like this. "Blanch Rose." "Why, Blanch, do you remember us?" "Oh, yes, sir: do you remember me?" "Yes, indeed, very well. Have you met Dolly since you were on that side?" "Yes, sir. I have met her here at your house. She does not live where I do. She lives with the young ladies, in another city. I live with the little children." "Well, Blanch, are you happy?" "Oh, yes, sir. How could I be otherwise, with so many little children to play with?" "Who takes care of little girls like you?" "We take care of ourse'ves." "Would you like to send a message to your ma?" "No, sir, not now." This was written in a labored, child-like manner, such as I cannot imitate. It represented a near neighbor's child. Most of the messages written through Lou were from children, or youth, and usually characteristic of childhood, such as crude, laughable drawings, which seemed to please them, and which, when they once commenced drawing, they did not like to relinquish for others, but would continue drawing even when we invited them to "Take a walk," or "Run home to your little bed."

This feature of children's messages, or of their presence, was to my mind the strongest of all proofs of the innocent and harmless indulgence of spirit intercourse, for the reason stated above. And the spirits present always represent that their guides or bands who protect them, are with them. It seems quite conclusive that angels are with the children, and that they are not left running around loose, to fall into pits, or to be seduced by evil spirits; and hence if angels are present and encourage the children to "come back" to their mas,

it cannot be very wrong to meet them half-way. But the sequel will expose the stupendous frauds concealed in these children's personations.

Lou had improved his artistic abilities. Frank had developed his writing powers. Kate had power, but could not utilize it, and only incoherent messages were written by her, and we concluded she was not a success. Will had several times manifested strong muscular force, as if he would knock the table to pieces, or cast it from him. Mary was timid and afraid of it, and the least unusual physical manifestation scared her from the room. Mrs. H. never took any interest in it, and was rarely present, and even seemed indifferent to Dolly's messages, having no confidence in them. I had never felt the least symptom of a power to write, though I had frequently felt a force, as if my hands were being drawn toward the table, with more than usual rigidity of the arms, but nothing more.

Several times there came through Lou messages attempting poetry or rhyme from different spirits. But there was only one effort of that sort that deserves notice, which I well remember. It was about St. Valentine's day, when Dolly had been drawing birds and giving us short messages, this came:

"A VALENTINE FOR ALL.

Kind hearts are the garden,
  Kind thoughts are the roots,
Kind words are the blossoms,
  Kind deeds are the fruits.

DOLLY."

This was a delightful surprise, and as the sentiment is unexceptionally good and true, and the poetical construction is an orderly progression from thoughts to deeds, I could not help thinking that it originated from a good and true source.

But as there were none of us clairvoyant, there was always a lingering doubt as to the identity of the spirits; and much as I wished to believe Dolly was communicating with us, there

was still an undefined fear that we were being imposed upon. So some time afterwards, I asked Dolly, "From what book, when on earth, did you learn the words of the valentine?" She replied, "I never saw them in any book on earth, nor on this side; they were impromptu at the moment when written."

A Lying Spirit Detected.

About this time, one evening, Dolly or some one attempted to draw the doves; but I was not satisfied that it was she, as they were not so well executed as usual; and then the control proceeded to draw a portrait. I asked if it was Dolly that was drawing; the reply was, "Yes, sir." I then said, "Now, while you are engaged on that picture, I will talk to you awhile." I proceeded to talk on a doctrinal subject, which I thought would interest her. After having talked awhile, the hand stopped drawing and wrote, "I am sorry to tell you that Dolly has gone, and your talk was all for nothing!" Then I replied, "You are just what I suspected; you are a mean, contemptible fraud; and we don't want you in our presence, much less at this table. You leave, and never come back!" The answer was, "I don't want you to accuse me that way, for I am a gentleman." "You are not, for you are a liar, and pretended to be Dolly, and committed forgery by writing her name, and you have been acting under false pretences. Now, you leave; we will have no more of you!" And then we quit.

This illustrates the great uncertainty of personal identity, and the advantage evil spirits take of credulous persons who believe all messages are from the persons whose names are signed. It is my conviction that most of them, if not all, are pretences and forgeries; and therein lies the danger to persons who accept for truth everything that comes in that way.

Possibly there are some true and reliable messages. I know there are. But I believe them to be reflexes of things in the minds of those present, which are seen and read by the

spirits communicating, and which enable them to compose messages according to the knowledges of the persons present.

We might suppose that clairvoyants could identify the real person, or detect a pretender, especially if previously known. But even clairvoyance is no protection against imposition, if we can accept Swedenborg's experiences as reliable. He tells us of a class of spirits who can assume in the spiritual world, the forms, voice, manners and characteristics of others, so accurately as scarcely to be detected in the light of that world. Now if such could find an opening into spirit "circles," it is probable they would display great expertness in their transformations and dramatical representations, especially in the dark chambers of materializations, where the same form has manifested as a child, then visibly changed to a man of ordinary stature, and next into the elongated form of a giant reaching to the ceiling, and finally vanishing through the floor. What confidence is to be placed in the personal identity of such a magical spirit?

CHAPTER III.

A CHANGE OF BASE.—THE "BANNER OF LIGHT" MESSAGE AND ITS MYSTERY.—DOLLY'S MESSAGE.—THE INVESTIGATOR BECOMES A WRITING-MEDIUM.—IN IMMEDIATE COMMUNICATION WITH DOLLY.—PLAUSIBLE IMPOSITIONS OF SPIRITS.—AN INVENTIVE SPIRIT.—FRAGMENT OF A MESSAGE FROM DOLLY.

A Change of Base.

APRIL 1st.—A change of residence, and the turmoil attending that event, gave me but few opportunities for holding family seances. But the change brought us within neighborly distance of my friend Mr. Wise, and we now united our forces into one circle, and met regularly on

Sunday evenings, either at his residence or at my own. Occasionally a friend or two met with the united circle. We soon found there was an increase of force, and a greater variety of manifestations.

Our seances afforded us pleasant entertainment, and the circle on the other side was increasing in such numbers, that they could not all find opportunity to write, and sometimes hurried and pushed one another, as they said, in their eagerness to write; and they assured us of a constantly increasing power, and more surprising results. This matter of future promise of something desired, is a popular device of spirits, as it serves to keep up the interest, and holds the circle on the tip-toe of expectation.

The "Banner of Light" Message and its Mystery.

In the "Message Department" of the *Banner of Light*, March 8, 1881, appeared in the list of messages delivered on that date the name of "Dolly Hartman." What did this mean? I was puzzled. At a meeting of the circle in April I named the matter, and received this explanation: On the 6th of March, Sunday night, at the house of Mr. Wise, Dolly had communicated with them. When he asked if she could send a message through the *Banner of Light*, she said she would try; and the message was delivered on the next Tuesday afternoon. This seemed like spiritual telegraphy—and was something similar to what I had tried, except that in this case the message was not given by the circle, but the spirit was in freedom to send what she pleased. Now my curiosity was excited, and I proposed then to interrogate her, as she always was prompt to respond to my call. I asked her, "If she had been to Boston and delivered a message there?" She said, "Yes, sir, I was there." "What is the import of that message? do you remember?" "It is nothing in particular; it is only to show this circle that I could go there."

"How did you find the way there? Were you conducted by any others?" "Oh, no; I went by myself; but I suppose others went with me, though I did not see them, nor think of them. I often go there because it is so much like home." "How did you deliver your message? Did you write or speak it through the medium?" "I wrote the message."

Now, after reading the "Message Department," I had concluded that the messages were spoken through the medium, and I so expressed my opinion, and asked the circle what they thought. There was a difference of opinion. Some thought they were delivered in writing, others *viva voce.* Then we asked Dolly how it was, and she said, "Some are written, and some are spoken; but I wrote mine."

Without delay I wrote to the editors, inquiring if messages are written or spoken by the medium? The reply was, "Messages are always spoken, and reported verbatim by a shorthand writer, while the medium is in trance, and are never written." Why am I going so fully into the details of this subject? The object is to arrive at the truth and reliability of these messages. And here is a flat contradiction of alleged facts. Dolly, I knew, would never tell a falsehood. There could not be a more truthful and reliable witness than she. I never had occasion to doubt her word, or suspect her of prevarication while she lived; and now that she was in the spiritual world, I confidently believed that she was under the care of good angels who would protect her from harm or from going astray. This contradiction gave me some trouble; and besides, she had said that she had gone to Boston alone, without guides or any visible protection. This disturbed me still more. I then asked her, "If there was not danger in going there alone?" She replied, "That the danger was altogether imaginary; that she knew how to go there." I expressed my fears, and told her, "I think you had better not go there, as there is danger of getting entangled." I think

any loving father would feel perplexed under the circumstances. I had full confidence in Dolly, but I was sure there was some deceit or fooling going on by the spirits, which I would discover before I would give it up. It is a common thing to excuse mistakes of spirits, on account of undeveloped conditions of the medium, or spirits, or some other equally weak subterfuge. I had no excuses to make for lying. It revealed a purpose that intended no good, and I would unravel this mystery yet.

Dolly's Message.

June 25, 1881.—In the *Banner of Light* of this date was published, with a page of other messages, this:

"I am glad to come. I am glad to return from the spirit-world and to speak, for I feel that this should be done—that I should return to my family, to my father and all the dear ones at home, to send them my love and assure them of my welfare. I wish them to feel that I am well, that I am happy always in the spirit-world. I do not regret my passing away from the mortal: I do not feel sad because my years were few and I could not remain longer upon the earth. I know that I can come as frequently as I desire to my home; that I can associate with each dear one and bring my love. I know how kindly and lovingly they think of me, and so I feel happy and blessed in returning, and although my illness was not very long, yet I felt, at the last, that I should go to the spirit-world—I should die and pass away from earth; but I did not mourn or grieve. And now I rejoice that it was so—that all was so natural, that all was so peaceful, that I passed away as I did; and I thank my dear ones for their kind attention to my wishes, for following out my desires as they did, and performing that which I so much desired and requested before my departure, for it seemed to free my spirit; it gave me great satisfaction and pleasure. I was not tied down, in any sense, to the earth; I was enabled to soar away; the ties that bound me to the body were severed quickly, and through that I felt indeed free and happy as a bird on the wing. Oh, such beautiful flowers as I beheld! and such beautiful flowers I now

bring—even as the sweet spirit who preceded me here. I bring them because they are emblems of love, of purity, and of peace; they are emblems of all that is sweet and beautiful in life; they shed forth a rich perfume to delight the passer-by. It seems that they are created only for good, only for blessing. I bring them because I feel that perhaps they will be accepted as a spiritual offering; that they will be appreciated, and that I shall be able to return closer to my home—that is, to return so that I can manifest myself in outward form and be recognized and welcomed by each dear one who is still in the body. I am the daughter of James Hartman; my name is Dolly Hartman. I lived in Pittsfield, Penn."

This message having originated without my presence or knowledge, and containing several points of evidence of personal identity, I addressed the *Banner of Light*, pointing out the evidences, and at the same time objecting to it having been spoken, for reasons which I will give in what follows.

Now that the message was before me, I examined it critically, and observed that the second sentence reads: "I am glad to return from the spirit-land and to *speak*." And the concluding sentence reads, "I am the daughter of James Hartman. My name is Dolly Hartman. I lived in Pitts*field*, Penn." Here are evident discrepancies that needed explanation. At the next seance I called Dolly and pointed out the word "*speak*," as conveying the idea that she had spoken. She replied, "That the language admitted that conclusion, but it was intended to say, 'Now it is my time to speak, or to express myself, though it might be in *writing*.'" "Allowing that as the possible intention," we asked, "How could a printer, with the word *Joseph* before him, set it up James?" "That was written 'Jos.,' as you abbreviate your name, and the printers, mistaking the abbreviation for Jas., set it up in full, James." "How do you account for the place being Pitts*field?*" "That is something I cannot explain, except that I wrote only Pitts., abbreviation, and I suppose the print-

ers added '*field*' instead of 'burgh,' and made another mistake." Now with these explanations, whether true or cunningly devised, it will be seen that they are confirmations of writing. For if the words had been spoken, the reporter could not well have made such palpable blunders in the name of *person* and *place;* but if *written* and abbreviated, then an attempt to fill out the words, would possibly lead to mistakes which were made in both instances. I regarded the evidence in favor of the message having been written, and it remained for the editors to solve the doubtful problem, which they failed to do, and still persisted that it must have been spoken.

As the *Banner of Light* is supposed to be reliable, and understands all the tricks or methods of spiritism, and as I was investigating the subject, I pushed my inquiries with such persistence that the editors stopped writing, and sent several answers to my letters from "spirit John Pierpont," who claimed to be the spirit in control, or "boss spirit," on the other side, at the *Banner* seances; and to him my letters were submitted for answers. I then addressed him, care of Messrs. Rich and Colby, editors. I said that, inasmuch as he was a control, he ought to be able to explain to me, and more easily to Dolly, why there was a difference of opinion in respect to modes of communication; and that if she had spoken, she would certainly know it, and not think she had written, and persist that *she had never spoken.*

This led to further correspondence which gave both Dolly and me some anxiety and unhappiness; but at length she discovered to John Pierpont that the private medium in the *Banner* office had received her written message, and the "devil" had placed it on file with the reporters' oral messages, and it was thus published as if spoken. This discovery vindicated Dolly, and spirit John Pierpont promptly confirmed the facts. Now, if we suppose that the spirit personating Dolly was a lying one, intent on putting me on the

rack, we see at once how easy it is for spirits to assume a character, and play it as naturally as life. Previous experience warned me against accepting without reservation what was communicated by the spirit personating Dolly.

It is now my opinion, that the messenger spirit who was sent to the *Banner* office was not Dolly, but one who had learned some facts from our conversations at the "circle," and from my memory when present at several seances with Mrs. Rex, and from those facts composed Dolly's message. There remains one point of that message that needs to be contradicted. It reads: "Their kind attention to my wishes, for following out my desires as they did, and performing that which I so much desired and requested before my departure, for it seemed to free my spirit; it gave me great satisfaction and pleasure." Presumably this refers to the "cremation" of her remains; and after reading the message the "circle" asked several questions respecting its contents. Mr. Wise asked, "Was there any consciousness of pain at the time of cremation?" The reply was, "None whatever." I asked, "How did you know that your remains had been cremated?" "Why, pa, I knew because you promised me to have it done." The *fact* is, I never made such a promise. The truth is that several months before when we were all at home, and all well, I expressed my *will* to be cremated after death. Dolly responded by saying, "When I die, I do not wish my body to be put in a hole in the ground." We never referred to it afterwards, though she several times reminded her sister of her wish.

Another singular reply was elicited by this query, "How did you first learn that you had died, and left us?" "I knew, because when I came home, I could not find myself, and concluded I must have left." These answers came through Mrs. Rex, and to my mind are transparent fabrications of deceiving spirits. On a previous occasion I asked, "Dolly, do you

seem to be far off from us?" "No, pa; I am never far off from you, for my love for you keeps me near to you, and your love calls me to your side." Any one may see how reassuring such words would be to an afflicted father, coming from a beloved daughter. It is from knowing this fact that spirits so generally appeal to the affections; no matter how evil intentioned the spirit may be, he must keep up the idea of devoted love for the person; and this he can easily do, because he perceives precisely the thoughts and desires of those with whom he is associated.

The Investigator becomes a Writing-Medium.

September 19.—On this memorable day, the last of the mortal life of our lamented President Garfield, I became a "writing-medium." It occurred in this wise. I was at home perusing Epes Sargent's "Scientific Basis of Spiritualism." I found it rather fascinating, and convincing so far as relates to "spiritual phenomena;" and while reflecting on his array of facts, I was forcibly impressed with the idea that spirits were present with me, especially Sargent and Dolly; and while I was forced to recognize this impression, and was thinking of the novel feeling, I perceived in my right hand and arm a sensible impulse to write. Surprised with this unexpected and previously unknown sensation, I was wondering what it all signified, when the impulse increased, and a tacit dictate to write was perceived. I was not seeking this, but when I felt it, I acted without fear or hesitation.

I procured paper, and seated myself at my writing-table, pencil in hand as if about to write, but without exercising either thought or will as to any purpose or intention of writing, simply resting the hand passively. I felt no unusual sensation in the hand or arm, after placing in position, as at first. But immediately the hand began to move very slowly across the paper from left to right, making an almost imper-

ceptible but perfectly straight line; when the left side was reached, it curved down a quarter of an inch, and then made a similar parallel line, backwards to the other side; curved down again, and then across as at first; and this continued for several minutes without any increased force, or any apparent change of purpose; and had I not been watching the motion I should not have been conscious of any movement of the hand. But now the hand was lifted and made a fresh start, with more celerity, and began making curved lines, which presently resolved themselves into the forms of leaves and flowers. This continued for half an hour, when I was interrupted by the announcement of "tea."

I understood perfectly what had been done, and was as much an interested spectator as if I had nothing to do with it. Besides, I could not have made the parallel lines if I had tried, nor the curved lines forming the leaves and flowers. The old question came up: "How did they see to do it?" How could they tell when to curve down, and see to make the parallel lines? And how could they operate my hand to do what I could not if I tried ever so much? These are interesting queries for a skeptic, some of which I shall answer as we proceed.

After tea I called to see Mr. and Mrs. Rex, and during the evening had some communications from Dolly. I then asked who had been present with me in the afternoon, and who had controlled me? The answer was, "Mr. Sargent, Alice and I, and Alice controlled your hand." Alice is the spirit-daughter of Mr. Wise. She died when three or four years old, and was now about eleven. She and Dolly had frequently met at the circle; had become quite intimate, and were now almost inseparable. Dolly had showed her how to control, and taught her how to write; but Alice wrote very slowly, while Dolly wrote very rapidly and more intelligently. And why not, when she was older? (If it was not all imposition.)

So here was an innocent little girl "angel," as she once called herself, come to help me write, and the first to control my hand. To me there was nothing alarming in this, but on the contrary, I was pleased; for I am firmly in the belief that all children become angels in the Lord's kingdom, and to this end they are well protected by angels after death, until they grow old enough—which means instructed enough—to be lifted up to their angelic homes. Thus the gentleness and softness with which my hand had been moved, without violence or agitation, or any unusual sensation, were confirmations of the presence of gentle, innocent spirits! If I was credulous, I was not the only one fooled.

The next day, 20th, in the afternoon, I was at home and felt inclined to write. I succeeded as on the day before, getting several leaves and flowers, and for the "control," the name of "Only Alice." That concluded her communication, as is generally the case when a name is signed after a message, the spirit steps aside, or departs and gives place to another, or, as I now think, *pretends to be another character.*

In Immediate Communication with Dolly.

September 20.—Now there was a different control from that of "Only Alice." There were some quick, rapid movements of the hand, as if preparing to write, and the pencil was brought to the paper, and the message began, "Dear Pa." Then were written without hesitation or a moment's stop, several pages of a message, just as I might expect Dolly to address me on such a happy occasion. I was so overwhelmed with delight, that I could not help weeping. Then she wrote soothing words, but said she was equally affected herself; but that after awhile we would both be calmer, since we could talk just as we used to before her departure to spirit life. And now she could answer my questions without my having to seek another medium, and we could be happy above our previous

expectations; and this good fortune we had not expected, etc.

Then she announced the presence of Prof. A. Smart. She said he was standing at my elbow, a delighted witness of our joy, and he craved the privilege of sending a message to our two mutual friends, Professors W. Long and A. H. Blunt. Then the new control wrote his message to his friends, informing them of "his safe landing in spirit land, and said he had been agreeably disappointed in finding his present state of existence so real and natural; and hoped they would become more interested in such matters, as it was a matter of regret that in his lifetime he gave them little thought, because he did not believe in them, and treated them as impositions; but now he had found out the reality, and would be glad to make amends for his past mistakes. And since Mr. Hartman was a medium of communication, he hoped to be able to work with him better from his new state, than we had worked together while in life;* but now we could harmonize better, and work for a common end. He advised them to seek avenues of communication with him; and wished they would meet him at the house of Mr. Hartman whenever opportunity offered." This message, now only partly remembered, was sent to Prof. Blunt, with an invitation for him and Prof. Long to come to my house, if they desired any further communication. But they never came.

From this day I never lacked power to write at any time. There were always spirits present ready to write. This constant readiness is rather unusual, as I have seen mediums sit and wait a long time before they could write; and sometimes could not write at all for want of power. It is a truth that mediums are controlled by spirits, and unless the spirits and medium are both willing, there can be no communication.

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* In some educational business we were antagonists.

As I was medium for myself only, except in two or three instances, I cannot judge how the case would have been in the presence of others, but in our circle the power seemed to be augmented rather than diminished, as will soon be shown.

As a result of this constant readiness to write, some came and wrote, signing fictitious names, and addressed their messages to persons in different cities; and under one plea or another, wished me to send the messages to their friends. I soon suspected this to be an imposition; as also requests to call on persons in Pittsburgh, and report certain things from their spirit friends. These were frauds. And my purpose in reporting them here, is to show that in this early state of communicating through me, there were some of them who tried to fool me; and in one case, I confess, I tried to find a family, and deliver a message from a drowned boy, who said he had fallen in the river while carrying dinner to his father. Dolly confirmed the presence of the boy, and said that he seemed much distressed, and would have no peace until he could inform his parents of what had happened to him. If I say I was fooled, does my folly carry conviction to the incredulous in these matters? Am I such a fool as to fool myself?

When I refused to serve these deceiving, lying spirits, they would come again, with still stronger appeals to me to help them. But I refused, and commanded them not to come again—to keep off! Prof. Smart came twice urging me to have his friends called together in a private circle, at Prof. Long's office; but as I had sent his first request to Prof. Blunt, and he had taken no action in the matter, I could do nothing more to further his wishes. This was an evident disappointment, as I received no more messages from him after that.

From September 19 to October 2 I received a great many messages purporting to come from various spirits, and some of them were remarkable, and exceedingly interesting on account of treating subjects according to the "science of corre-

spondences." And it seemed as if I had now entered an open gate where there was a clear sky and a boundless field for exploration. I improved the hours generally with Scriptural or spiritual subjects, or matters relating to the New Life. "Only Alice" would usually open our sittings or interviews with a few little pictures of flowers or plants, and a short message, when she would announce the coming of Dolly. It seems singular that at last I got in the way of calling "Only Alice," "John the Baptist," because she at first announced, and continued afterwards to *announce*, the coming of Dolly, whom I then counted as "my good angel."

When Dolly would come, we had our rambling confidential chats; very delightful, indeed. These hours were usually interspersed with the "coming" of friends or strangers who wished to communicate. She would introduce the invisibles, and the messages would be written without prescribed limits or objections, and I now wonder how unexceptionable they all were, except one to which I shall soon refer. Of all the messages collected, only a fragment of one of Dolly's escaped destruction, and another from an inventive spirit to which I will give place presently.

Plausible Impositions of Spirits.

Our conversations had reference, generally, to conditions and states in the world where she is; and many things were explained to me in such light as objects appeared to her. At first many things were obscure; but when my conversation directed her attention to subjects, it excited her reflection or investigation, and afterwards she could answer more fully. Now each day her perceptions were becoming clearer and brighter. She thought she was making some advancement towards the East Gate of the city; and she was working very hard, and was delighted with her work. Many beautiful things were written in a rambling way; particulars of the city, its

walls, gates of pearl, streets and buildings of stone, worship in the temple, guides, instructors, musical instruments, gardens, fountains, children, birds, animals, etc. All of which were carefully preserved, and from which I at last concluded to make a book, which I proposed to call "Rambles in Spirit Land;" and this idea was approved by her, but with the advice to wait until I had greatly increased the collection; and as I had an important work to do, others would come to my assistance, and help me better than she could.

On one occasion she proposed to describe her white pony (which had a spiritual origin) on which she came to me. The description of herself, mounted, was very brief but very pleasing. At a seance at home she made a picture of herself on the pony, Lou acting as artist. Now she described the pony in sections—his beautiful motion, color, head, eyes, mouth, ears, mane, tail, front and hind legs, shod with gold shoes on front feet and silver shoes on hind feet; his restless pawing and neighing while hitched and waiting for her; his sportive kicking, and, instead of a side-saddle, a "chariot" on the pony's back; then the materials and colors of the chariot and cushion of the seat, with golden cloth above and silver cloth underneath, etc. Then the correspondence of these was given. While these things were being described, there were several digressions referring to some other topics, from which she in a graceful manner returned again to the "pony."

This paper, because of its rambling style and correspondential explanations, pleased me so well that I read it to several of my church friends, and at the same time another equally remarkable from Rev. Thomas Wilks.

Rev. Thomas Wilks comes to Write.

I had often wished to hear from him through other mediums, but he could not control them; but now he was glad this avenue was open. He was feeling friendly, and referred

to our earth-life friendship, and the fact that he had once promised to show me his large collection of communications received through a Philadelphia medium. After some general topics were discussed, I asked him, "If his doctrinal views had undergone any change since he had reached the other side?" "Yes, they have. I do not believe in the Immaculate Conception of Jesus. Gabriel was a fraud, and the Virgin Mary was not a virtuous woman, to have connection with a man before she was married—for an angel is a man." I replied, "I am surprised that you take such a weak position; let me show you the error of it." "What! you, a layman, undertake to instruct the Bishop, or President of the Pennsylvania Association?" "I mean no disrespect to you, my old friend; but please answer me this: 'Can angels have intercourse with the virgins of the earth at their pleasure?'" "Why, of course not." "Then tell me how Gabriel could have had connection with the Virgin Mary. The truth is, there was no man in it except the Divine who descended and assumed the Humanity. Gabriel simply announced what was to follow, as a means of preparation for the conception, as John the Baptist announced the coming Messiah, and prepared the way for his reception." "Now, you stop! I want you to have some respect for my robes, and not undertake to teach me! Am I not in the light of heaven, and cannot I see better than you?" "Well, the fact is, I have no respect for *your robes*, and only for the *truth;* and if you wish to discuss the question, take off your robes, and come down to my level, and let us talk like friends." "You command me to take off my robes! No: I will not do it for you, or any other man. I am getting mad. You only insult me; and before I take off my robes I will send you to perdition; I will, by G—!"

That terminated the interview. I felt, from the energy flowing through my arm into the writing, that there was a terrible earnestness in his purpose; but I could not give free-

dom to write the last word, though there was a strong and excited effort to write it. I have omitted much that is irrelevant in arriving at an understanding of this mysterious business.

Dolly had introduced him. Now that he was gone, she said, "Oh, pa, I do hope you will never invite him again. He is a very bad man! When he first came, he was such a nice-looking old gentleman, with gray hair and gold spectacles, with pleasant manners. I did not recognize him, but he said he remembered me very well, although I was only a little girl when he was at our house. But as soon as you started the doctrinal topic, he began to change his appearance. His face at first got red, then blue with rage, and at last almost black. And when he came he was dressed in nice clean clothes, but when he was getting mad he gathered up some dirty, filthy old rags from about his feet, and hung them over his shoulders, and imagined they were his priestly robes. Then he stamped, and frothed at the mouth, and went off cursing terrifically, and the boys followed him down the street, wondering what was the matter with the poor, crazy, old man."

Did I think it was the spirit of Mr. Wilks? Yes, at that time I could not think otherwise. The salutation was that of an old friend. The conversation progressed as agreeably as could be expected between friends in such different conditions. The change of doctrine expressed by him shocked me. His getting "mad" was a characteristic expression of his, and the sphere which sensibly affected me, led me to conclude that it was none other than my old friend. I can find no words to express the deep disappointment I felt when he disclosed his present state of unbelief in the Lord's assumption of Humanity. I had expected great things from him, believing that he would confirm or repudiate the stand he had taken respecting spirit intercourse with man, and thus advise

me whether it was proper to push my investigations. It is to be noted that this was a bold assault on the very foundations of the Christian religion, and I cannot feel too thankful for having been so well established in the true doctrine as to be able to repulse the scandalous assault.

An Inventive Spirit.

October 2. Sunday morning.—Alone in the parlor reading; suddenly there came upon me an impulse to write. A little circular drawing was made. I asked, "What is it?" "Don't you see the matter of high-pressure steam-valve for steam-engines, to prevent explosions? It is to put on the sides of steam-engines. It is a good thing to patent. It will be a safety preserver.—REUBEN MILLER."

"I do not understand your drawing." "Well, Mr. Wise will understand it perfectly. He is familiar with such things. Go to him at once; he will see through it better than you can." Then another circular drawing was made, showing the construction of the safety-valve.*

"I will meet you this evening, if I can get off from my engagement with another person who wishes to see me on some other sort of business." This keeps up appearances of business activity "over there," and is designed to lead us to think that they come and go at pleasure. The sequel dispels this pretence. "You may look for me with some other friends this evening to help build up the circle. Keep a lookout for us; we will be sure to be on hand to help you, and we will

* In this early stage of my mediumistic powers, the spirits applied themselves to my practical qualities of mind, and showed their purpose of leading me into inventions. So also in the beginning with Lou, they drew an adjustable chair, showing how the seat could be elevated and lowered, by use of hand-levers at the sides of the chair, by the person sitting in it, without changing his position. But I was not seeking practical inventions, and discouraged all such intrusions.

come often, until we accomplish our purpose for which we have hunted you up here this morning. Go on doing good; you are destined to do a good work. You will find your power gaining rapidly. I will often come to see you. Whenever you desire my presence, just *wish* for me and I will be on hand if possible. It may be that I cannot always come, but keep on *calling* if you need me, and I will not keep you waiting long."*

"Try the slate when I am with you. I think you will make a slate-writer. Hold it in your hands when you try. You will have some trouble at first, but do not feel discouraged, as you will surely succeed, and convince many of the spiritual power which is doing it. I will do all I can to help you and bring power to you. Hold the slate upon the table and not under it, as that is a suspicious business."

"Yes, Dolly is here. She is not feeling so badly as last night. Your advice to keep away from the *Banner* office was just what she needed, as she was getting entangled in the meshes of that nest of infidels and wickedness. She is as much devoted to your life as you possibly can be to hers. She will write some for you now if you wish, as she is standing by your right side, watching what you are doing. She is a splendid girl, and so loving to her pa, and all her good friends on our side as well as on your side. Now give her a chance to express herself in her own original way. Good-bye, my new and dear friend.—R. MILLER."

The concluding lines proved consoling as I was sitting there that quiet Sunday morning, praying for peace for myself, and hoping and believing that Dolly would be protected on the

* That "wishing" and "calling" for should bring the spirit desired into our presence is a popular belief with Spiritists, and others who believe spirits are present with us. But my opinion, derived from sorrowful experience, is, that it is a dangerous delusion, and spirit evidence given in the sequel confirms the opinion.

other side. Her life here had been such that I never doubted that she would be received "there" by good angels, and carefully guarded. But a temporary cloud had overshadowed my mind, caused by the vague or conflicting statements narrated above. She and I had recently fully talked over the matter, and I had advised her what to do, and exonerated her from all blame, hoping she would be happy. In this state of mind the following message was received, and at the time I had no doubt of her identity. But now I am convinced that it was the same deceiving, lying spirit, assuming her name and personating her from the beginning, exciting my fears respecting her, and then shrewdly reassuring me. All the work of devils. With this denouement, we will proceed just as it pretended to be. The reader will learn, as I did, how beguiling the old serpent can be.

Fragment of a Message from Dolly.

"O, yes, pa, I am so much happier since my talk with you last night. I have been acting very thoughtlessly in some respects. I do not know how I can tell you the way I have been conducting myself, for I am ashamed of my actions. You do not know how hard I have been trying to do what is right, but somehow I was drawn to the *Banner* office, without my guides, whom I have offended by my disobedience to their wishes; but now I have been with them and confessed my fault, and apologized to them for my thoughtlessness, and they very readily forgave me and reinstated me in their affections. But as you did, they also cautioned me against wandering off without them. They are here with me now, and are pleased to find that you could give me some instructions how to proceed, so as to hold my place in their affections. I will not go off again without them in a hurry, as it was a very sad lesson for me to be sure; but you can forgive me, as I know how glad you are to find me reinstated, as you feared" —— [The remainder is lost.]

CHAPTER IV.

SPIRITS CONTROL MY WHOLE BODY, SPEAK THROUGH ME, AND MAKE ME ACT "LIKE WILD."—UNEXPECTED DISCOVERY.—SPIRIT VOICES SPEAK TO ME.—MR. HORACE GREELEY COMES TO WRITE.—LOVE FOLLOWS EVERYWHERE.—LOVE OF CHILDREN.

Spirits Control my Whole Body, Speak through Me, and make Me Act "like Wild."

SUNDAY evening, October 2.—The circle met at my house. Before being seated at the table, I handed Captain Miller's message to Mr. Wise for perusal, while I informed Mr. Rex of its contents and the promise of slate-writing. Mr. Wise had no distinct recollection of Captain Miller, and the safety-valve never received a second thought. The circle now knew that I was writing, and, when seated, Mrs. Rex requested me to write; but I declined, until she and others insisted that I should. Then I took the pencil, when immediately a female spirit, not before known to the company, announced herself. Mr. Rex then undertook to act as leader, as is often the case in a circle, while the medium is merely passive and asks no questions. But this was a new phase in my case, and wholly unnecessary, as I had always conducted my own writing in my own way. And now I perceived within myself the evident feelings of my associate spirits; and it was that of indignation, because of interference with my usual course of proceeding. I felt unusual power in my arm, and the message commenced with the name and former residence of the controlling spirit. Then she said, if we would give her a chance, she would write for us some of her spiritual hymns and songs which they sing in the spir-

itual world.* But the circle seemed indifferent to spiritual compositions, and were more anxious to have slate-writing, which had been promised by Captain Miller, and they desired to try that at the first opportunity. The writing proceeded rapidly. The energy seemed to increase, and to such a degree, that several times my arm was lifted from the table and extended full length with great force, as if to throw off some of the superabundant energy. The spirit controlling seemed to be under excitement, as if afraid she would not be permitted to write what she wished.

While this was going on, the slate was laid on the table, and the writing ceased suddenly. Then all hands were laid on the table, hoping to obtain "independent" slate-writing inside of the closed slate. We waited for instructions. The slate was in the centre of the table, according to directions previously received from Dolly. I had felt within me more than usual energy, but I had no fears. I supposed there would be some unusual force manifested in Mrs. Rex or myself, or possibly in both. Now I commenced writing instructions. "There must be absolute quietness." But the circle was not used to such restrictions, and talked. The order was repeated; but it was not strictly observed. Then I rose to my feet, and in pantomimic way showed them that they must keep quiet. I could not have spoken then if I had tried, for I felt my teeth clinched in a determined manner, as if something desperate was to be accomplished. I was now under control, and had no will of my own, at least it seemed subject to the controlling power. I knew perfectly well what I was doing. But I did not know why I did it, or what was to be accomplished

* I had been thinking about that subject, and had wondered if it would be possible for spirits to render into natural language any spiritual compositions. And now I felt disappointed that the present opportunity was disregarded, and ruled out by what followed.

by my actions. I thought it had something to do with the slate-writing. I was on my feet. I clapped my hands lightly, but frequently; looking at the slate, and at the circle who were watching me with amazement. I drummed on the table with my fingers, in an exceedingly nimble and energetic manner. Now I placed my hands, one on each side of the table, and my forehead on the slate. Then I placed my ear on top of the slate as if I would hear the writing. Then the other ear was placed on, while I waited to hear the pencil inside. Then I rose and placed my hands on the heads of two sitting on opposite sides of the table, and drew their heads towards the centre of the table. Now I placed my forehead on the slate again, and then my ear to listen for the writing, clapping my hands frequently, as changes of action occurred. Now I turned down the gas-light almost to darkness. Now I carefully took hold of the table at the sides, lifted it up, and carried it off to one end of the room; then clapping my hands retreated into one corner at the other end; stood there for awhile vigorously clapping my hands. Then I went to the table, picked it up and restored it to its original place in the centre of the circle, and again placed my ear to the slate, but could hear no writing. And in this wild, indescribable manner I continued, turning up the gas-light, and then turning it down.

Now my daughter Mary, who had ventured to sit with us, thought I was crazy, and being greatly alarmed, was taken out of the room. During all this time Kate was playing at the organ. And now Mr. Wise asked, "Who is controlling here to-night?" When for the first time the control spoke and said, "Captain Jack is in the field, and commands here to-night." This speech was not mine—not from any thought or will of mine, nor from any knowledge of this spirit character. It was "inspirational," and it was a spirit speaking through my organism. For once I presume I was in that re-

lation where the spirit believes himself to be the man, or the man to be the spirit himself. I am sure that I had neither thought nor purpose of my own in respect to directing my actions, but was acted upon by a force or power of which I was not cognizant. Still, I had a perception of all that was done. I had no unusual sensations, and I was interiorly consenting to what was being done. I do not know if I could have objected, and prevented it.

I still continued my wild actions, and spoke as occasion required, in a wild, commanding, domineering manner; and at last announced that "*We* (Mrs. Rex and I) *have done it.*" I turned on the gas, the slate was opened, and the writing was *not there!* Down went the slate! down the light! down the hands of the circle on the table. Wild as ever I continued my movements. "Now we will do it this time," I exclaimed, full of confidence.

Now my wife came into the parlor, and appealed to me to stop this wild, crazy business. I commanded her to sit down, as Captain Jack was in command. Then I went to the table, and with forehead on the slate, I said, in a deep, guttural voice, "John, are you writing?" Then an answer came through me in a different voice, "I am trying." Then, after a little more of my wild performance, the slate was opened again. There was no writing. I insisted that there were some scratches; but we could not be sure, and concluded there were none. The circle were no doubt alarmed, offended, or disgusted, for they all left the table, and were getting ready to leave; but I kept on talking, and I believe said something to Mrs. Rex that was not gentlemanly, and at last I announced, "This meeting is now adjourned to meet at Mr. Wise's on next Sunday, when we will succeed. Now, Mr. Hartman is himself again." And so I was! The control had gone. The spell was broken; and now I was calm, and acting from my own will. I knew everything I had

done, but I could not control myself. I felt at the time that it was all very foolish, unless something of that sort was necessary to insure success—and passivity seemed to be es- s ntial, as is generally understood among spiritists. I was simply passive, without fear. I knew nothing of Captain Jack; but Mr. Wise had heard of or seen Jack's performance before with another medium, and the circle did not want his presence, as he was supposed to be no other than "Modoc Jack," the wild Indian; and Mr. Jones had made some disparaging remarks respecting him after he had announced his name, but which I did not distinctly hear or understand at the time. Mr. and Mrs. Jones were present, and belonged to the circle.

On self-examination, I could discover no bad effects from the "training" I had passed through. I had some free exercise, and possibly accelerated circulation of the blood; nothing to hurt; and I concluded there was no danger, as the control lasted only while the circle was present.

I was told afterwards of the violent manner in which another medium had been treated by Captain Jack. Now, it would never do to proceed under a fear of him, therefore any fears must be allayed; and to do that, Dolly wrote for me several times during the intervening days, and told me more about Captain Jack. She said he was an "Initiating Captain," who brought power to mediums as independent slate-writers. That he was still externally a wild savage, with traits of character inherited from his race, but that internally he was inclined to good, and was not bad. Dolly said that she and Alice were very much frightened during the seance; but now they understood the case, and there is no need of alarm; and that at the next seance at Mr. Wise's they would almost certainly succeed if we would all obey instructions. That it was all arranged on their side what each was to do, and the position each would occupy. That I would be put

into a trance, and in that state I would see her dressed in white;* but that I must not approach nor touch her until success had been accomplished; after which, perhaps, I might embrace her.

This matter of trance or clairvoyance is something quite familiar in certain states of mediumistic development, and I had no fears as to results; and the promise of seeing Dolly, in which event many of my doubts and fears would be put at rest, made me feel quite willing to submit to the ordeal now in preparation for me.

But I was charged not to say a word of all this to the other members of the circle. That they likewise had instructions given to them at a seance on Friday evening, and they would not inform me of the fact. I was therefore encouraged to hope for success in one of the most extraordinary phenomena of modern days. The failure on the last evening might well be attributed to want of harmony and disobedience of orders; but now there was a better understanding on both sides, and I had no fears whatever of the consequences.

We all met at the appointed time, at the house of Mr. Wise. Before being seated, I inquiringly remarked to Mr. Rex, "I suppose you expect success to-night, and that you are all under instructions?" He did not understand my remark, and I asked directly, "Did you not have a seance on Friday evening, and receive instructions for this evening?" He replied, "No, we did not." I then concluded that they were acting in strict accordance with orders not to inform me, and for that reason denied any knowledge of the seance on Friday, or else Dolly was being made use of to deceive me. Here, the reader will see, is a new entanglement. Dolly is now ro-

* In previous intercourse she told me that she was dressed in white; the material seemed to be very fine muslin, and she wore blue trimmings, and blue ribbon on her head and around her waist.

mancing in a new play—which, in fact, was not Dolly, but deceiving spirits—Captain Jack, we may say. We formed the circle around the table, when Mr. Jones proposed "that Captain Jack be ruled out of the seance." But as success seemed to depend on his presence, I remarked that "I hoped no arbitrary measures would be resorted to, but admit such as would come if they would act in an orderly manner." At this juncture Mr. Wise was called from the room by a reporter, who had come to request admission to the circle, or to obtain information.

Mr. Wise had stepped into another room and was being interviewed, and we sat awaiting his return. Mr. Rex ventured to say: "I wonder if spirits can tell what they are talking about?" I felt that the spirits with me were indignant, on account of the expressed desire to have "Jack" ruled out; for he was evidently with me according to agreement. Now this query of Mr. Rex increased his rage, and he wrote through my hand, "That is none of your business!" This I folded and handed to Mr. Rex. He read it and passed it to Mr. Jones. There was written, "You one damn fool. Show your compliments to another gentleman." This I passed in like manner as before.

Mrs. Rex now remarked that she hoped the seance would proceed in the usual manner without restraint or enjoined silence, as she desired the privilege of talking whenever she wished. Then I wrote, "There must be perfect silence if you want success. This is not fun; it is God's business, and you must observe instructions as given on *Friday night.*" To this there was neither assent nor dissent. No notice was taken of the assertion of "instructions given on Friday night." I now conclude that it was mere pretence of a lying spirit. Mrs. Rex persisted that she wanted liberty to speak whenever she desired, and the others seemed to be of the same mind.

I had not spoken after putting my hands on the table. My

power of speech was gone. I wrote only what was dictated. The spirits controlling me were indignant beyond endurance because the circle would not comply with the conditions required. And as Dolly had informed me that Captain Jack had pledged himself beforehand not to create a disturbance, I was prompted to get up and leave. So I arose, and, as I was passing out, clapped my hands significantly, good-bye. As I passed Mr. Wise, he asked, "Why, Mr. Hartman, what's the matter?" Then I spoke and said, "Captain Jack is walking me off"—and off I went home, Captain Jack with me.

An Unexpected Discovery.—Spirit Voices speak to Me.

Captain Jack was in a rage. After I left the house only a few steps, an invisible spirit spoke to me in an audible voice. He swore terribly at Mr. and Mrs. Rex and Mr. Jones. He said they were his enemies, and they only wished to make fun, when it was serious business. Seeing that I objected to his profanity being mixed with "serious" or "God's business," as he called it, he apologized like a gentleman, and said that I had treated him respectfully, and that Mr. and Mrs. Wise had treated him right, and that he had respect for them and for me, and that he would give Dolly and Alice each a little Indian pony. This "Indian" feature has obtained a strong foothold in spiritism. Some mediums speak as if inspired by them, and many write as from them, and some materialize. Captain Jack wrote as one when he swore at Mr. Rex as above shown. And now as he came home with me, he kept up the "Indian" character admirably. As I can see no reason why a spirit of so dissimilar a genius, inclinations, or tastes to my own should come to me or to others, I conclude that it is some magical spirit who delights in fooling men in various disguises, or else the spirits from fantasy believe they are such characters as they represent them-

selves to be. In spirit life similarities or likes are associated. Jack further said that he would go home with me, and see if he could not succeed alone.

He came home with me, talking all the way just as a man would, walking by my side. Was I scared when I heard the voice? Not in the least. I seemed to have been prepared for any phase that would come. I have no fear of spirits, as I regard them as men minus the material body, but having a spiritual body adapted to a spiritual state of existence. In this new phase I supposed my spiritual sense of hearing was open, while my spiritual vision was still closed. I had read Swedenborg's descriptions of the spiritual world and the state of spirits, and I was now receiving some confirmations of their verity. Superstitions of childhood had long ago been dissipated. I was now testing spiritual things from a rational basis. And reason should remove a cowardly fear.

I arrived at home and shut myself in the parlor, and obeyed instructions. Captain Jack still addressed me orally. I had the slates on the table under the gas-light. Then the light was extinguished. He directed me to keep my eyes open. "Perhaps you see light; may be you see something. Now we all kneel down; you sit still; hold hands on top slates." Thus, with various changes, half an hour was passed. "Not enough power," said Captain Jack, and at length announced another failure, and gave further expression to his indignation against the circle which had shown him such great disrespect. Then he swore dreadfully about Mrs. Dickens. He said that he had initiated her into the mystery of slate-writing, but he would hurt her yet; for she was not honest, but a fraud. "She put things between slates; make people believe spirits do it," etc.

In justice to Mrs. Dickens my own opinion is, that Captain Jack may never have seen her except as one of my associated spirits, when I visited a circle where she was the medium, and she had learned slate-writing before he met her. Therefore

this seems like mere pretence, to keep up appearances of power, and these disparaging remarks are based on things heard in our circle or read from things in the memory.

Now he said he would leave me; he was my friend. I had treated him well, and he would remember me, and not forget his promises respecting the ponies for Dolly and Alice, which he gave them subsequently. He was going to other fields, and might never meet me again. Exit "Captain Jack"—exit "Spirit Voice!" I was "normal" again. Strange! Why should that voice cease as unexpectedly as it had commenced? I could not recall it. I could not command its presence. But it came again after some days. It came to stay for a while—first as a pleasure, then as a *torment*, a whip worse than a scorpion's sting.

Then Dolly narrated what had taken place on their side. Everything had been done according to the arrangements previously made; but the circle was not in accord with them, and nothing could be done where there was such opposition. She had felt no alarm on my account, as Captain Jack behaved according to promise, though he was restrained by others on their side. He had gone; she was glad, though disappointed by the failure.

Then I had some pleasant converse with Dolly in our best moods. I told her that Mr. Wood had brought a message from Mrs. Dickens that afternoon, saying that Horace Greeley desired to communicate through me, and I hoped he would be able to do so. She immediately announced a Quaker-looking gentleman, who said he was Horace Greeley. This is somewhat on a par with Dolly's going to the *Banner* office, and naturally raised the question, Did this spirit find his way to me, from the "band" of Mrs. Dickens, through the presence of Mr. Wood, or his oral message? Or did it only instigate my associate spirits to assume the *rôle* of Mr. Greeley? I am inclined to the last view of the question.

Horace Greeley comes to Write.

Then Mr. Greeley wrote a very lengthy message, which he requested to have sent to the *Tribune*. There were many characteristics of Greeley in the message, quite enough to identify him; but all of those things were in my memory, and in accord with my opinions of his life and services while on earth. But when he launched his craft in unknown waters on the other side, and sailed through ideal seas, then only things from my imagination were appropriate; and he described a very realistic voyage and safe landing in the Port of Saints' Rest, and there he was reposing to his heart's content. He alluded to his editorial and historical writings. He was pleased to notice my surroundings, especially the books in my library, and spoke of my knowledge of his writings and person, and of the occasion of our meeting in Lafayette Hall in this city when the Republican party was organized. He paid a handsome tribute to Dolly, as she was seen and known on his side of life, and compared her appearance with her portrait hanging on the wall before me.

In his new life he was delightfully situated in an elevated position on a high hill, commanding a grand and beautiful scene. When he travelled, he was not annoyed by scalawags wherever he went, and had found pleasant and congenial society, peace and repose.

After reading his message carefully, I suspected it was written, not by Greeley, but by a spirit who had explored my memory, gaining from it certain facts, and interweaving them with probabilities of life in the other world.

This was, indeed, an eventful day. That I should converse with spirits, orally, I had not expected. Still, I had placed myself in a passive state, ready to abide any unusual manifestation without surprise. The voice speaking to me excited no alarm. I had read of the frequent occurrence of spirit

voices with mediums, so that, when it came, it was only a sequence of what had preceded. It is a singular fact that I did not answer *by the voice*, but simply *thought my words*, and I perceived that my *thoughts* were *equivalent* to *sounds* in the interior or spiritual sense of hearing. This phenomenon is incomprehensible, and surpasses belief with those who deny spiritual existences. But it is perfectly reasonable with those who believe that a spirit is a living man in full possession of a spiritual organism, endowed with all the senses of a natural man, but in an exalted degree. It is no uncommon thing for mediums to come into this interior state of conversing with spirits, while others present have no perception of it. In the other life where the spirit is denuded of its natural body, the thoughts and affections flow into the face and produce muscular changes, especially about the eyes and mouth, which express their interior thoughts. In later experience I have several times felt my interiors affected in the *region of the mouth* when I prayed to the Lord, when I perceived an *expression* of *contempt* for Him. But I knew it was operated by evil spirits who hate the Lord, and that its purpose was to disturb my devotional feeling toward Him. I was then very sensitive.

Now I realize the fact that spirits are near to man, and, when the Lord permits, these may speak with him, although his spiritual sight is not open to see them. There are many who see the spirits that are with them. I never did. The fact of the voice ceasing on Captain Jack's exit, is a mystery I cannot explain. Why was it permitted, and then discontinued *on the pretence* of Captain Jack leaving? Did any spirit leave me then in fact? Have *spirits any option* in respect to speaking with man? Why did he not speak on the previous Sunday evening, or all through the week of preparation, and at last while in the house of Mr. Wise? And why *did* he, as soon as I left the house, and continued until he failed with the slate-writing and announced his departure?

Now Dolly was always near and ready at my "call" to come and write; nay more, she frequently influenced me to write. I once said to her, "Dolly, do you know how often my thoughts are directed to you?" "O, yes, pa, I always know it, but you don't realize how often I prompt you to think of me." Notwithstanding this declaration of devotion to me, the transactions of this day brought grave doubts and fears respecting her identity. From some cause she had been misled regarding instructions given on Friday night, as above shown, or else I was the victim of a lying spirit who was wickedly personating her. I suspended judgment for the time.

Love Follows Everywhere.—Love of Children.

Each succeeding day I was in frequent communication with Dolly. I carried in my pockets a suitable blank-book, and in intervals of leisure we were writing. I rarely ever desired the presence of other spirits, because I had no confidence in them, and hence we were rarely interfered with, and thus entire confidence was soon restored. One day, I had occasion to make a business call on a man living in rather humble circumstances. Both he and his wife were absent, but there were several small children in the house, left to take care of themselves, with whom I held a pleasant conversation, for they were bright, beautiful, and loving to each other, and they behaved in a very becoming manner. Soon after my return we were writing, when Dolly remarked, "Well, pa, that was a nice lot of little children we just visited." "Why, were you with me over there?" "Yes, certainly." "Why do you follow me to such uninviting places?" "O, well, you see, love follows everywhere, and makes no account of conditions." Now this was very like her, as she had a love for nice little children, and as I believe angels and good spirits love them, I approved her sentiments, and concluded that Dolly was in the sphere of those who are good.

But a few days later, we were writing in the house where I board, when a dear little girl came and stood beside me, watching what I was doing with apparent curiosity, when Dolly wrote, "Pa, why don't you send the little girl away? she disturbs your thoughts. Let us go to your room, where we will not be disturbed." I went to my room and spent the evening writing. But this was not like Dolly. There was no kind word for the little girl; no expression of admiration, and I was sorry that it was not otherwise. I was now exquisitely sensitive about such matters, and remarkably suspicious of evil spirits interfering with our communications; and as all writing was done in my own style of chirography, I had no method of detection, such as judging from the hand-writing by difference of *style;* therefore I judged from the expressed sentiments only, and was constantly on the alert to detect any incongruous writing.

CHAPTER V.

SPIRIT VOICES COME AGAIN.—SPIRIT BOTANY.—EPES SARGENT COMES TO WRITE.—SPIRITS ARE GETTING THE UPPER HAND.—THE LORD (?) COMES TO ENCOURAGE ME.—A LAUGHING SCENE ON THE OTHER SIDE. —DREAMS LIKE VISIONS.—OFFERING DOLLY SOME INSTRUCTION.—THE BELIEF THAT CHILDREN COME IS A DELUSION.—A LYING TRICK PROVED TO BE A FAILURE.—STILL SKIRMISHING.

Spirit Voices Come Again.

DURING the following week my intercourse continued as usual. My principal endeavor was to obtain through this avenue exact or reliable information respecting the interior world, and its relation to the natural universe. Good or exalted spirits, I believed, are in perception of interior truths, and if they were associated with me they should be

able to communicate facts without the shadow of doubt. I had detected several lying pretenders. I suspected all who came except Dolly, and she had wandered into a maze which it required patience and labor to penetrate. I was losing confidence, and had requested her never to guess when answering my questions. Now, when others gave vague, indefinite, misleading answers, she was acting prudently and carefully; frequently pleading ignorance or inability, because she had not yet reached such exalted intelligence or interior perception required to answer my questions; but in time she hoped to advance into higher light, where she would understand better. Some things she answered readily, others she said did not come within her observation, and she attempted no answer.

Now I asked, "Do you perceive that you are advancing?" "Yes, pa; but it is very slow. It is much like going to school. We enter No. 1 (room) and come out at No. 12, and we hardly know how we did it." Taking the correspondences of numbers, and completing the course with 12, was really a very good expression of the state of vastation, instruction, or preparation through which spirits pass before they are ready to ascend to their angelic homes. (*Vide* Swedenborg.)

On the ensuing Sunday evening I went again to the circle meeting. I apologized for having left so abruptly under control of Captain Jack, but as he had left for other fields, I hoped that we could now have peace. The explanations were unnecessary, as the circle fully comprehended the causes. We then proceeded to form the circle, and await manifestations. I desired not to interfere with Mrs. Rex's writing, and kept my hands off the table, saying that my power was always sufficient without waiting, and I thought it was best for me not to touch the table. We waited; but she had no power whatever. In me, however, there was an increased,

almost irresistible force, and I took the pencil, and by an almost audible dictation I was about to write; but as the dictate was so clear I stopped, and was about to withdraw, saying that I was so directed. Mr. Wise desired the message to be written. I then wrote, "Withdraw immediately," and arose to depart. Mr. Wise detained me by asking, "Who controls and directs?" The reply was, "Dolly and Alice." "Why, for what cause withdraw?" "Because there is not harmony." "On which side?" asked Mr. Wise. "On our side." I then withdrew, went out and seated myself on the front portico, and thought my absence would restore the wonted power to Mrs. Rex; and so it did. Presently I was recalled to the circle, and we were all directed to shake hands, just as if we had not been good friends; and thus pledged our friendships. We went through it in a farcical manner. How could we act otherwise? I suspect the spirits enjoyed this nonsense.

We formed the circle once more, when Mr. Wise announced the request of Doctor Moonshine to unite with the circle, but he thought it best to consult the spirits, and he asked if it would be agreeable. Mrs. Rex's power was gone again, while there was a strong force impelling me, and I wrote with great energy, "Do not admit him." "Why not?" was asked. "Because he will destroy the equilibrium." "Who controls?" "Dolly and Alice." That settled the question! Perceiving that my influence destroyed Mrs. Rex's power, and believing there must be conflicting elements or spheres, I excused myself and withdrew, and was instructed not to return again, as nothing could be done on account of conflicting spheres.

I continued writing alone, whenever I had leisure, even in business hours. I wrote a great deal on various subjects, and preserved what was written. No one, unless he has had similar experience, can imagine how pleasantly I spent the hours that

otherwise must have been tedious and idle. I soon became conscious of spirit dictates when walking, or sitting in meditation,—dictates are distinguished from one's own thought, by a sense that they are thoughts or reflections suggested by spirits, and if answered, *a conversation may be held by thought*, which you know is not wholly your own.

A few days afterwards the dictate changed to a distinct voice, and that voice I recognized as Dolly's. I cannot now say why I accepted it, unless it imitated hers, or if it were from a persuasion of her presence by false spirits. Then, when not occupied with my business, I was conversing with her in vocal sounds, just as much as when she was living. She went with me everywhere,—to my business, on trains, or at home. For the sake of preserving our conversations, I wrote them. At first I answered orally. She said I need not do so, as my thoughts were distinctly heard by her in her world, and she perceived their formation and import before I did myself. This was surprising; but it was confirmed by answers given before I had fully reduced an idea into the form of words or thoughts. This incredible fact was many times repeated. Thus all my thoughts were words spoken in the spiritual atmospheres, and were known to all who were within my sphere. I had no secret or concealed thoughts. Let the reader reflect for a moment on the effect of such a state. All your inmost thoughts and affections known! How easily, then, can spirits answer your questions, and relate things through a medium "that no one else knew," except some one dead; and therefore it is inferred that the "dead person" must be present. But that belief is the result of ignorance of the spiritual law above illustrated.

One day I was sitting near some workmen. The spirits talked about them, expressing freely their opinions of each one. They saw through my eyes, and as they knew what I thought, it was from this perception, no doubt, that they formed their opinions.

I was thoroughly convinced that spirits have such power when man is in an "open state," but I have not been able to understand how they could see through my eyes, and take cognizance of even the smallest object. This mystery will receive further attention as we proceed. The Scriptures frequently speak of spirits entering into or being within man, which naturally leads us to suppose that there is some mode by which they enter into us and use our eyes or senses.

Spirit Botany.

One day, when I had collected a handful of wild flowers and examined them under a magnifying glass, tasted and smelled them, the spirits gave me a written description of them, according to things perceived through my eyes and other senses. In one case I had a beautiful little flower which I thought was of a purple color and of celestial correspondence; but the spirits insisted that it was ***blue***, and of spiritual correspondence; and closer examination satisfied me that ***blue*** was the predominant color. The colors and forms of each were described, then their celestial or spiritual correspondence, and their medicinal properties and specific uses in diseases. (More on this subject will be given in the "sequel," in the words of the spirits.)

It may truly be imagined that this kind of writing was intensely interesting; and that under such circumstances I was never lonely, because I always had good (?) company that wished to entertain and instruct me. Through this period of my experiences, I cannot recall any improper subjects discussed, nor any improper language used; but there was occasional use of "slang" terms, or expressions such as most people use, and every one hears until they become familiar. Such words were frequently used by the spirits, just as if they were in natural life, and actually before my eyes, and as well

acquainted with me as my best friends. I here refer to others than Dolly and Alice.

Several times spirits came to me and assumed the name and character of old friends; but I generally detected the fraudulent pretence. When I suspected them, I adopted the plan of not writing their words, but of writing others, nonsensical and ridiculous, in their messages. This would surprise them, or indicate my suspicions, when they would indignantly leave. This I did several times, when Dolly and Alice would immediately report that they had gone off mad. But I had a lingering suspicion that they were only imposing on me, by pretending to be mad and going off; when in fact they were the same spirits, who were constantly assuming any name or person that I desired to communicate with; but to allay my suspicion they fell in with my whim, and made me believe I had detected them, as they would say to me, "when you suspect then you detect." Since I was never clairvoyant, I never saw any who were with me; and as I suppose that only my familiar spirits were with me, it is quite clear they could read my mind more fully than I could know it myself, and that I could never, in fact, surprise them. And because they knew how my thoughts dwelt upon Dolly, they favored our intercourse, and played her part in such circumspect manner as far as possible to confirm her identity. And because I had such implicit confidence in her truthfulness, and almost certain of her identity, I could not find it in my heart to accuse her of duplicity, or of a purpose to impose on me.

From what I have shown above, it is easy to see how unwittingly one may be duped by a cunning spirit who is always with a man and knows his inmost thoughts, perceives them even before they are uttered, indeed before they are fully formed in the mind. That such was the power of those who were with me, I affirm, so that I was able to hold a conversation for hours at a time, simply by thinking, and receiv-

ing vocal answers from an invisible presence. If I determined the topics and length of conversations, there was no harm; but it was gradually leading to a state which I had not apprehended, namely, that of yielding to them the choice of topics and the control of my will, resulting in interminable conversations forced upon me entirely at their option, continuing day and night. This approaching state, however, was modified when in presence of persons with whom I engaged in conversation. At such times there was seldom any interference. Then, too, when I wrote the interviews there was silence—no voice was heard.

Epes Sargent comes to Write.—Spirits getting the Upper Hand.

Now there was an important incident occurred. As I recall it, it was when spirits gained more than usual power over me. One day while writing, I remembered that Epes Sargent related in his "Scientific Basis of Spiritualism" his mesmeric treatment of Mrs. Anna Cora Mowat Ritchie, by which, for weeks at a time, she had been under his control, she and her husband consenting. I wondered if Sargent, as a spirit, would retain any of his curative powers, and then wished that he might come and control me if he had power. In agreement with spiritistic faith, he soon presented himself—for Dolly immediately announced his presence with a friend. Then commenced an entirely different treatment, under his control, from all that had preceded. Up to this date the communicating spirits had made many flattering allusions to my manuscript referred to above. Now, however, Mr. Sargent commenced a literary criticism, pointing out every weak or doubtful point in the work. He was as familiar with it as if written with his own hand, and knew every paragraph that needed revision, omission, or expansion. He went through

my mind, or the work of my mind, with such destructive force that I felt only contempt and humiliation for my literary efforts, and there came over me an indescribable fear of his cutting criticisms. At first there were some promises of assistance during the coming winter months, when I should be at leisure—such promises had been made before by my "spirit band, the Twelve Gifts," who would help me revise. But now Sargent changed tone, and taunted me for my pretentious essays, and declared that, after mature consideration, he concluded that I had better abandon the work entirely, or re-write it, and he and others would assist me. But, better still, I ought to turn my efforts to spiritistic work. The spirits would help and strengthen me, and I could perform a truly great work, as I was already a remarkably free writing-medium, and there was no telling to what eminence I might attain as an inspirational speaker, etc., etc. To this I objected that I had no desire for notoriety as a public speaker or medium in any respect; and that I knew I had no talent or ability for such work. In this I persisted and he insisted; but not in the least could he change my mind. This was the first determined effort made to bring me under their control in opposition to my own will; and as Sargent did not succeed in persuading me, it was necessary to make an advance in force, as will be seen in what follows. Dolly now said that there was an arrival of some important personage outside, who desired a private interview, and they would retire outside. (Exit (?) invisible company.)

The Lord (?) comes to Encourage Me.

October 19.—Then I asked, "Who comes there?" "The Lord the Messiah comes to visit you, to regenerate and glorify you, and to prepare you for a new field of usefulness. You

are now a dead man!* dead to the world; and you are to be elevated into a higher plane of use.†

This visitant remained a few minutes dictating as I wrote—much more than I can remember. He said that I was to become the medium through whom some new revelations were to be made to the world, and especially to his Church. That now I would be brought into a passive state, in which I could either write or speak whatever was to be revealed, and that this would be done by inspiration and without any effort on my part. Therefore I should be of good cheer until He came again, or until He sent his angels to lead and direct me. And then He departed, leaving me in a state of mind miserably ecstatic. It seemed to me that I was in heaven and hell at the same moment.

Then Dolly and company returned again, and described the appearance of the majestic personage who had just visited me. Dolly said his face was like the light, and his garments were bright and shining, and that he had descended from a bright cloud overhead! Then, after engaging me for awhile, in my half-dead state, Sargent and company agreed to come to my room that evening, and to bring some medicine and treat me for my ailment.

On the 6th of July I had a violent attack of cholera-morbus, and about two weeks after another. I attributed it to some cold tea, soured or impure. After that I had more or less diarrhœa, but was never unable to attend to business.

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* It is important to observe that this was the beginning of a long series of attempts to *scare* me.

† At this announcement, with a conscious presence of spirits having more than ordinary power over me, I was really so overwhelmed with an indescribable feeling, that I looked about me to see if I could distinguish natural objects; for I did not know for a moment if I were dead or alive. But I saw familiar objects, recognized the place, and identified myself as still on earth.

This is the complaint for which the spirits are now going to treat me—Sargent assuming to be an M. D. What versatile powers spirits have!

My thoughts were wholly absorbed with the experiences of the day, and the spirits were constantly persuading me to devote my time and energies to mediumistic business, as the Lord would prepare and lead me into that field of usefulness, and that I could be of special use among church people who generally repudiated modern spiritism. But I was averse, objected, and resisted all their persuasions, notwithstanding the Lord (?) himself had appointed me to the work. I was not quite ripe yet for that master-stroke of imposition. Then they tried to impress me with the idea that there was an internal regeneration or glorification, commenced by the Lord, being effected within me, and that I should submit to their operations without resistance, as they were appointed to help me.

A Laughing Scene on the Other Side.

In the evening, after tea, I retired to my room to meet the company according to appointment. "Only Alice" came first, as was usual, if I had not been writing for awhile. She always played the "little girl" admirably; drew some leaves and flowers to entertain me until Dolly would come. Then she would see Dolly at a distance, coming on her white pony, as fleet as the wind. Now she is outside; now she is coming up the stairs; now she is here ready to write. This, for many evenings, was the order of beginning. Sometimes one or more would be with her. On one occasion her brother James, but he would never write much, nor would he say why.

Now Dolly said she was here, and the company were all ready, and had been waiting her arrival. I asked if Mr. Sargent would write, though in fact the recollection of his derisive criticisms made me quite averse to him. There was no

answer for some time. I asked for Dolly. She replied that Doctor Sargent was present, and ready to give me the medicine which he had promised to bring. I offered my thanks, and said I was ready, and hoped he would succeed in giving it! Then she said I must obey directions; that they were ready; and "Now you must shut your eyes and open your mouth." "I shall do nothing of the sort; I never take medicine nor anything else in that way." Then I waited for an answer. None came. I felt that something was wrong on their side. Were they nonplussed by my unexpected stand? I asked for Dolly. There was no answer. I waited with some impatience, earnestly wishing that I could see what they were doing. Were they seriously consulting what was to be done to help me? Then there came a response. "Only Alice." "Where is Dolly?" "She is here." "What is she doing?" "She is laughing, and all the rest are laughing." "What about?" "Because you will not take the medicine." "Tell Dolly to write." "She says she cannot." "Why?" "Because she is laughing so that she cannot write." "Ask Sargent to write." "He says he will not." "Why?" "Because you will not take the medicine, and they are all laughing so that they cannot write." "Will not Dolly write?" "No, sir. They keep her laughing so, and Mr. Sargent makes so much fun, they can do nothing but laugh." "Very well, let them laugh till they are tired. I did not think Dolly would ever act so inconsiderately towards her Pa. Please excuse me; I shall go down to the fire and warm my feet."

I sat at the fire wondering what strange experience would come next. The company of spirits up-stairs (?) I supposed would enjoy their laughter at my expense. Fortunately, I was not cognizant of their mirth, and I might secretly smile at the defeat of the joke they had designed to perpetrate at my expense. I thought I would let them wait awhile, for I felt a

little indignant on account of the manner in which I had been treated. I wished Dolly was away from them, but I did not call for her. Now this must seem preposterous to the intelligent reader, who has never witnessed any of this sort of entertainment. And what better grounds may a skeptic want for concluding the whole business a fraud, a snare, or a delusion? But what I am writing is true, only there is much more not written, because it would be too voluminous. That it contains a snare and delusion is only too true, though they are concealed by the veil that intervenes between the spiritual and natural worlds. But hell is at the bottom of it all, and not the poor mediums who are ignorant of the laws which govern the phenomena, and who are innocent of any purpose to deceive; and therefore they are unjustly accused, and blamed for what they cannot explain. These mysteries are as inexplicable and impenetrable as the spiritual universe itself. And so far as it pleases the Lord to open man's spiritual senses into that world, so far indeed he may come into a perception or understanding of the laws that govern and produce the wonderful effects recognized as supernatural phenomena.

After this digression we will return, as I did, to my chamber. I seated myself at the table and mentally asked Dolly to write. I waited. There was an unusual and incomprehensible delay. There were elements at work on the other side that were interfering with the free intercourse that had always existed from the first day that I was initiated. Sargent, I suspected, was plotting some mischief. Hence I was perplexed, though I felt sure that the spirits were as anxious to keep up the open intercourse as I was. Indeed, I had the conviction that they would keep it open as often and as long as possible. I thought some trick was being planned, and I was on the alert. After waiting awhile, there was written, "Only Alice." I asked for Dolly. "She is here; and they are all laughing at you; they are enjoying themselves, and

Mr. Sargent is making so much fun, they can do nothing else but laugh." "Very good! let them laugh all the night; fortunately, it will not disturb me. I shall go to bed at once. Good-night." "Good-night. 'Only Alice.'"

Dreams like Visions.

During these nights I dreamed of such things as seemed to belong to the spiritual world: scenes quite unfamiliar appeared before me. Sometimes, what seemed to be natural incidents would be vividly impressed on my memory, which seemed to contain plain spiritual significance. Once I saw Dolly in a grove, where two distinct parties were holding separate picnics and sports. One was to the east, the other to the west. We met in mid-ground between the two. Our meeting was indescribable. I caught her in my arms, lifted her from the ground, and fell prostrate on my back, holding her across my breast, kissing her, and crying for very joy. Several stood by, witnessing our delight with sympathetic pleasure. After rising from the ground, I looked about and discovered that all the persons present were strangers to me. Then I asked Dolly, "Have any of these persons offered you any indignities, or treated you disrespectfully?" "O, no, Pa," she said; "they have all treated me in the kindest possible manner, and are my good friends." I have dreamed of meeting her several times since in different places, and always under favorable conditions.

But now, instead of the previous happy dreams, they became troubled, obscure and dark; each successive night increasing in darkness, until at last I reached a night of intense darkness, with nothing visible but a dimly lighted temple above me, on the crown of a high mountain in the east. I was in the depths of a dark valley below, struggling to find the lost road leading to the almost hidden light on the eminence. But I did not find the path nor reach the temple.

The next night my dream seemed to be a continuation of that of the night before. I was in the same vicinity, but not in such intense gloom. Nor was the temple visible. Off to the west was seen a high rocky mountain ridge. I directed my footsteps towards a depressed plateau on the ridge, which, after some laborious climbing, I at length reached. Here was a stream of bitter waters gushing from a dark rock and falling into a rock-hewed basin. I was thirsty, and those who were with me said that I was conducted to this fountain that I might partake of its waters, to aid in my vastations. Then I beheld on the west side of the ridge, in a dark, deep, obscure valley, a misty lake or sea, and my guides volunteered to say that my final destination was that lake. The prospect was cheerless, indeed; but I turned to the fountain with a resolve akin to defiance, and drank eagerly of the bitter waters. Horrible! Aloes and quassia are sweet in comparison! I awoke, and for several days afterwards I imagined I could taste the bitterness!

October 20.—In the morning I went to my business as usual, keeping secret what was transpiring within me. Dolly was with me as usual, and apologized for her conduct of last night, saying that Sargent's comicalities were perfectly irresistible, and that, for the fun of it, he would not allow any one to write except "Only Alice." And that she was very sorry she had been restrained from writing, especially as I was so mystified, and at last provoked with their mirth. I freely forgave her without a word of blame. That was the last of *alias* Sargent.

She now said that she would try to manifest herself by materializing, and if I would keep a watch for her after retiring, she would be seen in the centre of my room. For several nights I watched for a while, but she did not appear; and then she acknowledged that she had not the power, but thought that once she had nearly succeeded. After that no further effort was made.

Offering Dolly some Instruction.

October 27.—Deficient railroad transportation so much crippled my business that I had much idle time. From this cause I occupied most of my time in intercourse with my beloved spirit-daughter (?), who was now ever attentive to my call, who, in fact, was my constant companion, and always ready to converse respecting spiritual life. Some of her remarks, and her constant presence with me, had led me to think she was not being instructed on her side (or was neglecting her opportunities). I therefore asked her if it would be proper for me to teach her certain fundamental truths respecting the Lord and the world in which she now is. She said, "No, sir; not now. I will inquire of my guides." In our next interview, she said I might instruct her in such things as I deemed proper. I asked, "Do you understand who the Lord Jesus Christ is?" "Well, Pa, it seems to me that I shall never understand his true relation. It is not clear to me what I should believe respecting Him. What is the truth?" I then presented briefly the doctrine of the Lord as Jesus declares in the Gospel of John. This was not unacceptable, but acknowledged to appear in the light of truth. Then I discoursed for a while concerning the sun, and the light and heat of heaven, and of the different heavens, and innumerable societies there. This was not concluded at one interview, and was renewed subsequently.

The Belief that Children "Come" is a Delusion.

October 27, Evening.—When I went to my room, "Only Alice" responded to my call. She said Dolly would not come for some time, and she would try to amuse me by drawing. Leaves, flowers and plants were the objects which seemed to delight her; sometimes windows, doors, gates and walls. There seemed to be a sensible sphere of innocence

in her presence, work and conversation, that precluded a suspicion that I was the dupe of malicious or malignant spirits. Hence I indulged her until she could very readily control my hand, draw her designs very rapidly, and with some artistic proportion; and she never seemed to weary. There was not much variety, and the things had no value except to show the work of spirits. Then she would write as a little child, and would say such things as interested *her*. Once she addressed a letter to her mother, describing the very little pony that "Captain Jack" had given her, and told all the wonderful things the intelligent pony could do. I was struck by the evident *natural degree* of this composition; and it would puzzle a smart man to get down to that child's highest capacity of composition; and yet there was nothing in it above childhood's possibilities. I am sorry to say that paper went with the rest.

It was just such writings from children (?), in which I could detect nothing above a child's capacity, that won my confidence. There was no effort to rise above a child's plane, and that pleased me; for I thought I was associated with innocence, and angels who have children under their protection and instruction. It is hard, under such conditions, for any one to divest himself of the thought that he is in conscious angelic presence, and that such presence must in some way contribute toward his spiritual elevation. For, although the angel speaks not, a belief in the presence impresses one with an inward consciousness of the Lord's grace and mercy in sending his angels to be present with man for his guidance and protection. This is said from what I now distinctly remember respecting "Only Alice's" communications, and associating her in my mind as a child-spirit.

Two or three years before, other children had come in like innocence, and entertained me for many hours with childish writings and drawings, through Lou as medium. I once asked a boy if he had any playthings. He named several

that he possessed, and then said, "But I do wish I had a knife." Then I laid mine on the table, and said, "You may have that." "But how am I to get it?" "Well, that is just what I should like to know." Once a spirit-child was scribbling on a good deal of paper, when I chided him and told him not to waste it; when he replied very innocently, "Why, is not this my paper?" On another occasion several children reported their presence, when I asked, "What brought you here?" "Oh, we were out playing, and we thought we would just run in and see you awhile." In fact, all the writings received through Lou at first were nothing but the work of children's spirits; so that I was led to conclude that only children were associated with him, and hence the intercourse could not be very bad.

There were some spirit-children who did not impress me favorably, besides those detected in lying, spoken of above. That was before Dolly crossed over. And now I recall that, since then, she once apologized for "Bob," a plague of a boy-spirit, saying, that although he was not always truthful, we ought to give him a chance, and not refuse to let him write and draw, as in time he would be all right. This was bad pleading, as will appear in the sequel. "Bob" soon after propounded a syphon problem which puzzled the circle to answer.

I had no patience with liars on this side or on the other, and I was more afraid of those whom I could not see, and commanded them to keep off as soon as detected. The liars led me to doubt all of them, and I was now approaching a crisis that suddenly led me to a conclusion and belief that they were all of the same kind.

A Lying Trick Proved to be a Failure.

Now, when "Only Alice" had amused me for a good part of the evening, under the pretence of Dolly's absence, she

then announced her approach in the distance, mounted on the white pony, coming at full speed, and two others with her; one was her brother James, and the other a stranger. In a little while she was present. She had just come from home, thirty miles or more distant, and she was sorry to say Mary was very sick with an internal hemorrhage; that, in fact, she could hardly live until morning, and when she left none of them apprehended any danger; but the internal cause was not known to them, and I had better go home at once. I confess I felt alarmed, for a few weeks before Mary had a slight hemorrhage from the throat. I asked, "Are you clairvoyant, so that you know of a certainty there is the danger you describe?" "No, I am not; but there are others there with her who know, and they will do everything possible from this side. But at home they are not alarmed, except Cousin Lizzie; she is beginning to feel alarmed. Indeed you should go at once, Pa."

I was recovering my thoughts, and began to think this was a trick, so I answered, "No, I shall not go until I am summoned from home. If there is any dangerous sickness, I shall soon hear by telegraph. Besides, it would be the height of folly to act on such unreliable information." I could not accuse my spirit-daughter of a purpose to mislead or fool me, but I could not act from such a blind source of information.

Then George Washington was announced. He had never come to me before, but now it was important that "Truthful George" should come, and I dare not doubt him. "Mr. Hartman, I am sorry to see that you are about to suffer a sore affliction," and he was about to proceed, when I injected words into the sentence, and finished it with some nonsense. Exit George!

Then "Only Alice" wrote, "Messengers are here who desire to communicate news from home." I allowed them to write, and "trapped" them in the same way I did G. W.

Then I went to bed, and dreamed about some things located in spirit-land. In the morning, as soon as I arose, I asked Dolly, "How are all the folks at home?" "O, they are all very well." "Were you there lately?" "O, yes; I just came from there. Why do you ask?" "Why, were you not here last night, and reported Mary seriously sick, and advised me to go home at once?" "Why, no, sir. I was not here last night. I was at home all night, and in the afternoon was with Mary in school, and I wondered if she could feel my presence, and know that I was with her enjoying her company, and observing the school exercises." "Well, I suspected there were lying spirits here last night, claiming to be you, urging me to go home because Mary was sick." "Well, Pa, that is too bad. We must keep a sharp lookout, or else some bad spirit will impose upon you, and destroy your confidence in me." "Well, to tell you the truth, it has reached that point now. I will not accuse you of anything. I am sure my own daughter was too truthful and too dutiful to treat me in the manner spirits have been treating me lately, and pretending to be you. Of one thing I am sure: the Lord is taking care of Dolly; and I may have been dreadfully deluded in this spirit intercourse. But to prevent any more fooling, and to save my self-respect, I now resolve that spirits shall no longer write their lies by or through me. God bless Dolly! Good-bye!" What more could I do?

Still Skirmishing.

From my investigations thus far, the evidence seemed conclusive that the spirits with me were evil, lying, deceitful and malicious; but up to this time they had, under the guise of Dolly, "Only Alice," and others, played the part, as far as possible, of good spirits. But one blunder after another led me to suspect their true character, which they could perceive in my mind; and knowing my thoughts and intentions in the

matter, they accommodated themselves to my conditions as far as they could, until my sudden resolve to cast them off. This was a terrible blow, to which they would not submit without a struggle; and the fight commenced at once, and was fought to a finish, as will be seen in the sequel. To have summarily dismissed my spirit-daughter, would seem cruel in the extreme if I had not certainly detected her in falsehoods. But I cannot describe the intuitive process by which I had gradually reached a certainty that the spirits about me were not Dolly and Alice, but were devils; and as I could not see them, I was like a blind man in the street, imposed upon by a lot of mischievous boys. Therefore I concluded it was dangerous to prolong our relations, and thereby further their designs. In fact, I had been like the frogs in the pond, pelted with stones—fun for the boys, but death to the frogs.

CHAPTER VI.

"RUNS ON SCYLLA, WISHING TO AVOID CHARYBDIS."—THE ENEMY INTRENCHING IN THE NIGHT.—GOLD AND SILVER KISS EACH OTHER.—TWO DOLLIES.—A NEW PHENOMENON.—THE BATTLE DRAWING NEAR.

"Runs on Scylla, wishing to Avoid Charybdis."

FRIDAY, November 25.—Having cut off writing with spirits, the reader naturally concludes that I was left in my normal condition. Nothing could be further from the fact. My sudden determination seemed to have aroused them to redouble their forces and resolve to "hold the fort." True, there was no sudden outburst of passion on their part, no violence threatened, no physical injury done to me. But they talked to me very tenderly. Dolly clung to me affectionately, deploring the intrusion of the false spirit who had

led me to discard her and all my friends on their side. The whole day passed with earnest solicitations not to be discouraged, not to throw them off who were my friends and wished to help me, and lift me above the evil and false conditions of this life! They would purify, regenerate, and glorify me, and make of me a wonderful medium! And by my instrumentality many would be convinced of the truth of immortality, and a glorious and happy life hereafter—*ad infinitum et ad nauseam.* "Hush! Get out! I want none of it. Do stop your talk and go off!" "Oh, no, we cannot do that; we are here to help you and show you the way. We do not care about writing; that was more to please you. We prefer talking to you." And thus they kept on all the day long, except when I was directing my men, or forced my thoughts into matters of business, of which there was but little need; hence my mind was the more open for talk, and the spirits improved each shining hour. Nor did I then apprehend any danger involved in this open intercourse. When writing, I stopped and began again at my pleasure. Why not this speech also? But I soon found they were vastly different things; for when I *thought*, it was equivalent to speech, and they replied. I could not stop thinking, as I could writing. And they spoke so that I distinctly heard the voice, and its articulations and modulations, yet no one would have suspected it.

How can they speak to us? The spirits of that world are here, or we as to our spirits are in their world, and the speech is uttered in the atmosphere of that world, and is heard in the spiritual ear of man. It cannot be otherwise. Therefore we are in the spiritual world, as respects our souls, while we are in the natural body in the natural world. But only a few have their spiritual senses open, so as to come into a conscious state of spiritual presence and their influence with men. The Lord alone has power to permit it, and He uses it for his wise

ends. And into this open gate I had passed, but could not return at my pleasure, much as I desired. It was the Lord's gift, and it was my duty to await his pleasure respecting it.

Above, I said when my thoughts were engaged in business the voice was silent. Thus spirits could not interfere with me by talking to me while attending to business, nor while conversing with others, until I withdrew my thoughts, and directed them to spiritual things. It is also a fact that my thoughts frequently reverted to interior things while occupied with business, and, so far as I permitted, spirits would then engage me in conversation; and in the condition of business at that time, my thoughts were allowed to drift into spiritual speculation for the sake of entertainment, and it was thus spirits got a strong hold on me by keeping me in that state almost continuously.

The Enemy Intrenching in the Night.

October 29, Saturday.—Through the night my sleep was disturbed by dreams of an unpleasant character; and when I would wake, as I did frequently, spirits talked with me, interpreting the dreams, and trying to persuade me to passively submit to them and be purified, and prepared for an important work. I could scarcely sleep on account of their persistent importunities to have me become a medium under their control. They had described to me, prior to this, that their controlling circle consisted of "twelve spiritual gifts or virtues," which composed a "band" of very great strength; and under their guidance I would become one of the greatest mediums ever known. All their persuasions could not excite in me the least ambition for fame of that sort. I revolted. Hence they were the more determined, or pretended to be, and that gave them an apparent reason for so persistently continuing their conversation; and now that they had my open ear, they talked with me all the day long. Sometimes Dolly

would come and talk with me; and now she said she was one of my "gifts." "For, Pa, you see my name, Doro-thea, was no accident, and it signifies that I am a gift from God, through Ma to you; for did she not present me to you as a gift? Besides, am I not derived from the thoughts and affections of your brain? Am I not therefore your gift? and being that, how can we be separated? And so the pony which I ride. I being derived from you, the pony is a quality which serves me, which quality I derived from you; so that the pony recognizes you, hastens to you, feeds on your head, and is delighted in your presence."*

At other times the "Twelve," who had a spokesman,—one who is near and speaks for a society, or for a "band" as spiritists call them—would come and talk. Why did I listen to them? How could I help it? Did you ever have an unwelcome visitor? Then you could excuse yourself and send him away, or withdraw yourself. It might be uncivil or rude to do it, but you *could do it.* But not so easily with an invisible spirit who talks with you tacitly; that is by thought alone, as it seems to be. You cannot help thinking. Your thoughts always are expressions of ideas heard by spirits as you hear words spoken by a friend. They answer you; if you do not reply promptly, they will continue, wonderfully expanding the subject of your thought. If you weary of that, they will find another subject which interests you. You may wonder that they know anything about it. But they read your most secret thoughts and deepest hidden affections—all the incidents of your life. They are not ignorant as you would soon discover. Would you command them to go? They will tell you they cannot. Would you be polite, and

* The pony and gift, as presented here, are from things stored in my memory, derived from meditations on the subjects of the conception of the soul, and the correspondence of horses; and the spirits have formed from those things the above combination with considerable ingenuity.

request them to wait until you go round the corner to see a man? They would, for very love, go with you. Would you request them to keep quiet? They would recall to your memory some of your most delightful experiences. Would you suspect or charge them with knowing too much of your private history? They would make sport of some of your humiliating weaknesses and stupid blunders. Would you wish to part company with them forever? They will kindly inform you that you belong to their society or function, and they will watch over you as long as you live, and welcome you home when you die. If you are profane and would use strong adjectives, they would reprove you. If you would pray, they will tell you how to pray. At last, if you go to bed, they will go with you and talk to you all night, because they love you. Of course, there is no intrusion in this. It only seems like an echoing answer to your thoughts, and your own voice speaking to you in loving tones, blessing you for what little good you have ever done, and reproving you for your waywardness. Then you may thank God that no one on this side hears but yourself.

But suppose you now believe that all this talk is the common property of all who are near and dear to you on the other side? Then you may wish that you had lived a different life. But I anticipate; something like this were my meditations and experiences on that day until evening when I was at the railroad station ready to start for home.

Gold and Silver Kiss each Other.

Dolly had been with me most of the day, and now she said she would go home with me. While at the railroad station an incident occurred worth noting. I was paying a freight bill, when some coins were handled in the transaction. My thoughts had been greatly exercised since I became a medium, in respect to the correspondence of natural things

with spiritual things. And as gold and silver correspond to good and truth, or charity and faith, the spirits with me at this moment suggested, "Place a gold coin in your right hand and a silver coin in your left hand, and bring them together, face to face, so that by correspondence the two spiritual principles kiss, and are conjoined, and see what will be the effect." I did so without hesitation, but cannot recall the effect, for there were constantly new effects, new sensations, external or interior, being felt or perceived, so that I can remember only a few of them. I know, however, that I was conscious of a conviction that some wrong had been done; for there was infused into my mind the reflection that I was trying, by this means, to force upon myself a higher state of spiritual perception, and consequent exaltation, than I deserved, or had been prepared for by the help of my circle of twelve. I think now this was a trick of the spirits to get a deeper hold on my will and understanding, and to control and pervert them, or to scare me by making me believe that I had attempted something magical with the gold and silver.

I sat in the station awhile waiting for the train, when Dolly began talking at my left ear. All that she ever said gained my affectionate attention. What the subject was at this time is not material, nor do I clearly remember; but I think it was about the kissing of the gold and silver, their effects and correspondences. New sensations or strange effects were common subjects with us.

Two Dollies.—A New Phenomenon.

Now there was a new effect that surprised me, namely, while Dolly addressed me at my left ear, another voice,* claim-

* This second voice is phenomenal, for I never heard but one voice before, nor more than one after this day, in my subsequent strange experiences.

ing to be the true Dolly, was addressing me at the right ear, and accusing the other Dolly with being a false Dolly.

The voices were indeed very similar, so that I could not clearly distinguish one from the other. There then commenced a contention between them, each declaring the other to be the false Dolly.

Now the train came along and I got aboard. From all external appearances no one could suspect my internal condition, and much less that spirits were conversing with me at both ears. Physically I felt as well as usual, except that since July I had lost some avoirdupois, from causes stated before; but I felt well. As soon as I was seated, the voices on either side renewed their contention. Each desired recognition, and used various arguments to convince me of the identity of my beloved Dolly.

I closed my eyes, and gave my whole attention to the discussion. If I inclined in the least to favor one, then the other would reproach me for forsaking my true Dolly. This continued for an hour and more. Sometimes it was very funny. And while each wished to establish her own identity, and be received by me as the genuine one, yet neither used any harsher language than to call the other "the false Dolly." But they chattered like magpies all along the way, good-humoredly it seemed to me, just as if they were having a jolly good time. There were no angry tones, but more like that of loving children pleading for a present preference.

Then it became a very grave subject which I should reject. I could see neither of them, and I could not certainly decide by hearing. I concluded not to decide, and wait for them to settle the matter as best they could. By this time I had reached Pittsburgh.

If ever a medium had a similar experience, I have not read of it. It was one of those unexpected dilemmas into which an investigator is sometimes brought, and out of which he

sees no immediate road of escape—no method for arriving at a sure solution. This remarkable circumstance opens a wide field for conjecture, and, in the absence of any known explanation, I withhold my own inconclusive inferences. I believe this was the *last time* I ever heard the voice of the *pretended* Dollies, or either of them.

The Battle is Drawing Near.

I was glad to get home, and hoped the evening and night would bring rest and peace. The contentious spirits had left me, and only the "Twelve Gifts" were with me. They now assured me that they had already done more for me than I was aware of; and they were still helping me from their side, and would continue to do so; and in due time I would find myself regenerated, purified and glorified, and ready to go forth in their work, the nature of which they would not specify. After I retired, they said they had some special directions to give, which would help me. They would let me sleep that night without disturbing me. In the morning I must take a bath, and change my *red* woollen underwear for a Scotch silver-gray suit, which I had procured two or three weeks before. They said the red was not a good correspondence for me as underwear, but the mixed colors of white and blue, composing the silver-gray, were better for my condition.

CHAPTER VII.

CAPTURED.—THE FORT TAKEN.—A VICTORIOUS ENEMY.—A PRISONER ON PATROL.—A SELL.—TEA AND TOAST.—SUSPEND BUSINESS FOR THE SEASON.—ACTING CONTRARY TO JUDGMENT.

Captured.—The Fort Taken.—A Victorious Enemy.

SUNDAY morning, October 30.—As soon as I awoke, the "Twelve Gifts" were ready. I rose, took a bath, and put on the Scotch-gray underwear, and then took breakfast. Then I tried to read, but the "Twelve" were constantly intruding and interrupting me. They wished me to converse with them. I walked the floor. My wife was absent on a visit East. The children were enjoying themselves outside or in the house, as inclination led them. The burden of what the "Twelve" had to say related to my purification, and future prospects as a superior medium. To this prospect I protested. I had no wish for that sort of work, and all the promises they could make would not change my purpose. They were more persistent than ever. I began to feel weary. I took my book and tried to read, but they kept at my ear, *one* voice, in the plural "we," speaking for the "Twelve." I could not hold my mind to the book any more than could the reader if trying to read with a loquacious guest at his side rattling away at his ear. I laid down on a sofa and thought I might sleep. It was utterly impossible. Nor could I lie still. I got up and walked again. Now I felt for the first time that I was on dangerous ground! How would this eventuate? Had I really lost control of my own volition? Could I not be master of my own actions? Could I not "shake" this invisible circle who were so intent on sanctifying me to their ends? Here was the most serious problem of my life. I was investigating the invisible, the unseen, blindfolded. At the same time the

unseen "Twelve," and I do not know how many more, were visibly investigating and investing the blind investigator. This is the mode and result of "The Beautiful Philosophy" of which "Spirit Philosophers" write and speak so enthusiastically. Here was a blind enthusiast drifting he knew not whither. It seemed to me that I had lost my equilibrium, while I supposed I was in intercourse with good spirits or returned friends; and such as I suspected of being evil, I had ordered off. And now, on the first suspicion that the devil (evil spirits) was investing me, I endeavored to gain equipoise, and shake him off, and hoped to find rest, peace and sleep. Alas! they were not within my reach. Did I look to the Lord for help? I prayed daily at stated times—frequently in my walks and meditations. I trusted in the Lord and hoped for protection. But it seemed as if the power of darkness was persuading and leading me against my will and judgment. Did I not resolve to stop writing and quit the business? In that respect I had succeeded. Why, then, was open hearing continued? It came at first unexpectedly, uninvited, then ceased. I am not clear as to when it returned. Perhaps three weeks prior to this date. I did not invite it, nor did I know how to stop it. By the exercise of my will I stopped writing. How could I stop the spirit voices at my ears? They originated outside of me, independent of my will. The Lord alone gives the power to speak and the gift of hearing. His power is supreme. Could I oppose it, or conclude against its use or purpose? Or should I humbly and patiently wait to see where it would lead? I could only wait and hope. But I was in a strait,—I could not rest. Wherever I went, whatever I did, the "Twelve" engaged me in conversation.

They did not wish me to do anything but listen to their plans. They always pretended to be good spirits, sent to help me, and never manifested anything but the deepest solicitude in my spiritual welfare; speaking in kind and tender language,

never reproving me, even when I wished them to leave. Then they would appeal to me not to hurt them, saying that they were appointed to be with and guide me, and hence to speak with me and have companionship.

Now I had never heard or read that spirits in open intercourse with man in modern times, had control of him so entirely as to destroy his volition, except for short or limited periods, as in trance or in inspirational speaking; and then not to injure him, but to make him the medium of some revelation, or to show the power of the Lord for some good purpose.

Was there to be any such manifestation through me as a medium? If so, God helping me, I would submit. But I was in doubt. It appeared to me that I ought to be able to exercise my own will—and those who know me give me credit for having some will-power. But here it seemed I had none, or did not know how to exercise it. If only I thought, the "Twelve" answered and kept up the conversation. Nor could I sleep. How, then, could I stop thinking or talking? That is a spiritual problem.

During this day Mr. Wood called to see me. He was deeply interested in spirit manifestations. I now told him bluntly that I had stopped writing; that I had discovered there were false spirits imposing upon us, answering for any one we called; and now I was trying to turn my back on the whole business. He was surprised, and said he thought I was rather precipitate in my determination. But I answered him that I was acting very deliberately, and I thought it wrong to lend my hand to evil spirits, and thus aid them in deceiving others. It may be remarked that I detected spirits pretending to be his wife and daughter.

All the day I was restless, disquieted and weary, hoping that night would bring sleep and peace; but the "Twelve" kept me awake. At last I fell asleep, and when I awoke the

voice was with me. I was conscious that more power had been gained over me. They required me to call up Cousin Lizzie, and tell her not to be alarmed, as I was now under control of spirits. This I did promptly. I could not resist. Then I was commanded to call Frank into my room, and have him kneel with me and repeat the Lord's prayer. This was done with evident apprehensions by him. I was told to dismiss him then, and go to Mary and tell her not to be alarmed; that I was only under control, and she must not think me insane. This I did also. Then they said I might rest until morning, but I must rise early and burn all my manuscripts that in anywise related to spiritual subjects, since they contained too many errors to be published; and now that I was coming into higher states of perception they would help me to write something which would be received with gladness, and would be above criticism. I was kept awake till morning, receiving renewed promises of success. Resistance was impossible. I rose early, hoping to find peace in some unexpected manner. I went into the library intent on burning my manuscripts according to command. I took from my drawers all that had been written through me and other mediums, and all the drawings of doves, flowers, gates, portraits and scenery drawn by Lou and others, some of which purported to be drawn by Dolly, some by James, and a few by others.

I regretted that I must part with these, but when my regrets were perceived by the "Twelve," they said I must not hesitate. Then I went to the grate and commenced feeding the fire, until they were all consumed. Then I got the box containing what related to "The Two Universes of Spirit and Nature." I had been persuaded by Epes Sargent, it will be remembered, that these papers were of no value, and had better be destroyed. Still, I had a lingering wish to preserve them; but I had no will to resist the order, and they, too,

went into the flames. There was another box containing manuscript of "The Formation of Coal," and I now asked, "Must this also be consumed?" The answer was emphatic, "Yes; every sheet of manuscript you have. Let them all go to blazes!" They went; and then I saw what a great fool I was; but I could not resist. And now I did not know where I was drifting, and was without any definite plans for the future.

A Prisoner on Patrol.

October 31, Monday.—After breakfast I went into the city to attend to business. I met Mr. Jones, one of our circle, on a street corner, and told him spiritualism was dangerous; that I was trying to divest myself of its influences, and cautioned him against pursuing its dark mysteries. I could not tell him more then. The spirits admonished me to stop. We parted on the corner. I got through my business early in the day and returned home. My children were anxious about me, not knowing where it would terminate. I now strove to read the Word, but my mind was distracted. I could not control my thoughts. I was uneasy, and apprehensive that I was losing self-control. I prayed to the Lord for help, and tried to direct my thoughts by reading light literature. It utterly failed. I again read the Word and prayed for succor. I had confidence in the power of the Word to help, yet I did not realize that it afforded help.

Night came and I retired, praying for protection through the night. But sleep came not to my eyelids. The "Twelve Gifts" were constant in their attentions, and promised to help me escape from the power of evil spirits who were troubling me. Was such audacity ever heard of before? Have you ever been injured by pretended friends, who would persuade you that others were the culprits? Have you been fooled that way with your eyes wide open? Well, here was I with

my eyes shut, operated upon from the other side, by how many or of what character was beyond my ken; and now they ventured to fool me by saying they would protect me! The Lord alone was my refuge; and I looked to Him as best I could in my bewildered state of mind.

November 1, Tuesday.—The night passed without sleep and without my disturbing the family. I rose early and made ready to go to my business out of the city. The children were concerned for my safety, as they saw I was not acting from my normal condition. But I reassured them, and left as cheerfully as possible, promising to write each day. I took with me the Word, and when on the train commenced reading, determined to fight hell with the sword of Truth. But I was soon interrupted by a friend taking a seat beside me, who engaged me in conversation until I reached my destination. The providential presence of this friend tended to divest my thoughts from my interior condition, and held me more in external things; and in this state spirits seemed to lose their control, or had their power weakened. But just as soon as I emerged from company or conversation, spirits at once assailed me. I knew this, and tried to avert their power.

As soon as I left the cars, and started to my place of business, I commenced uttering passages of the Word, endeavoring to keep my mind occupied in that way, and thus fortify myself against the assaults of attending spirits. I kept this up most of the day, mentally when persons were present, aloud by myself. I got through the day feeling better, and wrote home in the evening that I was "all right." I boarded with a personal friend at a private house, and not knowing what freaks the spirits might require of me, I told Mr. Best of my condition, and requested him to give me prompt attention in the night if I needed it. I said, "If I should be under control, I will thank you if you will take hold of me and give

me a violent shaking, and shake them out of me." There was no disturbance, however; but the "Twelve" were with me all night, preparing me and keeping me awake with their unceasing persuasions and infestations. More than anything else, endeavoring to gain my consent to be their medium. Strange how immovable I was in my opposition to it. Strange that I could exercise will and determination against them in this respect, but could not cast them off entirely. It is a terrible state to be in, when you cannot help thinking, and have invisibles hounding you wherever you go, answering audibly your every thought, and leading you to converse on subjects of their selection.

All night they were around me, speaking distinctly, just as any human voice could speak. How could I sleep in this wonderful condition? In fact, I seemed not to desire sleep, though I felt sensibly the need of it. I was awake all the night attended by the "Twelve Gifts," who were so deeply interested in my preparation that they could not leave me for a moment. What a lesson of love in time of affliction! Who would suppose that any but good spirits could be so devoted, so self-sacrificing, as to accompany me everywhere and minister to me unceasingly? How little, indeed, is known of our relations with spirits. How apt are we to believe that the spirits present with us are only the good or our departed loving friends! And this idea they artfully insinuate and force into the mind, so that it can hardly be resisted; and when they have thus captivated the mind, they then attempt to insinuate falses and evils by various ways according to man's prejudices; and unless he be well grounded in good and true principles, his soul may be brought into jeopardy.

Now, see how spirits may bend or hold another's mind; and by such power was I now led, and becoming more and more bound in their toils. Nor could I resist. Nor had I the comfort of feeling that the Lord and his angels were pro-

tecting me. True, I had been assured that the "Twelve" were helping(?) me. But from the first I suspected them, and subsequently concluded that they were a gang of spirit impostors not deserving my confidence; while some subtle spirit was relentlessly holding my mind in a state of servile servitude.

Through the night they so operated upon me as to keep me in a continual perspiration, and they assured me that was an evidence of their purifying powers; and in this physical mode they were divesting me of impurities necessary to be cast off before I could be regenerated! The morning found me in an exhausted condition, with but little self-determination. They advised me not to make haste to rise. They said I needed rest and quietude, and that I had better remain at home.

November 2.—I arose under partial control and direction of the Twelve, and ate a very scanty breakfast, which led Mrs. Best to inquire if I were sick. I replied that I was not feeling well, and had concluded to remain at home. I was getting physically weak. Once I felt a sense of vertigo and blindness, and barely reached a seat before falling. I had been fasting too much, partly from my own judgment and partly by advice of the Twelve, who now tried to scare me about my physical condition. But much as I was under their influence, I never felt alarmed when they tried to frighten me with the approach of death. I was not afraid to die; I should have rejoiced to go, not because of my present condition, but because I had for several years past felt that the world to come is preferable to and far more desirable than this; therefore their attempts to scare me were ineffectual.

A "Sell."

I sent a message to my foreman, and another to a gentleman I had expected to meet at my place of business, request-

ing them to call to see me. The latter came before noon, when I was sitting before the fire in an easy chair, with my eyes shut and head bowed forwards. I was directed to "sit still; do not open your eyes; answer his questions briefly as possible; and make his interview short." I obeyed, under control of these good(?) spirits, and "shammed" sickness. I could not do otherwise. Sickness was a pretense and excuse for incivility. I was ashamed of my conduct. I wished to open my eyes and talk, face to face, like a man. My actions seemed to be perfectly idiotic. And these were the good angels who had been purifying me all the night! Whatever I may have thought, I knew that I could not stop their operation. Nor did the family seem to comprehend my inability to direct my own actions, and they thought I was really sick. For dinner I took, as usual, "short allowance," and afterwards I was invited by the Twelve to take a walk down to the river and get the benefit of the pure air. I was feeling better, and the day was clear and fresh. I walked to the railroad station, and then asked if I should go in and see Mr. Best, the agent? "No, not now. Now stand where you are and face across the river. Shut your eyes and see what you will see." I obeyed. "Open your eyes." I did so. "What did you see?" "I did not see anything." "Neither did we."

This struck me as a comical "sell," and I laughed inordinately for awhile, by myself. I had been feeling very gloomy for several days. I had seen nothing to provoke a smile, much less an outburst of laughter. This unexpected practical joke was like a flash of sunlight through a clouded sky. I enjoyed it so much that I began to think better of my Twelve Gifts, and hoped a "jolly good fellow" was now in control, and that the future would be brighter. Under orders I walked along the river bank until they told me to sit down on a boulder. Then they talked to me until I

laughed and wept in the same breath. We cracked jokes and had a jolly good time. I did all the visible laughing and crying. The Lord only knows who and how many laughed on the other side.

But there was I, alone, laughing and crying alternately. What a picture? A man of three-score years, neglecting his business under a sham of sickness, not able to leave the house in the morning, too sick to open his eyes to see his neighbor, and then in a couple of hours promenading with masked ghosts along the river side, laughing and crying, and no one could guess why!

Here, then, was the grave old investigator laughing and weeping like a child, because "high comedy" was being played as a farce! He was the lone actor before the curtain, but who were behind? And why did he laugh? He could not help it, not if he should be shot for it. This brought to memory the laughing scene they had "over there," when they proposed to play "shut your eyes and open your mouth," and were defeated, and they laughed on their side.

Towards evening I returned to the house, seemingly more my own master than I had been for several days. But I was not allowed to talk much to any one. My evening meal was not quite so scanty as usual, but I did not indulge my appetite to a sense of satisfaction. My "foreman" called soon after tea, apprehensive that I was sick. I told him I was better, and although we could get no cars at present, we would still keep at work for awhile.

In the evening I was sitting alone by the fire with my eyes closed. I now turned my thoughts interiorly, endeavoring to explore my mental and physical condition. The Twelve were with me, and for the occasion spoke as if possessed with powers of clairvoyance, for they suddenly exclaimed, "Oh! Mr. Hartman, you are very sick, you are dying! Internally you are very much lacerated by our operations to

purify and regenerate you; you are bleeding very much." Another attempt to scare me. Unmoved by this startling announcement, I serenely but feelingly replied, "Well, I wish everything evil and false within me may die speedily." "Oh! Mr. Hartman, now you are better, you are getting well." "I hope so. I wish I were well spiritually, for I have but little respect for my physical man." "But, Mr. Hartman, you should not talk that way, for there is a great work for you to do yet, for which we are preparing you. Indeed, now you are worse; you will die soon if you speak that way." "Well, I am not afraid to die. I would then meet those I love on the other side." "Oh! Mr. Hartman, you are nearly well again." In this vein we conversed for some time. Alternately I was dying and getting better, according to my *thoughts*. Then other topics were introduced, designed to show that there was an internal work being performed, which would purify and sanctify me for the important mission of declaring new revelations to the Lord's Church.

Strange that I felt no elation, no exultation, no cause for glorifying. But I felt so sad, weary, and humiliated that I wished I might die and join the blest in the Lord's kingdom.

Now that I was in this sensitive condition of internal lacerations, I was advised to continue a most abstemious course, even more so than recently. Since July 6th, as noted above, I had been losing weight and strength, with diminished appetite, in fact, rarely desiring food. Let this stand for a physical fact to supply medical men with a basis for an explanation of my strange experiences.

I retired early to bed. The night passed much as the one before. I could not sleep for the same reasons. "Purifying perspirations" were experienced nearly all the night. I could see no cause for that outpouring of impurities, unless it was the effect of spirits inducing it in some inexplicable manner.

Tea and Toast—Suspend Business for the Season.

November 3, Thursday.—It was a rainy morning. Before I rose it was determined that I might as well go home after breakfast. I rose, and ordered for my breakfast clear tea and dry toast. I must take only a sip of tea at a time. When I had taken a teaspoonful I was required to wait until the Twelve would see the effect. Then I took a nibble of toast and waited to see the effect; then half a teaspoonful of tea. The spirits were talking to me and reporting the effects. Two or three times, while in the act of passing the teaspoon from the cup to my mouth, they stopped me with the spoon mid-way, I was required to wait a little; and so with the bread. In this ridiculous manner, with other persons at the table, I was allowed to take in all three or four teaspoonsful of tea and a few crumbs of bread, perhaps half an ounce or an ounce. I was very serious and apparently sick. But now it has the appearance of a very grave farce.

My Commander now told me that he could not control the transportation of all the railroads, and it would be weeks before they would be relieved of excessive freights; and in consequence I had better close up my business for the season, and they would soon have me operating in another field of usefulness. "Therefore send a note to your 'foreman,' and discharge your men at once. We will dictate the form of the message." I wrote on a postal-card just the words dictated. I did not like this sudden way of discharging men without previous notice. But I was under control and could not resist. This transaction proceeded just as if they knew better than I what ought to be done. I have since often wondered why they did not propose to control my hand, and write the message in that way. But it was dictated in a clear, distinct voice, just as if a man stood by my side, and I wrote as an amanuensis.

I then proceeded to the railroad station, stopping on the

way to pay several small bills. In this I was acting according to my usual custom, and was not interfered with by the "Control." They seldom attempted to interfere with my business methods.

Acting Contrary to Judgment.

While waiting for the train the Twelve were busy with my thoughts; and we had now reached a point where they were ready to test my passivity and obedience to their orders. Notwithstanding my resolve to resist as shown above, they at last seemed to have got control of my *external* will, if there can be such a thing as an *internal* separate from the former. *There seems to be,* for what now followed was with an *external* consent, because I could not resist, acting as from an irresistible impulse dictated by spirits, while at the same time my *interior judgment opposed* and objected, and my interior will did not approve nor acquiesce. Here is another problem for the "Beautiful Spiritual Philosophy," or for writers and teachers of moral and mental philosophy. The probable fact in the above "problem" is, that I was impelled, under mesmeric influence, *to do* what my *normal, rational judgment opposed.*

CHAPTER VIII.

GLORIFIED OR LOST? WHICH?—READING THE WORD WITH EVIL SPIRITS.—AN UNSOLVED MYSTERY.—ORATORICAL DENUNCIATION OF SPIRITISM.—THE DANCING DEVILS.—A GOOD SAMARITAN.

NOW the Gifts commanded me: "Go to your friend (the station agent) Mr. Brooks, with whom you have discussed spirit philosophy, and tell him that you are on the verge of insanity." As I did not believe that I was verging on insanity, I interiorly objected, and saw as rationally as

any man could see the impropriety and humiliation involved in such a declaration. But I was under control and could not resist, and obeyed. Then they commanded: "Go and tell him that you are under control as a result of your investigations." I did as required, remarking to him, "You know the meaning of 'Control;'" and then I returned to my seat. Then they commanded: "Go through Mr. Brooks's room, pass thence through the telegraph room, out through the warehouse, and return, without speaking to any one." This I felt would be an unwarranted intrusion unless I apologized. But I could not resist, and I did it, feeling that I was acting like a natural-born idiot. Then they commanded: "Now repeat what you have just done." With my sense of self-respect, and a keen perception of the undignified intrusion, I felt that this was an unnecessary "test" of my loyalty, either to the Twelve as angels of God, or to God himself; and I thought "this is not God's way of dealing with men." "Yes it is His way of dealing with you, and you must come under subjection to Him, without disobedience or hesitation." There was no use any longer to oppose my will to a superior force, and, as before, I went through the dumb, idiotic performance. I attracted the attention of the operators but was not interrupted, as I was well known to them.

I was seated only a short time when they commanded me: "Now prostrate yourself on the floor." There were several people in the station room, and while what had preceded was not understood except by Mr. Brooks, such an act as now commanded would at once publish me as a lunatic; and I thought it was cruel for God to "test" me in this crazy way. But the voice said something which led me at once to prostrate myself on the dirty floor. "Now shut your eyes and do not open them. Call to Mr. Brooks and ask him, with the assistance of his brother, to put you on the train and

seat you on the south side of the car." This I thought was brutal, for I was not sure, indeed I still doubted, that it was God who was commanding. I called, and some one stepped into the back room, and requested Mr. Brooks to come to me. I made the request, and he kindly promised they would assist me. I lay there waiting for the coming train. In the mean time Mr. Brooks very considerately engaged a gentleman to take charge of me, and see me safely home, no doubt having concluded that I had passed the "verge," and was really insane—or very sick. The train arrived, and I was commanded to open my eyes and get up. I obeyed promptly. Mr. Brooks was at my side ready to help me, and remarked that Mr. Brady would go home with me. Mr. Brady had just come in and was going to the city, and was an old friend of mine. I spoke to him as usual; said I was very glad to see him, but that I did not now need help, and we got on the car together, I taking a seat on the south side as above directed. We talked for a while as usual, but the Voice soon engaged me, so that my conversation with Mr. Brady presently flagged, and after a short time I was wholly engaged with the Voice.

We had run probably ten miles. I was occupying the seat next the window. Now I was commanded: "Go and lie down in the aisle of the car." Interiorly I remonstrated, saying the floor was dirty, and making some other mental excuses for declining to do so. "But you must not think of conditions when we command. It is your duty to obey without questioning; we are the Lord's messengers; nor we nor you have any discretion. Obedience is the evidence of your willingness to do the Lord's work." Now, this seemed to be abject slavery, and obedience to blind commands. Interiorly I knew and thought at the time, "God has given rationality to man to show what is right and orderly to do, but now neither my own will nor reason approves of

this manner of proceeding without some apparent good purpose. But this availed nothing. For in a moment I struggled past Mr. Brady, and prostrated myself, with eyes shut, on the dirty floor. Mr. Brady hastened to the conductor, told him I was sick, and asked him to provide a double seat, which was immediately done in the back end of the car. I was picked up and carried back, and tenderly laid on a seat. Now I was commanded: "Stand up and denounce Spiritualism as a delusion and a snare."

This so truly accorded with my belief that I did not object nor hesitate, but immediately rose to my feet and cried aloud the denunciation. Mr. Brady tried to restrain me, for he did not know what I would attempt next. The people looked at me with countenances expressive of commiseration. I felt perfectly calm and rational, though I had slept none since Saturday night, and was weak and haggard. But I knew my actions indicated insanity, and I knew at the same time that I was under the control of spirits, and acting contrary to my own inclinations and rational perceptions.

After this incident I sat by and looked out of the north window. We were now passing a long rocky precipice, when the voice began to talk about my geological observations, theories, and manuscripts which had been burned by their command. What they said was disparaging, and intended to plunge me still deeper into the gulf of humiliation and despair; for now I was wondering how this would end, for my mind was exceedingly sensitive and plastic, and they seemed to bend and mould it to their wishes.

The train stopped in Allegheny and did not cross to Pittsburgh. When I reached the station there was no train ready, and I seated myself to wait the announcement of the next train. Several trains were announced for different roads, to different points. But at each announcement the voice would say, "That is not your train; do not stir, we

want to talk with you here." I had expected to arrive at home for dinner. That hour had passed, the afternoon had well advanced, and I was now fully under control. They were holding me in my seat or walking me around at their pleasure. Once they said, "That is your train," but when I went to see, it was not. Then they commanded me to stand aside and face the railroad tracks over which freight trains were passing. Then they asked, "What is the spiritual correspondence of these railroads, with all this commercial traffic?" I thought as clearly on the subject as I could under the circumstances, and they expressed themselves pleased with my perceptions, and they thought there was promise of a higher development.* Then they relieved me from my standing position, and proposed that we go inside and read the Word, as they wished to test my perceptions of the internal sense.

Reading the Word with Evil Spirits.

I went in and sat down near a window, took the Word from my valise and opened it at the first chapter of Matthew. Then I was requested to read, and I read the first verse, "The Book of the generation of Jesus Christ, the Son of David, the Son of Abraham." Then I asked to be instructed as to its spiritual sense. "No, we wish you to show us what you perceive; divide it—take a word at a time." I began, each word seemed to unfold itself in such marvellous light as I had never seen or felt. My interiors were thrilled as with indescribable vibrations of a soft gentle current of electricity, and my body warmed as from a glowing fire. Tears blinded

* This is written to show their flattering disposition, for I was conscious of a very dull perception and saw no hope of present enlightenment unless it pleased God to open my eyes (as well as my ears) into the perception of spiritual light.

my eyes and coursed down my cheeks in small streamlets. I shook like an aspen leaf stirred by a gentle breeze. I wept from the delight of a new joy, and was overwhelmed with what I saw and felt.

Then the Voice spoke encouragingly, and said I had a most unexpected clearness of perception of the internal sense that would, with a little training, fit me to go on to the rostrum and preach the glad tidings of the New Era now dawning upon the world. "Now, Mr. Hartman, shut your eyes; close the Word, and hold it before your face at arms' length, and see what you can see." The practical jokes of the past were forgotten, and now I was an obedient subject. I shut my eyes and held the Book before my face. What did I behold?

An Unsolved Mystery.

There was the word, a little larger than the copy in my hand, which seemed to be in shade or of a dark color. The binding of the Book was dark Turkey morocco, but I had been looking at the open book and not the closed book, so that there could be no visual impression left in the eye from such cause as to its external form as a book. But, to my amazement, there were alternate rays of gold and blue proceeding from the Book in every direction, and these seemed to be alive, as if currents of electric light were flowing from the Word towards the outside points, and the whole was surrounded with a sphere of light of a soft yellow tinge. I saw nothing else, not even my hand that held the book. This phenomenon I utterly fail to comprehend. My back was towards the window. It was a dark cloudy day. There was no sunshine, but my eyes were filled with tears.

After more mature reflection I account for this phenomenon by supposing that I was under the mesmeric influence of evil spirits, and that they induced in my mind the fantasy of the book as it then appeared, precisely as a mesmerist can

induce in his subjects almost any fantasy simply by a determined concentration of his will acting on the mind of his "sensitive." I have several times witnessed such display of power. [Written three years after the occurrence.]

Since the above was written I find in the *Banner of Light*, Oct. 11, 1884, a communication from Prof. I. Cadwell in which he says:—

. . . . "I have had men in the psychological state on the platform, who were over sixty years of age, and by a simple process, embodying a philosophy almost unexplainable, transformed them mentally into boys of five or six years of age; seen them get down on their knees and play with imaginary marbles with all the energy of childhood; quarrel and cry like children: and use peculiar phrases, unlike those of this more enlightened period."

Believing that Prof. Cadwell could confirm my theory respecting the mesmeric power of spirits, as well as the power of mesmerists to induce fantasies, etc., I addressed him a series of queries which he politely answered in the *Banner of Light*, Nov. 29, 1884, from which I extract the following:—

"You say in your letter that you can transmit your thoughts, or seem to, to spirits, and receive impressions so direct from them as to be able to hold intercourse by thought alone. And you ask, among other questions, if I can transmit my thoughts to my mesmeric subjects, and cause them to speak or write the words I think of. If so, it would be reasonable to suppose that a spiritual mesmerist, or the controlling spirit, may do the same with a medium. I do not doubt that, under favorable conditions, a spirit may be able to impress a very sensitive person to write entire sentences in the precise language that the spirit would use if writing on the subject with his own hand; but I do not think that they often do so. Ideas can be more readily impressed on the mind of sensitives than particular words. I can impress mesmerized persons that it is very cold, or warm, and cause them to act in accordance with my unspoken thoughts."

Here we see "*ideas*" are readily impressed on the subject. And one idea about as easily as another, may be transmitted from the operator to the mind of the subject. We have witnessed the terror of subjects, when impressed that a ferocious animal was approaching them. In our case the spirits operating on our sensitive brain, could by the same process impress upon our mind, the idea that we beheld the "Word," as above described, and this idea they could derive from our memory, because we have read in Swedenborg that in heaven he has seen the Word thus illuminated. So Dolly, it will be remembered, drew the Word with rays proceeding from it. This, if understood, explains the mental hallucinations so common with so-called "insane persons," their fantasies being in fact induced by spirits operating upon their sensitive brain. Another extract from Prof. Cadwell's reply shows how mesmerists and spirits can transmit thoughts or ideas, even when remote from their subject.

"Not as large a proportion of people can be mesmerized as many suppose. Probably not more than one in six or seven, notwithstanding the boast of some persons that they can mesmerize everybody; and not more than one of every hundred of my mesmeric subjects has been sufficiently susceptible to be controlled by thought alone to act intelligently.

"Judging from my past experience, spirits can control mortals mentally far better than one mortal can another, without speaking or making passes, with possibly rare exceptions. I know that I have affected mesmeric subjects at a distance of many miles, by a slight effort of the mind. . . . .

"While giving a course of lectures in Lincoln Hall, Weymouth, Mass., several years ago, I found an excellent subject who was sufficiently sensitive to be moved by thoughts unexpressed in words, and with whom I gave a number of tests of mind-reading, or of the action of mind on mind. . . . .

"Few realize how slight a change may be necessary to

enable us to see God's great army of the immortals, or silently converse with them. I think I know that it is possible for spiritual beings who are as tangible to themselves as we are to one another, to be standing by my side as cognizant of my unuttered thoughts as any mortal can be of my spoken words. I doubt not the correspondent whose queries I am considering may be able to converse at times, by thought alone, with spirits; and the time may not be far distant when they will be able to convey intelligent communications from one sensitive mind to another, but never, in my opinion, to do away with telegraph or telephone.

"Although it is an easy thing sometimes to present tests similar to those related, it would be a very difficult matter to cause a mesmerized person to write with pencil on paper my silent thoughts in the same words I should use myself. Ideas can be impressed on a sensitive brain far more easily than the proper words necessary to express them. It would require great concentration of vital force to transmit, and an exceedingly sensitive brain-aura to receive, the impressions of words distinctly. . . . .

"I occasionally find a subject that I can cause to write words and sentences by thought alone; but such are seldom found, and only at rare intervals in a proper condition for that class of experiments."

In the *Banner of Light*, April 4, 1885, Prof. Cadwell says: "And if I, a spirit in the form, can control a sensitive person, I know of no reason why a spirit out of the body cannot do the same."

After this digression, attempting a solution of so wonderful a phenomenon, we will proceed with our narrative.

The Voice now exultantly exclaimed: "Now, Mr. Hartman, who could do this but the Lord through his messengers? Are you not at last convinced that the Lord has a work for you to do under our direction?" That was a question which seemed to admit only an affirmative answer. There seemed to be a wonderful chain of providential circumstances, which had brought about all that I had just witnessed.

How could I longer resist, after what had been shown me, to be concealed in the internal sense of the Word, and then by the glorious external illumination of it? Could I close my reason against such extraordinary evidences, of the powers that were leading and bending me to perform a task required of me, and for which I would be prepared if I yielded without further opposition? At last I was convinced that I could *not resist*, and that I should yield obedience to those who were controlling me. In fact I had lost self-control, and both body and mind were now under a supernatural power. Still I had an interior perception that all this outside performance was irrational, and that I was a slave, or the subject of some infernal power which I desired to resist or shake off, but could not. Now see what followed the illumination of the Word.

Oratorical Denunciation of Spiritism.

After persuading me that only the Lord could produce such wondrous effects, and that I was now under his guidance, the Voice said, "Now, Mr. Hartman, we have some further tests to make of your loyalty to our cause. Will you do as we require?" I replied, "I will if I can." "We want you to go out in front of the station door-way and kneel down on the pavement, and, looking up to heaven, cry with a loud voice three times, "In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ I denounce Spiritism as a delusion and a snare."

I interiorly recoiled from doing such an insane act, but I suppose my love of obedience to what seemed to be the Lord's commands rose superior to all external or personal considerations, and I said, "I will do it." Then, added the Voice, "After you have done that come into the centre of the waiting-room and do the same thing." It was a most disagreeable thing to do, but I have the courage of my con-

victions (when I am normal), and I hurried off outside, and, in a very solemn manner, performed the act.

Interrupted by a Philistine.

Then I came inside, knelt on the floor, and, with uplifted face, cried at the top of my voice, but had uttered only a few words when the station police-officer abruptly seized me by the arms and lifted me on to my feet, saying, "See here, Mister, this is not the place for that sort of business." I replied, "Thank you, I know it is not; I was only doing as commanded," and then walked off to another part of the room. The voice accorded me credit for what I had done, and said I might now watch for my train. I took an end seat nearest the door-way leading to the yard, so that I could see when the train would be ready.

The Dancing Devils.

Now the Voice said, "Mr. Hartman, we will show you something else, that you may know to a certainty that you are in the hands of the Lord. We will make your legs dance so that they cannot stop until we stop them." Then my feet began to move, slowly at first, gradually increasing in rapid rhythmical motion, just as if moving to instrumental music. My boots thus in motion made a clattering noise on the plank floor, and I wondered an officer did not stop me or interrupt me as before. But I was not disturbed. Quite a number of persons collected around me, and evidently perceived that I was afflicted with some terrible malady.

A Good Samaritan.

Mr. Hunt Butler, the "Depot Master," passing that way, saw me and came to me directly, saying, "Why, my friend, I think you are chilled and need a hot drink; come with me across the street and have a drink, and you will feel better."

I thanked him kindly and replied, "That is not what I need, I am not cold."* Then a sympathetic looking gentleman ventured to ask, "Why, friend, what is the matter with you?' "I have the 'shaking devils,' and they are showing what they can do with me." This seemed to be incomprehensible, and I added, "I have been investigating Spiritism and became a medium, and am at this moment under the power and control of spirits, and they are doing this, and I have no power to stop it."

I was sitting during this performance, and really felt scared, for I did not know what would be the next diabolical requirement, and there was no one to help me. Suddenly the dancing stopped, and the Voice said, "Now, Mr. Hartman, we have given you enough to-day to satisfy you that you are under our control. The train is about ready, you may go home." I rose at once, and, for the first time in the whole day, seemed to be my own master. I walked to a window to see if the train was ready. Just then I saw outside Mr. Rex, of our circle, and I hastened to him and related what had just transpired with me, and told him that I had not slept for five days, and I implored him not to let his wife become obsessed as I was. Then Doctor Johnson came up. I had told him several weeks before of my induction as a medium, and now I thought I ought to tell him that the *devils* had just been shaking me up. I was myself now, and did not recognize God and his angels as the power controlling and making me act in an insane manner. Both the gentlemen evidently saw that something unusual was the matter, but they did not say much. Presently we got on the train, Mr. Rex occupying a seat with me, and engaged me in conversa-

* I believe now it would have been a very good thing to have done, to break the power of the Control, but I could not then exercise independent will-power, and could not act without direction from the controlling "guides."

tion until we reached the Liberty Station, where we got off, and I went home.

The strange feature of this day's occurrence was, that the Twelve held my mind in the idea that they were the Lord's messengers, and that they were controlling me. But just so soon as I exercised independent thought and my own will when speaking to any one or thinking on the subject, I pronounced my tormentors *devils*, and wished to escape from their power. Thus there were two states of perception, one *normal* and the other *abnormal*, and while I condemned the devils, the spirits with me approved the condemnation as if there were two sets of them—one good the other evil. The fact was rather bewildering, when it is known that only evil spirits were speaking with me, and they dictated and *approved their own condemnation.*

CHAPTER IX.

AT HOME.—BOUND AS WITH CHAINS.—OBSESSED.—NEARLY GONE.—A CLOSE CALL.—THE VOICE OF THE LORD (?) SPEAKETH.—A SHORT RESPITE FROM BONDAGE.—FAMILIAR TALK WITH THE LORD (?) AS A FRIEND.—THE CAT TOYING WITH THE CAPTURED MOUSE.—A CUNNING TRAP.—CONDITIONS OF RESTORATION REVEALED TO ME.—I HELP LIZZIE TO HELP ME, AND AM REPROVED.

WHEN I arrived home all were absent except Cousin Lizzie and Bridget, the servant girl. As I had been abstemious for the past few days, I had hoped to be at home for dinner, but the reader will remember I was detained at the Union station. Now I thought I would enjoy something warm, and requested Bridget to hurry with the tea, and then seated myself in the library in an easy chair before the fire, and gave myself up to meditation, or rather

to conversation with attendant spirits. Meditation was impossible. Let the reader understand my condition. If I wished to meditate, then I must *think* respecting some subject or a combination of subjects, and their relation one to the other; and this state supposes that no other person intrudes or interrupts the course of my thoughts. But now in my sensitive, open state, I could not think alone; I *could not be by myself*, for there were always with me those invisible beings who took cognizance of every idea or thought that passed through my mind; and then they intruded with their presence, and distinct voice, and took part in my thinking, and engaged in conversation without being invited. They were impolite thus to intrude themselves when I needed rest and quiet, and wished to be alone; and if they had been good spirits or angels they would have remained silent, and that to me would have been equivalent to absence.

But the reverse was the case; and now as soon as I was seated they commenced with their congratulations that I had reached home where they could soon finish my purification. My two daughters soon came home and affectionately embraced me; and without apprehension of trouble, went out to spend the evening with some young friends. Then two of my sons came home, and were surprised to find me in the house, being two days earlier from my business than usual. They interrogated me, and as I was now under control, I answered only by direction of the voice, and my replies were monosyllabic. My eyes were now closed as at the station early in the morning.

Tea was ready—"Would I have some tea?" By instruction I answered, "I do not want anything." Persuasion to take something only sealed my lips. From this hour I could not speak nor move a finger or toe without direction. I sat on the chair like a statue.

Then Cousin Lizzie and my sons stood round me trying

to move me to speak, or to show some signs of consciousness. Then I warned them to keep off and not touch me or they would do me irreparable injury. But as they knew I must be under control, they supposed that to talk to me and thus divert my thoughts was the best thing to do, and persisted until, in great seriousness, I commanded them to desist if they had any love for me, or regard for the peace of my soul. This I did under direction of the Voice. They were alarmed. The Control perceived this, and directed me to say, "I am not sick. I am not asleep. I do not want anything; but I wish to meditate, and may fall asleep; if I should, do not let me sleep longer than one hour at a time without waking me; for if you do not wake me I shall die."

Now I began to feel that there was a near prospect of being "purified and glorified" on the "other side." I was weak and faint, and my fixed position on the chair gave me a sense of uneasiness and discomfort. But I could not move in the least. Now my daughters returned home. They came to speak to me. I did not answer. Then they were alarmed. They cried, and did not know what to do. They spoke to me frequently. Sometimes I answered by direction. Frequently I made no reply. They wanted to do something for me. I told them solemnly not to touch me, that I was under control of God's messengers, and they must not interfere with what was being done. Keep hands off! keep quiet!

Then they sent for my friend Dr. D. Cowley to come and see me. He came after 8 o'clock; spoke in the usual method of salutation, and I with a motion of the hands waved him off. I did not wish him to speak to me, nor would I shake hands with him, as the Voice said they did not wish any one to interfere with their work. He went home leaving me sitting in the chair.

Some of the family watched with me, occasionally speak-

ing to me, telling me to shake off the spirits! saying that they had me under control, and that I ought to control myself. I rarely made any reply, but occasionally under orders said something. But all this time the Control was holding my will and thoughts entirely subject to them. I was becoming terribly tortured by my fixed attitude, and I was not permitted to move or change my position in the least. Nor dare I ask assistance, or in the least express a wish or intimate that I desired assistance or anything—my stoicism was sorely tested. In this weak and painful condition the night passed until half past four o'clock when Frank, remembering the orders not to let me sleep more than one hour at a time, took hold of and commanded me to wake up. I paid not the least attention. He continued his efforts to wake me. I was sitting with my chin resting on my breast. He lifted up my head, bent it back so that he could see my face in the light.

There was some sort of a struggle. The result was unexpected to them; for I now opened my eyes, and they turned up, and rolled round like one in a spasm or in the last agonies of a terrible death. Then they relaxed their efforts, and I settled back into my former posture. The movement nearly finished me.

Nearly Gone. A Close Call.

The effects of the disturbance were something like inhaling chloroform. My external senses seemed to recede; my internal seemed to be opening, partly lost to nature, or the material world, with an indrawing of my life. I had only a vague sense of what was passing around me, perfectly indifferent to everything except to some pain induced by my fixed position; but now when my head was thrown back I felt a sense of light and darkness in the same moment. It seemed as if there were some unusual force acting upon the brain which

produced, as it were, an oscillation within the head. All sensation now seemed concentrated in the brain, and I was powerless to help myself, and made no effort to regain my natural sensations. There was a thought of violence having been done to me from which I should die. I thought I was dying. Those with me thought I was, and one of my sons hurried off for Dr. Cowley. He came presently. He was informed of what had occurred; he had been told before that I was under control of spirits. Now when he came and spoke to me, I was instructed to speak to him, but only as the Voice dictated. He made a diagnosis, and on inquiry found I was very weak from abstinence from food and loss of sleep.

He at once proposed to change my position and place me on the lounge. At this suggestion I was instructed to keep my eyes shut, and make resistance. When they took hold of me to lift me on my feet, intending to take off my coat, I attempted resistance; but immediately felt that I was weak, and a sensation of faintness came over me nearly equal to the experience when they tried to wake me up. But I soon recovered, and as they were trying to put me on the lounge I resisted, striking out blindly, and when they got me down I kicked and tried to roll off on to the floor. The Doctor and my two sons were against me, and after struggling awhile I yielded like a "little man," except once in awhile I made a feint as if I would roll off; but they held me firmly. In this struggle one of my ankles got hurt.* The Voice was encouraging me, saying my acting was "excellent, admirable;" and then directed me, "Now roll off." Then I tried, and was encouraged for my skill in acting.

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* It is claimed by spiritualists that the "guides" of mediums always try to protect and guard them from danger or injury. These investigations furnish sufficient proof to show malice and a purpose to injure or kill me if they could.

I enjoyed this immensely, as from my standpoint it was superlatively ridiculous, because it was only "make believe." When my ankle got hurt, I pretended it was serious, and blamed Will for his roughness, and I did this with such good effect that I could scarcely restrain loud laughter. I did actually laugh interiorly, and then I learned that while the exterior may assume the most hypocritical solemnity, the interior may feel in a jolly mood.

The change of position was a great relief, and I was made comfortable, and talked in a serious mood. Dr. Cowley asked me if it would be agreeable to read some from the Scriptures; I said it would be. The Voice was magnanimous, and said as he was a physician I should speak to him, take his medicines as prescribed; and the angels with me would place spiritual medicine with the material, and they would all work for my restoration to health and future usefulness.*

After reading from the Word, the doctor prescribed, and then left.

Now that I was more comfortable the family left me, as they supposed, to sleep, while the Control was as industriously as ever plying me with their promises of purification, etc. Their conversation was so well directed as to lead me almost imperceptibly into acquiescing with their declared purposes. They talked of little else than of my glorification, and they had me so absolutely (excepting God's power) under their control, that I now felt desirous of being assisted by them. My thoughts, therefore, were withdrawn from material things, and I lay with my eyes closed, only meditating of the bright future, and the joy of meeting those who are so dear to me

* Observe the cunning in trying to impress me with a belief that they had spiritual medicines on their side, as in the former instance when they wanted me to "shut my eyes and open my mouth." All this is intended to keep up the appearance of power on their side.

on the other side. And in the thoughts of my meditations I was encouraged by the Voice which was constantly with me, attentive to every thought and wish, but seldom granting my wishes if they in anywise referred to my physical comfort, or to my desire to speak to any of my family or friends. Such exterior matters could not for one moment be entertained, but I must suffer any torture for the sake of purification; and the more I suffered and endured without complaining, the sooner they could accomplish their work in me. My heroism must be tested to the last stage of endurance, and I was now in the first stage. What was it to be, and how would the last stage terminate? Well for us that the future is concealed, or we should die of despair.

Thus I lay, as quietly as a sleeping child, but perfectly conscious of everything transpiring around me. From considerations of kindness the family kept the house as quiet as possible, but every railroad train that passed was distinctly noted. If, instead of quiet, they had kept up an intolerable racket, it might have been better, as a disturbing element afterwards proved to be "good medicine." Had I been forced to walk about and compelled to take nourishment, it would in a great measure have frustrated the designs of the controlling power.

Thus I lay until the Doctor returned at about eight o'clock A. M. Under orders I talked awhile to him, but always waiting for instructions, or for the Voice to dictate what I should say. Hence I seemed to be rational, except that I was slower than usual in answering, as I had to wait first to hear the Voice utter the words. But if I presumed to make an answer myself, then in this first stage I received only a gentle reproof.

This interview with the Doctor, whether designed or not, led him to believe I was tractable and could be persuaded by him to comply with his directions, and that I could soon

be brought to exercise my own will and shake off the control. The Voice recognized him as a New-Church physician brought in to contend with the evil spirits who were fighting against the angels of the Lord, who were striving to save and regenerate me, and who would eventually cast out the evil spirits and make me one of the greatest mediums ever known. (What vain boastings!) Therefore, the Doctor was co-operating with them, and, under God's providence, he would be directed in his treatment so as to accomplish the best possible results.

Here it is seen that they recognized my rational conviction that I was under control of evil spirits and was struggling to cast them off, and, to hold my confidence in them, they pretended to be helping me. How could I determine whether or not there was an angel or a devil speaking with me? Or whether alternately there was one and then the other? I had no means of concluding, except by the tone of voice and the language used, both of which were agreeable. The speech was usually grave, deliberate, distinctly articulate, and masculine—never harsh until later. In fact, they had persistently manifested a tender regard for my purification, and were indignant when their purposes were thwarted. What better evidence could I have required to prove their disinterested affection for me? Therefore, at this stage, the Doctor, the angels of the Lord, and I were all in agreement, and would work for the same end—my restoration to health and self-control.

The Voice of the Lord (?) Speaketh.

After the Doctor had left, I immediately relapsed into an immobile state. Then came a new feature to this wonderful experience. The spirits now assumed a new character, and addressed me in this manner: "Now, Mr. Hartman, hearken to the voice of the Lord; the Lord speaks to you." I re-

plied, "I hear the voice of the Lord and hearken thereto." Then the Voice engaged me in conversation, took control, and conducted my regeneration and purification. It required no effort or assurance on the part of the Voice to obtain my confidence and passive obedience, for I had no thought or will independent of the controlling power. My whole being seemed to be inundated by an overwhelming influence of the august Presence, to whom I yielded without fear and with some hope of deliverance from the infesting spirits.

As all the children had employments out of the house, Cousin Lizzie was left to attend me during the day and give me medicine at prescribed times. I was docile as a lamb and quiet as a ship in a calm, for I lay more like one asleep or in trance than as one alive actively thinking and undergoing a conscious purification. But I was as immovably fixed as a barnacle on a ship's bottom. This fixed condition was imposed upon me through all the succeeding days of terrible struggle. In whatever position I happened to be left after having been moved, there must I remain until some one would move me or until I could endure it no longer; then I would think of moving myself, which, being perceived, the Control would command me not to think of moving, and require me to endure it until some one would anticipate my desire to be moved. I dare not speak nor open my eyes, and therefore could not ask for help by word or look. Then I would heroically endure a while longer until the pain seemed too excruciating for endurance, when I tried to open my eyes just a little, and found that I could do it. Then I opened them wide, and, discovering I had some will-power, immediately moved my hand, and then my whole body, and sought a new and more comfortable position. For this self-willed action I received from the Voice a severe reproof. I was told that it would increase the hardships through which

I must pass, and I must not again act without permission, or it might lead to my final condemnation or damnation!

A Short Respite from Bondage.

The Doctor having been informed of my long period of fasting, advised that food be given whenever I was normal or requested it. I now asked for nourishment which was brought directly, when the voice of the Lord intruded to forbid too great indulgence. Acting under obedience, I partook sparingly, and then settled down on the lounge, hoping that I might sleep. But my thoughts were soon occupied by the Voice, and I was once more in the power of the Control. Then commenced another new feature in this strange drama.

Familiar Talk with the Lord (?) as a Friend.

Heretofore my regeneration was progressing outside of, and independent of myself; that is, the "Twelve Gifts" were doing the work which I thought properly belonged to me as an individual. They had been pretending to remove from my life in some inexplicable mode the impure things, and were bringing me into a state of regeneration without any co-operation on my part, except implicit submission to their commands. This was indeed a new method, but it was succeeding to their satisfaction; and not being perceptible to me, I could only take their word for it, and obey orders, although I might hold mental doubts respecting the mode.

But being in the hands of the Lord now, the former mode ended and another commenced. First of all, the Voice addressed me in the grave scriptural style, and I replied in the same respectful form. The voice of the Lord led the conversation between us, and at first assured me of their purpose to help me. The Voice always spoke in the plural

form, using the pronoun *we*. I was very attentive to the voice of the Lord, and replied, as if speaking to the Lord, with the deepest reverence. The discourse at first was serious, as suited so important an event, but by degrees it became more and more cheerful and less stilted. The Voice said: "Now, Mr. Hartman, you understand our purposes towards you. You have acted in obedience to us, showing your faith in our power to help and save you; we will therefore deal very considerately with you, and will now descend to a lower plane in conversation. You understand the three degrees [in the name of the Lord] and you may now address us in the lowest degree." I said "In the name of Jesus?" "Lower yet." "In the name of Christ?" "Yes, but there is still another name, reflect a moment." I thought a moment and said "Friend?" "Yes, now we shall talk as *friends*, for we are your *friend*." This idea of the three degrees—representing the three principles in the Lord—was evidently seen in my memory, and now the Voice adopts it, and speaks according to angelic perception, respecting the three names in which there is no idea of plurality of persons in him, but the qualities of love, wisdom, and use or operation, in one Divine Being.

And now the Lord has come to me in the lowest degree—Christ, or Friend—and having been brought to that plane, the Voice induced on my mind a sense of equality and familiarity with Christ, that I can now plainly see was designed to destroy my respect and reverence for the sanctity and holiness of the names of the Lord. This is evident from the fact that the Voice now became exceedingly familiar with me, conversing in a natural unrestrained manner, joking, punning, provoking repartee and humor in the freest and most ridiculous manner, so that I was mentally in an exceedingly mirthful and hilarious mood, while physically I

was bound hand and foot, and suffering from my helpless, immovable condition.

When something especially ludicrous was said, the Voice remarked: "Why, Mr. Hartman, your sense of the ludicrous is exceedingly keen;" and then we discussed the origin and use of that quality in man, observing that as the Lord had graciously endowed man with that faculty, it was designed that he should derive innocent pleasure in its exercise. Although my education had led me to suppose that Jesus Christ, while on earth, was serious and grave, never laughing or making sport, still I could not help thinking that the faculty must have been in him, but possibly repressed by the gravity of his mission. But here now I had the evidence of his humorous witty companionship, and I was so led on in this delightful conversation, that at last everything of dignity was laid aside, and we had a wild juvenile carousal, without any other exhilarating element than that of the most intimate terms of unreserved friendship, which he had so condescendingly extended to one so unworthy as I. This interview seemed to have taken place in a well-lighted, subterranean room, where objects were clearly distinguished; but I did not see the Lord, but only felt that he was invisibly present. My natural eyes were closed.

Sacrilegious and blasphemous as this may appear, it is not to be supposed that conversation descended to vulgarity or rudeness. Nothing of the sort. My mind was held in respectful reverence for Him; but when we discussed religion, morality, science, and matters of life, which were rapidly changed, bent, and turned in such droll and grotesque forms, it was too ludicrous for anything. How far was I to blame for the funny show? In fact I was under the mesmeric influence of the Control; and in truth was only a mouthpiece to voice that part of the play which was set for me. The playwright was the unknown person in this serio-comic farce.

I was the victim of those behind the scenes. I was the poor little mouse in the power of the tormenting cat. I played my part according to the promptings and leadings of the invisible manager. For all this fun there quickly came a day of reckoning.

The Cat Toying with the Captured Mouse.

During the moments of this happy mental carousal, to all external appearances I was physically resting comfortably as one asleep; but I had been lying in one position for a good while without power to move, and now my right arm was in a painful position, and I could not move it. The Voice perceived my agony, and said, "We will see what we can do to relieve you; but you must tell no man."

I was wondering what they would do with me; then immediately, without effort or intention on my part, but by the power controlling me, my arm was very gently moved into another position, and my hand laid upon my breast. Then the Voice said, "You see how much we can help you; we are now gaining power over those who have been tormenting you; we see a little turn of your body will make you more comfortable." Presto! I was turned as gently as a tender mother would handle a sick child. The discovery of this power on their part, and my acknowledgment of it, seemed to elate the Voice, for it now said, "What would you think if we should lift you up to the ceiling feet foremost, and drop you on your head?" I remembered having read of a noted medium having been lifted to the ceiling by invisible power, and carefully let down again, which was witnessed by several scientific investigators, and I answered, "I shall not be afraid of any injury if you do it." "That is very good we see we have your confidence, and it will not be necessary to do that as it will be of no benefit to you in the trials through which you must pass before we can cleanse you of your im-

purities; but we will amuse you a while. Now we will lift your right arm, and place your hand on Cousin Lizzie's shoulder." She was sitting near me, reading the morning paper.

Now my hand was withdrawn from under the cover spread over me, and then extended full length along my side, and rested a moment, when the Voice said, "You see our power; who else could do this?" Then the hand was lifted, and describing an arc, was carried round and laid on Lizzie's shoulder.

I do not know what she thought. I was apparently sound asleep. She looked grave, and then very gently, as if not to disturb me, placed my hand under the cover, and resumed reading. The Voice remarked, "We have succeeded admirably; now we will repeat it." Immediately my hand went through the same performance, and rested on her shoulder as before. She just as carefully replaced it under the cover, and then laid her left hand on top of the cover, intending to prevent a repetition, and resumed reading. We waited only a little while when the fun continued. My arm was moved as if by a sudden impulse, and withdrawn from the cover, and laid on my head. That was a natural motion, but not by my will; but Lizzie not understanding it as a purpose to find rest and a new attitude, immediately forced it under the cover. Then the Voice and I began to see that it was becoming funny, and I could hardly restrain myself from laughing aloud. The same sudden movement was soon repeated, and was not interrupted. The hand rested on the forehead. After waiting a moment it swung round and came down on Lizzie's arm rather forcibly. I should explain here that I was at first directed to open my eyes just sufficient to see Lizzie's position, which is evidence that the Voice could not see except by or through my eyes. Then when the hand would fall my eyes were closed again.

Thus I was a living automaton, but moved by a force outside of me, while I seemed to be asleep, and was as helpless as a paralytic.

Now Lizzie took hold of my hand and held it, and perceiving that it was unnaturally cold, she commenced rubbing it. Then more thoughtfully she made passes from the elbow to the ends of my fingers. Then the Voice said, "That is very good for you, Mr. Hartman, for that will carry off some of the evil spirits;* but it is very bad for Cousin Lizzie, for they enter into her through that motion, which is indeed the best thing done for you yet, and we must find a way to protect her, for this is an act of true charity." I could not help feeling alarmed for her at first, but the assurance that she would be protected reconciled me to the manipulation. After awhile she put my hand under the cover, and asked me to take some medicine.

A Cunning Trap.

A new feature was now introduced, which was about as cunningly devised as a cunning spirit could invent. Lizzie came with the medicine in a teaspoon. The Voice now said, "Mr. Hartman, do not take the medicine; do not assist, do not resist." That was very simple, easy to obey. Let us see how it works. The spoon is at my mouth. "Do not resist." I wished to open my mouth and let it be put in, but "do not assist" held my jaws close together. "Do not take it," meant resistance; therefore if she could pour it into my mouth it would be all right. She gently opened my lips, and emptied the spoon against my closed teeth, but she first tried to persuade me to open my jaws; but I dared not, and

* They seemed to have persuaded me that I was obsessed with evil spirits, and that they were *within* my *body;* this became more manifest afterwards.

the medicine ran out at one side of my mouth. Could I act otherwise in obedience to instructions?

Conditions of Restoration Revealed to Me.

"Mr. Hartman, let us fully explain to you your condition, and some of the conditions on which you are to recover from the power of evil spirits. You can do very little to help yourself, except to look to us, the Lord, for help; we will do whatever can be done for you, but your friends must help you. There is a lesson for them to learn, and that is their duty to you in nursing and taking care of you in your helpless state. But you must not ask them, nor by any sign indicate to them what your wishes may be. They must, from their own affection, study to discover and anticipate your wants, otherwise their services would not help you; but we will see how far we can operate through their minds to lead them to help you; so you see you must let them find out how to help you; but you must not help yourself, and you must not resist, as we instructed you before. So you see you have disobeyed our orders, and that makes it the harder for you." I replied that "I did not see how I could have done otherwise." "Yes, you should have taken the medicine, because the doctor is appointed to help you out of your trouble." "Then I should have assisted had I opened my mouth, and disobeyed." "But we told you not to resist." "True, but you also told me not to take it, and therefore I had to resist."

If the reader will think of the above cunningly worded instructions, he will see that a master mind originated them. They were an infernal trap.

There are many smart people, experts, scientists, and medical men, too, who, if asked to give an opinion of my case, will say that the Voice was unreal, mere imagination, originating in a diseased brain. But I had no pain in the

head; in fact no pain anywhere in the body, except when lying too long in one position. Food was agreeable, and I had a craving for it, and was restrained from taking what I desired only because the power controlling me had forbidden to take except as they directed. With these conditions it would be passing strange if my imagination could have conceived such diabolical methods of punishing myself, and inventing such contrivances of which few good men or angels could be capable. No, no: More than two years have elapsed since those occurrences, but they are indelibly fixed in my memory. My mind all through that fearful trial was just as clear as it ever was before or since; but there was a mysterious power having control of my will, and forcing me to do whatever the Voice commanded. I was helplessly resisting that force; it was the same which in earlier days controlled my hand and wrote. Has every one a diseased brain or imagination that is a writing medium, or any other sort of medium? Any one who will assume such a position shows his ignorance of events that have been familiar to investigators for more than a third of a century.

I Help Lizzie to Help Me, and am Reproved.

The above paragraph has given us time to come to the next trial of wisdom. Now Lizzie asked me to take some tea, and would I be propped up on the lounge? I answered "Yes." She then tried her best to help me, but I perceived that I was too heavy for her strength, and remembering that the Voice had blamed me before for not taking the medicine, I concluded that I would not resist, and therefore when Lizzie was trying her best to help me, I involuntarily—"on purpose"—helped Lizzie to help me, and then sat straight up on the lounge, with my eyes open, and was once more normal and my own master, ready to take the tea and toast like a hungry man that I was. But while I was doing so the Voice was

reprimanding me for violating instructions by helping myself, and for assisting Lizzie to lift me up. I pleaded that I was ordered not to resist, and I had not resisted, and I was now taking food prescribed by the doctor's directions, as he was appointed to help me. The Voice said, "Very true, but you did not wait for instructions, but helped yourself, and now our work will have to be done over again."

This tacit conversation was going on while I was taking the tea and toast, and I was telling Lizzie what the Voice was saying. But now my thoughts began to waver, for the Voice spoke in a very solemn tone, "Mr. Hartman, hearken to the voice of the Lord." That command brought me back. It was irresistible. I feared to disobey the voice of the Lord (God help me! I hope that in some small degree, at least, I am in obedience to the *true* voice of the Lord), and therefore our former relations were resumed. I was told to be more guarded, and the work would be accomplished so much the sooner.

CHAPTER X.

THE BOOK OF JUDGMENT OPENED.—EXPLORATION OF DEEDS DONE IN THE BODY.—POSSESSED WITH A FEAR THAT FREEDOM WAS LOST.—SOOTHING SYRUP AND RACKET.

I WAS again under control of the Voice. Terms of familiarity were restored. Promises of an early deliverance from the devils, who were holding me bound as if in chains, were given, and revived my failing hopes. It was gratifying to be assured that the Lord was with me, and I wondered that He, being omnipotent, did not release me at once. His presence I thought should disperse the devils. But I was trusting in the Voice to help me without exercising my will-

power; but it seemed that I could not, and was as helpless as the bird charmed by the magnetic influence of a snake. Thus I lay for several hours as if sound asleep, but I was conversing with the voice of the Lord (?).

Now commenced a new phase. Up to this time, with the exception of Epes Sargent's cutting criticisms of my manuscripts, I had been treated in a kind and tender manner, "with great consideration."

Exploration of Deeds done in the Body.

Now the Voice began a lively exploration of all the unpleasant and sinful acts of my life, speaking of them as if read from an open book, going back to childhood when I was not more than five or six years old, and endeavoring to place the innocent acts of that tender age in the category of sins or crimes. This, indeed, was, like a judgment, "when the books are opened," and an account is rendered of every deed done in the body. If the reader ever recalls the sins of his past life, and regrets them, he is not conscious that any living soul knows what he has done, or that any one can read or see his thoughts, and is present with him and leading him in his course of meditation. He is exempt from such shame. But suppose you suddenly become aware that there are spirits with you who hear your thoughts, and see as if emblazoned in a vivid panoramic scene every act of your life; and suppose, further, that you become impressed that some of your dearest friends in spirit land are standing by your side reading your history, and that this *exposé* is free to all curiosity-seekers, and that there are unknown numbers crowding around to see and read the secrets of your life. Could you stand such an ordeal without wishing to cover your face for very shame; and could you resist the conclusion that you deserved damnation? If this seems too personal, then apply it to your neighbor who is not so well known

to you as yourself. There are few who could desire such an ordeal; I do not except myself. And this is what was then passing between the Voice and me, which I could not escape, while externally I seemed to be resting in a peaceful sleep!

But this was essential. I must be "vastated" or divested of every least affection for those evils, and they must be blotted from my "book" before I could be purified, regenerated, and glorified. And now the voice of the Lord was with me to regenerate me and then remove me to the spiritual world, for it now seemed best that I should not be restored to health and life in the world, but should pass very soon to the Plutonian shores.

This, then, was the latest revelation as to my destiny. Was I alarmed? Not much. I had sins to be repented of, as had been vividly shown to me. But for some reason I could not feel scared. I now saw what a miserable sinner I had been all my life, but I also perceived that I had tried to live the life of a penitent, and therefore I hoped in the mercy of the Lord. But this hope seemed perfectly baseless when my past life had been revealed to me. Step by step, and sin after sin had been brought to the surface. Nothing but sin—sin and its penalty, death—were before me. It was terrible! Then I prayed to the Lord for forgiveness. The Voice encouraged me, even directed me how to pray. I prayed for his help, his support and strength. I repeated the Lord's prayer. Thus I prayed, and listened alternately to the Voice recounting my sins. I condemned, despised, and hated myself, and felt that I was doomed. Then the Voice said, "Now, Mr. Hartman, with all these sins before you, what good deed have you ever done in your life?" I could not think of a single act of my life that I could in any wise consider a good deed, and accordingly I answered, "I do not know of any." "Not one?" "No, not one; I am only a vile, wicked man, deserving perdition." Then the Voice

said, "That is very bad, indeed, and you make an honest, unreserved confession; we will see what we can do for you; perhaps we may lengthen out your days, and give you a chance to amend your life, and this may depend on your immediate good behavior. You had better pray earnestly for help and support." I continued praying with the firm conviction that I was in the hands of the Lord, and that He was present and dealing with me according to His principles of justice and judgment. But I had no hope from His mercy. Indeed my power of thinking of and remembering the cheerful doctrines of the Lord's mercy and goodness seemed to have receded so far that I only saw darkness, punishments, and torments before me.

This exploration of my life lasted probably three hours. The mental effect was overwhelming. I was reduced as it were to mere nothing; humiliated into the very dirt and filth of a sinful life; sins repented of and buried in the oblivion of the dead past were revived, and one after the other heralded in the other world by the Voice recalling and reanimating them in my memory, thereby giving them new life to torment and torture me and make me ashamed. This was opening a new plane to them so that they could flow into my memory and stir up what was nearly or entirely forgotten; and such things as in themselves were only as a molehill were magnified into the dimensions of a mountain. I was very miserable indeed. Then as I was physically bound and could not move, I became very tired and pained. No one but Lizzie was present with me, and she, not realizing that she could do anything, allowed me to sleep. Was ever any one in such a state before? I could not even groan, for that would have indicated distress and a call for help. What I suffered no mortal can imagine!

I was thinking of helping myself, of changing my position. I opened my eyes a little. I rubbed my thumb and fore-

finger together. I discovered that I had some power left. Then the Voice cautioned me against disobedience, and entreated me not to do violence to my spiritual nature; better endure some physical suffering than to imperil my future hopes. I had no hopes then, but these words inspired belief that the Voice could and would help me. Then I tried to hold out longer, and was encouraged by the Voice saying that the Doctor would soon call, as he was now on the way,* and they would alleviate my present suffering by partly turning me on the lounge. I endured and waited. One leg that had been resting on the other was gently moved off, and then the other was straightened out full length. The right arm was moved into a new position, and then the body gently settled, and I found myself more comfortable, and more trustful in the power of the Voice. They had moved me.

Possessed with a Fear that Freedom was Lost.

Now my spiritual state wholly occupied my thoughts, and I prayed earnestly to the Lord for help and support to endure my tortures. The Voice pretended to be sympathetic, and offered me words of consolation. I was like a drowning man catching at a straw, and words now, that were not actually condemnatory, were consoling; for I was now afraid of the power of the Voice, and believed it had power to save or to condemn.

I now fell into the belief that the equilibrium in which man is held by good and evil spirits who are with him had been lost, and was greatly preponderating in favor of the evil; and I prayed that it might be restored, and that the preponderance of evil spirits might be removed from me.

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* Pretending to know what was outside of my own knowledge, as in this case is common with spirits, and almost invariably proved their ignorance and pretensions, as events showed it to be mere guesswork.

This was the burden of my supplications, and the Voice encouraged me in that belief, and said it had been lost by my apostasy and going over to spiritism.

It is wonderful how evil spirits put words in a man's mouth, or thoughts into his mind, and apparently favor views thus formed which are in conflict with their cause or purposes, and thus condemn themselves. Here it will be seen that the Voice has magnified my investigation of spiritism as a sin of apostasy or the sin of spiritism; but there remained deeper within me than all this mere external sinfulness, the perception of and love for the true belief in the Lord Jesus Christ, and to Him did I constantly appeal for help and succor; nor in vain, though no audible voice ever answered that I could identify as the voice of God.

I was in this gloomy state when Dr. Cowley called in the afternoon. I was allowed to converse with him under restraint. I told him that I was a very bad man, and that I was in dreadful combats and temptations. It seemed as if there was but little hope for me. But he reassured me, saying, "It was only evil spirits who were persuading me against my better judgment and contrary to the truths of the Church, and that I should pay no attention to them." I was not out of "control," but speaking by direction or dictation. I was not free to move, and dared not ask to be moved. I do not know what suggested it, but the Doctor now tried the effect of magnetic passes down the arms and body. I believe my eyes were closed. The Voice now said, "Mr. Hartman, the Doctor is now doing something for you in the right way, but tell no man; it is good for you, but it is very bad for him, for now the evil spirits are leaving you and passing into him [as before when Lizzie was the operator], and from him they will pass into other patients; but we must protect him in his profession, and see that he is not injured, and we will

see that the spirits leaving you shall not injure his other patients."

I do not know how long nor to what extent these manipulations extended. I perceived no relief, except the comforting assurance from the Voice that "It is the right treatment." I have since related the above to Dr. Cowley, and asked him "If he possesses any magnetic power?" He says he "is not aware that he does, and in my case it was only an experiment, from which he made no discovery." I think it possible that I might have been helped by a skilled magnetic "healer," one who would know how to *de*magnetise, for it is quite clear to me now that devils were controlling me by spirit magnetism, and to gain my acquiescence impressed me that they were the Lord's messengers, and the Lord Himself. It needed a dispersive power—one that could drive them out.

Soothing Syrup and Racket.

The Doctor's visit had another use. He engaged me in conversation, not only as a patient but as an old friend. While the Voice would sanction what was done, it was not always in the kindest tones or willing mood as will soon be shown. This visit in some small degree broke the power of the Control, and in that degree restored mine. This I perceived, but was enjoined to "tell no man;" but I did, as soon as I came out of control, though during this visit I was under control the whole time.

When my daughters returned from school they came to speak to me, but what occurred I do not remember. In the evening my sons came home, and thinking they could rouse me out of the apparent lethargy, commenced talking about business, about which I was indifferent, and would give them no satisfaction. They kept it up through the evening. I was very much annoyed, and severely reproved the boys for

their harsh, inconsiderate conduct, when I believed I was on the ragged edge. I was very serious, sunk in despondency; but they only laughed and made sport, and wanted me to get up and talk business, and tell them what needed immediate attention, if I could not be about. But I evaded, and told them they must find out for themselves.

This seemed real cruel when I was in such a terrible state of humiliation and melancholy. I told them I was a very bad man, that I was going to die, and would go to hell! Then Will trumpeted, "Oh no, Pa, you are a very good man; you are only under control, and the evil spirits make you believe that you are sick and not able to attend to your business. Come, get up, and have something to eat, and have a will of your own, and pay no attention to the spirits; you are making a great deal of trouble and frightening the girls by the way you are acting." This speech I regarded as dreadfully unfilial, and it shocked me exceedingly. I excused it on account of his inexperience with the sick. I was acting and speaking as instructed by the Voice.

My wife was absent, and only Lizzie had any experience in the sick-room. She was quiet, considerate, and sympathetic, and did her best. My daughters were frightened, and did not know what to do. So the boys kept up a din as if they intended to drive the devil out of the house, or send me to a mad-house. It was their mode of treating a case which no one understood, and possibly it was the very best thing to do; and thus they continued worrying me until they got tired, and then arranged for watching through the night. Medicine and food were offered me. I believe I took the former and refused the latter. Water was what I wanted, but I dare not ask for anything. The secretions of my mouth were unnatural, frothy, and stringy, and as patients usually ask for what they desire, Lizzie and the rest of them

naturally supposed I would ask, and because I could not I was allowed to suffer.

It is beautiful, indeed, to see a nurse anticipate every want of the patient, and to offer the right thing before it is asked for, or to make the bed comfortable by adjusting pillows or covers. I was not yet in bed, and was left pretty much to adjust myself. Why should I not? or why should not the Control who had charge of me and had compassionately helped me before, devil that he was? But why had he helped me? Was it from pure compassion, or with a design of securing my unreserved confidence in his power, with the ulterior purpose of making me a willing medium? Who can guess the motives actuating a demon?

CHAPTER XI.

BOOK OF JUDGMENT REOPENED.—PURIFICATION FROM SIN AND UNCLEANNESS BY INVISIBLE MACHINERY.—PUT TO BED.—DOUBTS RESPECTING THE OMNISCIENCE OF DEITY.—A CHANGEABLE GOD.—A TIMELY DISCOVERY.—THE SPIRITS INTEND PHYSICAL INJURY.—THE DEVILS UNMASKED.—A REVELATION.—THE MACHINE AGAIN IN MOTION.—POISONED WHISKEY.

NOW quiet reigned. The Voice had control. All through the night I was explored. My sins were dug up, but there were no comments made respecting the shade or degree of sinfulness of respective acts; but they were recalled one after another, as if the Voice had kept a written history of them, and had not been cognizant of any efforts to do good or live a true life. To name the sins was all that was needed, beginning with childhood and ending with mature years. Who could endure such an exposure without being crushed? And crushed was I. I prayed as one without hope, but still en-

couraged by the demon's voice telling me how to pray. I was told to pray the Lord's prayer, and then having control of my thoughts they would suddenly flow-in into them with some abominable memory, idea, or thought which was perfectly execrable, so that it seemed as if I were immersed in a sea of pollution, and then the Voice with pretended pity would ask, "Mr. Hartman, what good thing have you ever done in all your life?"

I had not the control of my thoughts, and they were inundated with only impure things, and some harmless acts which they tried to make appear as evils of life. Then the Voice would say, "What do you think should be done with you?" I could only plead "Guilty, without any extenuating circumstances." "That is not so bad; we will see what we can do for you, as you seem to be inclined to be governed by us." [Read Appendix, case of J. D. Rhymns, who had similar experiences]

Purification from Sin by Invisible Machinery.

"We will now commence to purify you. We commence at the feet, and proceed to the head internally; and we will now place within you our machinery by which we operate and draw out of you the impure things which are of your life. If you are attentive you will soon hear the hum of the machinery at work. It is so fine as to be invisible to man or spirits, and is our own individual and personal property, and is rarely perceived by the subject on whom we operate; but you, with all your sinfulness, have rare perceptions, which entitle you to our respect and highest consideration." "Do you not hear the vibrations? It is now in motion. We had no trouble in placing it; but you must not stir or do anything unusual, or you will shake it down and undo all that has been accomplished."

I heard the hum. It sounded like a room full of very deli-

cate machinery in motion. It was no illusion, but unnatural sounds in my ears, which being perceived by the Voice, is now by their infernal magnetism converted into imaginary machinery with which to afflict and fool me. They soon had me impressed with the idea that the machinery pervaded the whole body.

The cause of this noise was the result of a journey in a stage coach many years ago, when I took a severe cold which affected the internal structure of the ear, and impaired my hearing. In consequence of this I hear in my ears continuous sounds like of that of multitudes of singing birds at a distance. These notes are beautifully varied, entirely free from pain, and have frequently afforded me entertainment by the ever-changing variations of vocal sounds. The note of a robin is frequently heard above all the rest.

Now, in my sensitive, nervous, magnetized condition, the Voice easily persuaded me that these intensified sounds were the effects of life-currents flowing along the electric threads of the machinery placed throughout the body. Perhaps the nervous system when limited to only the finest threads, would represent this illusive machine, and this was now in active operation "running down" the life currents through my feet, and thus withdrawing from my life and body impurities that were obstacles to my regeneration. As this work was interior and hidden from my senses, and only known to the Voice, I could know nothing of its operation, progress, or results except as reported to me as it progressed.

But while this new method of purification was going on, I must give myself to earnest prayer for help. And so I did; while the Voice was constantly encouraging and directing me, and reporting progress. The feet were passed; the lower legs were proceeding very well. "Now we are above the knees and approaching the loins; elevate your mind when we are in that region, which corresponds to "conjugal

love." Just then some obscene idea was flashed into my thoughts by the evil spirits and disturbed my mental equilibrium, and so shocked my sense of propriety that I interiorly, as it were, turned my face from the Voice (or the Lord (?)), and thereby tumbled down the machinery, which had to be set up again, and all the work done over.

The Voice was very patient, and assured me of certain success, instructing me to be very careful when they were "running me down." This process was continued all through the night with varied success; sometimes getting as as high as the arms, at others not above the knees, when some unlooked-for accident would occur, and the work would have to be renewed.

Swedenborg describes many of the fantasies induced by evil spirits on themselves and others, and also on himself, when it was permitted, to the end that man might be instructed in respect to them, and be protected against them; and all this was an induced fantasy which I could not in the least resist or shake off until I came out of control, when I saw quite clearly what it was, and told those who were with me of the cunning invention that had been practised on me.

Now they had me so completely in their power, that they were in the enjoyment of their insane delights. They first expose to public view in their sphere my sins and force me to pray, and, while in the act of supplication, they induce in my mind a crazy fantastical idea of purification by machinery exclusively operated by the Lord, and then by influx suddenly fill my mind with impure thoughts that horrify me. Thus they commix the pure and devotional with impure and insane ideas, and make me believe that the Voice is the Lord, and that He will save me from the power of evil spirits. In this torment and torture they find the delight of hell.

Put to Bed.—Doubts Respecting the Omniscience of Deity.—A Changeable God.

My purpose to write a full description of each day's experiences I find necessary to modify. It would be too voluminous and would weary the reader. I will, therefore, confine the narrative to some of the salient points.

After a night of darkness, gloom, and torture, the morning dawned with some glimmering rays of light in my darkened mind. Whenever addressed by any one of the family, I was permitted to answer. If any one proposed to do something for my relief, it was permitted without resistance, because those of my household were to be taught a lesson of charity; thoughtfulness for one who dared not ask for anything, nor help himself.

I was now informed that my wife had been telegraphed to come home, and that she would be here immediately. The Omniscient (?) Voice had not known of it until announced to me, but now congratulated me on her coming, and promised a joyful meeting and a partial restoration from my bonds.

The Voice said, "Now your wife is coming; she is at the station; now she is on the bridge; she is coming along the walk; now she is in the yard; now she is at the door." We waited awhile, then Will returned and said, "Ma was not on that train, but would probably be on the next." Quite a blunder for the Omniscient.

When Mrs. Hartman did not arrive, I had these reflections, "The Lord is Omniscient. He ought to know where Mrs. Hartman is and when she will be here. But the Voice does not know, and makes mistakes when predicting. Why is this?" The Voice said, "Are we not the Lord? Cannot we say and do as we please? Shall man dictate to us or criticize our ways? What are you? poor miserable sinner,

fit only to dwell in the lowest hells! and you question our judgment or wisdom! Beware that you do not provoke us to anger, and bring upon yourself immediate death and damnation." Here was another attempt to scare me. I could not reason any more about it. My inmost thoughts were subject to their perceptions, and they bent them in accommodation to their infernal purposes. The Doctor came, but I was not allowed to speak to him. Then Mrs. Hartman arrived, and, after understanding the situation, it was concluded to put up a bed in the library, where I was now lying on a lounge. The spirits then directed me to say, "Put it up with the head to the east and foot to the west!" This was a reversal of my ideas, and of my custom of placing my bed so that I could face the east. But the Voice said to me, "Since you are in such a wicked state, you must turn your face to the west where there is only darkness, which agrees with your condition."

A timely Discovery.—The Spirits intend Physical Injury.

I was now disrobed and put in bed. On inquiring, the Doctor learned that since I came home "the calls of nature" had been entirely neglected. This was a discovery that gave just cause for alarm; and be it remembered that I was absolutely powerless, unless in a state of desperation, when I broke away for a brief period, and even then I dared not ask for assistance or help. The Doctor at once applied the proper remedy, and relieved the bladder from a threatened danger. The Voice directed me to "howl" and resist the efforts to relieve me, and, when he had succeeded, I cried, "Now you have spoiled it; you will see the result of this!" Then the Voice was displeased with the Doctor for having interfered with their work, and threatened him. They said that because I had profaned the truth in investigating spiritism, I ought to have my bladder burst. The Doctor's

forethought prevented the malicious purpose of the spirits, and, being under their control, I was persuaded that he had done me a great spiritual injury. Therefore they directed me to blame him, which I did in an injured tone. But he reasoned with me, and assured me that the spirits were evil and were trying to injure me, and that I ought to assert my freedom and pay no attention to them. He found that I was physically weak, and by persuasion I consented to take some diluted whiskey.

This was more than the Voice could endure. The Doctor and I continued conversing, and, by degrees, my desperation had become so overwhelming that I was glad to listen to his advice, and imploringly asked him if he would be responsible for the consequences if I would exercise my will and break away. At this the Voice threatened me with perdition and increased torture if I dared to disobey them. But there was the true "Spirit of God moving on the face of the waters," which reassured me, and I gave heed to the Doctor's words, when he replied, "Yes, I will relieve you from all injurious consequences if you act for yourself." Now I remembered that the Voice had previously said that the Doctor had been appointed to help me, and was now exceedingly willing to shift all my detestable burden on to his inviting shoulders, when I bravely exclaimed, "I am the victim of infernal spirits. How can I shake them off?" This for the moment cut me loose from their control. But now the pretended "Voice of the Lord," which had promised me regeneration and purification by machinery. broke out in a terribly maddened tone, and cursed and swore at me in the name of God in the most blasphemous manner; worse than a "trooper."

The Devils Unmasked.—A Revelation.

This, then, was an important revelation. Here were devils assuming the character not only of loved ones, and dear

friends, and angels, but of God himself, who had by some inscrutable means gained possession of my mind and body, and held me in the most abject thraldom. Now that my eyes were open, and my will restored, I felt as if released from a terrible crushing nightmare, as if an impending danger had providentially been averted.

I immediately communicated what had happened in the interior world of mind and thought, and that Hell had broken loose, and was then cursing and swearing at both me and the Doctor, threatening us both with infernal torments. The Doctor pooh-poohed, and laughed in a jolly mood as a victor may laugh over the success of a well planned stratagem. I could not laugh. I had just come from judgment without "justification or purification," and the Doctor's treatment had spoiled, nay, utterly destroyed my hopes of regeneration and glorification.

The memory of all the tortures and torments inflicted by reviewing the sins of my life were present with me, and the Voice was audaciously assuring me that "We shall soon have you again, you cannot escape us; wait until we catch you around the corner, it will be worse for you now." I was serious, wretched, condemned; and when I remembered that I had been hopelessly trying to escape from them now for several days, it seemed to me that I had failed to cast my burden on the Doctor's shoulders, and that I should be overpowered by the devils who were now taunting me with threats of recapture.

Now the Doctor commenced feeding me with Malaga grapes, which I received with a keen relish, while the Voice was subtly directing me how to speak and what to do; and again I was obeying orders, and foolishly polite, was thanking the Doctor for each grape. Then I was required to chew the skin and seeds of the grape and swallow the whole of it, because in its entirety, seeds, pulp, and skin, there were three

principles, corresponding to three degrees of the heavens, and the descent of Love and Wisdom from the Lord into the three planes of the human mind. And now in my state all these corresponding principles in the fruit were of inestimable use to me, and should be appropriated. I continued conversing with the Doctor in a gloomy mood until he left. Then I spoke to my wife, telling her how glad I was to see her, assuring her that I was now well, and had broken away from control of the evil spirits; and then almost instantly relapsed under control of the Voice.

The Machine again in Motion.—Poisoned Whiskey.

Now our "strictly private" interview was renewed. The unceasing talk gave me no rest. I asked, "How did you obtain control of me again?" "Why you invited us;" and this same answer was always repeated on subsequent occasions. I did not invite them. I tried my best to discard or reject them; but they stuck to me like vampires, determined to suck out of me all my evils and impurities.

They now commenced adjusting the machine again, and were "running me down," meanwhile engaging me in this pleasant conversation: "Mr. Hartman, we now see from the effects of that whiskey that it was poisoned, and you will die (another attempt to scare) before we can get you run down unless we can get an antidote." "Very well, let me die and be put out of this insufferable torture; you can do more for me after death than now with these devils tormenting me." "Well, you are one of the most courageous men we have ever had to deal with; there is nothing on record equal to your equanimity." I had an interior thought that the whiskey was not poisoned; and that it was good medicine in my low physical condition.

Then they continued: "The Doctor, too, drank of it freely, and is now under its noxious influence. After he

went home he suspected it, tested it [just as if he had taken some with him], and discovered what it was, and took an antidote; but he knew there would be no use returning to you to help you, as it would only expose and injure him. It will never be known unless you tell it, and that we cannot permit—perhaps we can save you yet." I had a perception that they were lying in all they said, and I began to understand that they spoke from my knowledge, but falsified, and therefore they were romancing with respect to the Doctor's condition.

But they went on running me down and winding me up, constantly talking and directing my attention to the hum of the machine. Such hallucinations or fantasies must seem incredible unless the reader has seen psychologized subjects, and can believe that spirits may exercise a similar influence on their mediums. Now they resumed, recounting my sins, and held my thoughts in such things as I would fain blot from my memory; and each time they would dig up something overlooked before, and thus bring me into a state of the most profound humiliation and desperation.

In all these struggles it was the same Voice. There was no difference in tone except when I opposed them by asserting my self-control. Never was there any other voice of encouragement. Hence when in my normal state, exercising my rational senses, it seemed to me, with all my sins before me, that I was doomed beyond hope I could not be cheerful. I could not clearly recall the doctrines of hope and trust in the grace and mercy of the Lord. My mind was full of my unworthiness, and the Voice unceasingly reiterated "trifles light as air," and put them in such intensified light as to make them like a millstone hung around my neck to sink me to the lowest depths.

CHAPTER XII.

CHANGING CONDITIONS WHILE UNDER CONTROL.—EXORCISM BY PRAYER AND READING THE WORD.—A NEW FEATURE —THINK OF THINGS REMOTE AND RUN FOR LIFE.—A STORM BREWING.—THE HOUSE TO BE BLOWN TO ATOMS AND THE INVESTIGATOR TO BE KILLED.

Changing Conditions while under Control.

THESE periods of control varied in length of time, and each time had some new or novel condition; but those conditions were better known and understood by myself than by those watching with me, because they were induced by the power of the Voice, which I could not resist until I had reached a state of desperation that I could no longer endure. Then, although I was threatened with immediate punishment, and feared that I might be plunged into hell headforemost, still I resolved to resist, and was surprised to discover that I could open my eyes, move my hand, and turn my body without hurt or hindrance. I could get up and talk, take food, and resume my normal condition as usual, except that I was dreadfully depressed and gloomy from the recollections of the torture and torments through which I had just passed, which states would be superinduced by the haunting thought of all my sins having been published in the spiritual world. And I was thankful that there was an impenetrable veil screening me from the presence of the spirits of that world.

After the occasion above narrated of cursing and swearing by the Voice, that was never repeated, as it had disclosed their true character and strengthened my purpose to resist them. But they changed their demeanor, and occasionally joked about my delusions, or they were sympathetic, and, with mock gravity, assured me that they were helping me

to overcome the devils and would not forsake me, or they would talk in angered tones and threaten me and the whole family with destruction. I was a prey to their everlasting babble, without sleep day and night, and was becoming exhausted.

Exorcism by Prayer and Reading the Word.

Saturday, November 5, 1881.—In the afternoon the Doctor came, bringing with him the Rev. John Whitehead, a New-Church minister. I was under control when they came, but was permitted to speak by instruction. The Voice assumed the friendly attitude, and said, "Now we will see what a New-Church doctor and a New-Church clergyman can do to drive the devils out of a New-Church layman. It is the kind of help you need, and we will assist them. Let them do what they will, but do not assist and do not resist."

This was encouraging, and inspired hope. Therefore I conversed freely, my words being dictated by the Voice. The Doctor first performed his professional duties, and then turned me over to Mr. Whitehead. We conversed a while on general topics. Then he asked me if I would like to have some reading from the Word? I replied, "Indeed I would." He then read a while, prayed the Lord's prayer, in which I joined orally, then he placed his hands on my head, and, in tones expressive of deep feeling, imparted the blessing in these solemn words, "The Lord bless and keep you; the Lord make his face to shine upon you and be gracious unto you; the Lord lift up His countenance upon you and give you peace. Amen." To this I responded with a hearty "Amen."

When he took my hand and laid his hands on my head to supplicate the Divine blessing, I silently wished that he would try the apostolic custom and command "the evil spirits to come out." The Voice, perceiving my thoughts, said,

"Never mind, he is helping you; every time he touches you he helps you, for some of the evil spirits pass from you into him; but since he is a clergyman they cannot hurt him, for he is protected by virtue of his office; and whenever he takes hold of your hand hold on as long as you can without rudeness, for in that way you will find help. But do not ask any one to assist you; it is voluntary help that is efficacious and useful to both, and in that way you will find relief."

In my condition, my interior or spiritual sense of hearing having been opened, the spirit voices were heard as sensibly as voices in our world's atmosphere; though it seems my state, as I think is the fact with most mediums, was not such that angels could speak to me in an oral way. Swedenborg describes similar states, where the "angels could only operate through man's affections, endeavors, or ends, and unconsciously to him bend and lead him in the right way." Thus in open states man is apparently left in the power of evil spirits or devils, while from himself alone he wages war against them.

At such hours he should strive to remember that not only are angels with him in such temptations, but God himself is near him, flooding his interiors with sacred memories, drawing and leading him if he will permit; yea more, for, contrary to his natural evil inclinations, He still bends his thoughts and affections as far as possible without doing violence to his freedom.

This state of control, therefore, in many respects resembles that of dreams, wherein man is carried hither and thither without any apparent effort, and passes through indescribable scenes, and wakes up to the discovery that it was directed and made real to his mind without any effort, while his physical senses were quiescent. Thus, when under control, and in some states of trance, he has no more power over his body or thoughts than when in a dream; and the effort to come out of control in my case, was much like the struggles

to break from the incubus of a nightmare, which required a superhuman effort.

A new Feature.—Think of Things Remote and Run for Life.

Now they had discovered that they could handle my body, could move it, and they therefore placed me in a proper position to suit their purposes. They immediately put the machine in place and set it in motion, and had again commenced running me down, always beginning at the feet. But another phase was now to be introduced. I must, while this work is proceeding, "think of things remote." I thought of an eastern city. "No, not in that direction; that does not correspond to your state." I asked, "Of what shall I think and in what direction?" "We cannot help you in that way." Then I thought of the Mississippi River and its commerce. "Not so bad, but try again." I thought of the Pacific Ocean. "Too vast and too remote." I thought of Lake Erie. "That is in the right direction, but you must have a definite point, and you cannot fix that in water." I thought of the city of Cleveland and clouds in the sky to the west. "The direction is excellent, but the clouds are too high for your low condition—something lower." I thought of a street in the city. "Now, Mr. Hartman, think of a point in the street and place yourself on that point." I thought of a point in the street and placed myself on the point. "Now describe an imaginary circle round yourself." I did so. "Excellent! Now we are ready to begin at your feet and will work up to the head, and as we progress you must make rapid marches to this place, and we will tell you as we progress. Now we will start together."*

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* The reader will please remember that in all this business I am only thinking and acting in what follows by pure imagination, but the spirits

In imagination I started at a terrific rate. You see one can travel that way very rapidly even if he is afoot. I was determined to do my part and be done with it. I was feeling very tired. I was advancing rapidly, when the Voice encouraged me, saying, "Splendid! you seem to grasp this at once; your perceptions are marvellous and may redeem you yet. We have advanced above the knees and are going up as rapidly as you advance. Now be careful that you do nothing in thought or deed to retard this work. But we now see that there is a threatening difficulty. You must not swallow, and the saliva is accumulating in your mouth; do not swallow and make a run; we will keep up with you; perhaps you will make it; we are now above the loins as far as the navel. Excellent! Splendid! Courage!" In imagination I was flying over the intervening country on the wings of the wind. I was trying to make it and had passed more than half the distance, but was nearly choking with my mouth full of tenacious saliva, and I could hold it no longer. It went partly down my throat and produced coughing. Down went the machinery, the work was lost and would have to be started again. Lizzie came and offered me a teaspoonful of medicine, in taking which I was "not to assist nor resist." I assumed passivity. She gently pressed apart my lips and poured it in, but only a few drops passed in between the teeth, which I swallowed. She wiped my mouth, moved my arms from off my breast, and stood watching me.

The Voice said, "We will show Lizzie what we want." Then up went the left hand and was placed on the left breast,

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who are with me *see* just what I *think* or imagine as clearly and distinctly as I do, and in my condition much that was imagined seemed quite real, quite as if I were at the places and doing the things imagined, and it seemed to me as if spirits were accompanying me in my "run for life," though I did not see them.

and the right immediately followed and was placed as before, one on the other. She took the right hand off and laid it along my side, and instantly it was carried back. I could not speak nor could I move, and my position was becoming very painful. Lizzie sat down and then the work recommenced. I had to start from a new point. I was on the point and described the imaginary circle, and started off without waiting for the words "ready, go." I heard the machinery humming and was making lightning speed. I was encouraged as before. "We are above the knees, up to the loins, above the waist; bravo!" Now I was forced to swallow again, and that broke some of the wires, and "I would have to be run up and damages repaired."

I saw the hopelessness of this task. I protested that while I was in that position it would be utterly impossible, without some intervening power to help me, to accomplish the work. "Well, Mr. Hartman, we see the difficulty, but you must not be discouraged, you will succeed yet; but you must not dictate to us nor suggest terms or ways. We appoint methods for the regeneration and purification of men. You are a hard case, with rare perceptions and very tender affections, and we have respect for these; and, seeing your love for Dolly, we want you to go bravely on as we direct, and we will soon bring you into her state so that you may meet and embrace her. She knows what you are doing and how hard you are struggling. She is not far off, and is hopeful that you will soon overcome all obstacles."

What persuasive diabolism! I was now in physical agonies, the result of my restrained position. After I had coughed, Lizzie had adjusted the pillows and put my head in a different position, but it soon settled to one side and gave the sense of hanging down and straining the muscles of one side of the neck. The Voice perceived my dilemma, but, without relieving me at once, let me suffer excruciating pains of the

body, and running me down and up, and marching me hopelessly over the country, while, at the same time, I was burdened with the weight of all my sins, despising myself, and ready, if only I knew how, to forsake myself as did Narcissus. And when in this state of torture, and this low filthy condition of the interiors, I was kindly told that Dolly was near, watching my combats and struggles with evil spirits, and that we should soon meet! Few can imagine the effects of this announcement. Few would care to have their loved ones present when in interior combats with the legions of darkness. Every one would prefer to have this struggle in the presence of the Lord alone, from whom he hopes for mercy and forgiveness; and after he has passed judgment and been accepted by the Heavenly Father, then indeed may he hope to rejoice in meeting the dear ones who have gone before; but not in states of temptation, humiliation, and desperation. Hence, what was said of meeting Dolly pained me on account of my sense of unworthiness. There was also a present fear that I should never see her in the spiritual world. Yet, through all this gloom, I had a perception welling out from the interior source of Light and Life, which inspired a hope that, after the battle and the victory, Dolly would come to meet me in the Lord's Kingdom.

Altogether I was in a very miserable condition. The Control seemed to be trying my heroism to its last limits; and it was these excessive trials and tortures that at last helped me to shake them off. These terrible experiences have helped me more clearly to understand the nature and use of "vastations," described by Swedenborg, to which we shall presently refer. But now when I was desperate from being unmercifully tortured, the Lord enabled me to think rationally and resolve to make an effort to control myself. When I opened my eyes, moved my finger, then my body, and immediately asserted my freedom.

Commanded to Prostrate Myself.—Injurious Result.

Once more I was free, sat up in bed, and asked for food. In my condition I craved a sour drink, which was satisfied by taking some diluted Catawba wine, and which I first used to cleanse my mouth of the superabundant stringy saliva.

It was evening, my sons were at home, and we talked business. I gave directions relating to affairs needing immediate attention, but the Voice was impertinent, and was intruding and commanding what I should say. I resisted for some time, and then, without knowing when or why, I found I was obeying, though I was talking seemingly as if from self-control.

Now I was commanded, "Get up, go and prostrate yourself in the northwest corner of the room, face west, and repeat the Lord's prayer." Would a bad voice make such a command? I was prompt to obey; but my sons, not knowing my purpose, tried to prevent me. I explained, and asked Will to pray with me. I kneeled and tried to pray as instructed; but the Voice, or rather a *perceptible influx*, confused the words so that I could not repeat it correctly. Then Will undertook to prompt me, but the Voice instructed me differently and kept on confusing me. Then Will laughed, and I severely reproved him by direction of the Voice. I was put back to bed again against my protest, and not without some show of resistance; but I soon got up again and prostrated myself full-length on the floor with some violence, and thereby my right hip was considerably bruised. The Voice at once expressed sympathy, and added, "Never mind, we will soon restore it again."

Now, while on my knees after the prostration, the Voice instructed me with this remarkable interpolation to the prayer. . . . "Thy will be done as it is in heaven [by all good angels, and on earth by some good men, but *never*

by devils in hell]." Then the balance was confused and the Voice tried to set me right, but only made it worse. Then I was put in bed again, when I lectured my sons for their "perversity."

The Voice was angered, because they were trying to engage me in conversation, and thus prevent me as they thought from being controlled. But they did not distinguish the difference between the two states—one of apparent sleep, the other conversing by dictation; and they seemed to think that so long as I conversed I was not under control. It was only for brief intervals that I was "my own man," and then I talked without regarding the Voice, and usually related what the Voice was saying to me, for I wanted the family to learn the difference; but it was such a strange case that they could not comprehend it, and I could not help feeling provoked at the apparent stupidity of every one around me for letting me suffer torture and torments, while they would sit by unconcerned, supposing I was asleep; or they would leave the room and did not think I needed help, when I was wishing that they would tumble me out of bed or anything to break up my bound condition.

Then I thought how cruel it was to provoke me by rudeness or neglect when I was in such straits and about to die, and carry with me the additional sin caused by their treatment of me. Thus every thought was embittered and perverted, every perception was seized upon and twisted into an instrument of punishment. Those around me I ordered to keep off lest they would do me an injury, and when "bound," if they attempted to disturb me, I was instructed to wave them off or plead with them not to touch me, lest they and I should both suffer for disobedience. It was, in truth, as the Voice often said, "One of the most remarkable cases we have ever had to deal with."

A Storm Brewing.—The House to be Blown to Atoms and the Investigator to be Killed.

It was night. All was quiet without. The Voice now struck a new chord—a new base line. I was under exploration again. After refreshing my memory and keeping my sins alive, the Voice said, "Now, Mr. Hartman, you are a very hard case. It seems almost impossible to save you short of the bottomless pit, and we think now of sending you there in accordance with your impious wish, and we shall now raise a storm about this house that will hurl you to perdition right suddenly. You do not wish to die a natural death. You wish to go off, not in a whirlwind, but by the descent of fire from heaven, even by lightning, and your wickedness deserves just such a taking off, so this wish you shall realize to its full. We are now erecting machinery in this house and charging it from a battery that will blow this house to atoms and leave you a disfigured, unrecognizable mass of burnt humanity!"

I will explain the basis of this discovery in my sinful career. Several times, when speaking of people having been struck by lightning and instantly killed, I had remarked that I thought it was an easy death and saved much suffering and a great deal of trouble to one's friends; and if I had a choice in the matter when my time comes, if it please the Lord, I should prefer a sudden death, but not to be only half killed.

This having been hunted out of my memory, is now the cause of all this and the following hub-bub, and the house must now go down in a wreck and innocent persons be engulfed in the disaster. I could not help regretting that I should be the cause of others suffering.

In the noise of the humming machinery now transferred from my body to the upper story of my residence, for so it

now seemed to me, which was induced on my mind just like other fantasies, there was no need for discussing the accusation, and I promptly pleaded guilty, and did not see how I could escape the penalty of my impiety. But as yet I thought there was no storm at hand. The storm must first come and I will patiently wait for it. The Voice discovered no scare, and saw that I was not afraid of a storm until one came, and therefore postponed the disaster for a while until I would be better prepared to go. Therefore I must pray unceasingly, and they instructed me what I should pray.

It will be observed that the Voice is always instructing me, and never for a moment leaves me to exercise my own will, nor to direct my own thoughts; for so soon as that should occur I would discover my freedom and act from it, and that evil spirits will never permit if they can prevent it.

Now I was directed to repeat the Lord's prayer, and, as before, they confused me in the words. Then they divided it into three sections or degrees, and said that I was too bad to pray in the highest degree, but I might try the middle and lower part of the prayer. I did, and, as before, they confused the words. I was an awful hard case. I must pray only in the lower degree, and even in that they would confuse the words and transpose the ascription, so that, following the dictation or influx, it seemed like profanation to try to pray.

CHAPTER XIII.

MORE PRAYING.—MORE RUNNING.—LIGHTNING AND PERDITION.—SHOUT ALOUD.—SUBLIMELY LUDICROUS.—NOT SO HARSH.—SHOWING MERCY.—LIGHTNING, FIRE, FIRE, GET OUT OF THE HOUSE.—VARIETY SHOW, FUN AND TORMENTS.—A NURSE INSTALLED.—INSTRUCTIONS GIVEN WHILE NORMAL.—SOME REDEEMING QUALITIES OF MY LIFE —THE PASTOR IN THE GRIP OF THE INVESTIGATOR.

WHEN I could not repeat the Lord's prayer, then I was directed to pray, "The Lord help me, Jesus support me, Christ sustain me," and repeat this without a variation, while they would set up the machinery and see what could be done for me, as I was now obeying orders.

Immediately I heard the "hum," and I was told that their success depended on the supplication being made in the form given, without varying a single word. If I changed or broke the order it would destroy their work. They commenced at the feet. I prayed carefully, but I found that I could not control my thoughts, but that they were led and turned by the Control, and after I had been "run down" a while, I omitted the last part, and began at the first again. That was enough. "Really we do not know what to do with you. You are the hardest case on record. We must try some other mode. Think of things remote." I thought of Cleveland again. "No, never the same object." Then I thought of the Rocky Mountains, as pictured in my mind from reading. "No, they are too high, and besides you must think of things you have seen." I thought of Indianapolis. "Excellent, take a position." I put myself on the prairie outside of the city. "Very well; draw a circle around one foot, and then around the other, beginning at the inside of the foot." I did

so. "Now we will take one leg, and then the other, and we will converse with you while we are running you down."

"Now begin your march." I was immediately spinning over the prairie, making the best time on record. I was in hot haste, and in earnest. "Admirable! we have run down one leg. We shall now start the other. Keep your mind on your work." I had passed the western boundary of Ohio, and was approaching the central part, when some thought not suitable for the occasion was insinuated into my mind, which I tried to reject; but it was at once perceived, but excused on the ground that I did not cherish it. "We are now done with the legs, and if you hasten we may succeed, but we observe you are not comfortable, and one of your legs is in a crooked position. It must be straightened. You would be in a bad shape to come out that way. We will see what we can do for you; there, that is now straight, and in right position, with ankle to ankle, and toes set out. You see you would have been in bad shape for walking, and you may desire to travel, and in that shape you would have been a cripple, and would have required crutches, or surgical help, but we are doing very well now, if you can do your part; we are up to the arms now."

I was heeling it splendidly. But now Will came with some medicine and insisted that I should take it. "Do not assist, do not resist, but keep your mouth shut." I was in a dilemma again. I dare not move nor swallow. Will and Frank then took hold of me with the apparent determination of making me speak. They turned me on my back, forced a teaspoon in my mouth, and emptied the medicine down my throat.

I coughed. It was at an end. The Voice said, "You must bring those boys into obedience; they will send you to perdition if they persist in disobeying you. Tell them to leave the room, and not come near you again. We can do nothing while they torment you. I was disappointed. I had

hoped to finish my run, and be "run down," and was again frustrated.

The disturbance changed my position and relieved me of excessive weariness. I had learned by this time to take advantage of every opportunity to help myself into an easier or more comfortable position. This I was permitted to do while they had hands on me, and were helping me, but not at any other time. I must always wait for voluntary assistance, and then avail myself of such opportunity, but never ask for anything. I was indeed very weary. I could not sleep, and was always on the rack of torture, except the short intervals when out of control.

Lightning and Perdition.—Shout Aloud.—Sublimely Ludicrous.

Now the Voice came back to the "lightning," and spoke in tones of passion, and reminded me of my familiarities and jolly romping interview on a previous occasion. "Did I suppose Christ was my boon companion and particular friend, that I should address him as any other man on common subjects, on the natural plane; we will show you that your vulgar disrespect cannot be tolerated, and that you have committed such horrible sins that we can do nothing with you to purify you, as you are nothing but impurities from head to feet. Your ancestors were no better, and your wife's were as bad, and all in your house are as bad as you, and shall be doomed in one blow. We shall send a besom of destruction that will sweep you all from the face of the earth in one moment. Now cry aloud for mercy, and see whether we shall repent of our purpose."

With all the gravity that impressed me respecting my sinful state and my certain doom, I could not help thinking that there must be something in all this that had a very grotesque side to it; and now that I must *cry aloud* for mercy

seemed too ridiculous for anything; especially as there was no thunderstorm at hand. It seemed to me that my irreverence was adding a new crime to my manifold sins, and that I was past redemption. Still when I reflected on some of the funny and absurd things connected with this business, I thought it was supremely ludicrous, and interiorly I was tickled and laughed! God forgive me if in any sense I felt the least disrespect or irreverence for the *true* Lord and Saviour. I feel now that it was my interior perceptions that were protecting me, and showed the monstrous hallucination of the external, sensual, corporeal man, that was now under control of insane spirits, personating and believing themselves to be God!

Then the Voice raged, "You think it is funny the way the Lord is dealing with you, do you?" "How can I help it if the Lord has created me with a keen perception of the funny? What am I to do if the Lord comes to me, down on the natural plane, and cracks jokes and calls me a 'bully boy,' and makes himself exceedingly familiar on my low-born plane? Whose fault is it, and why am I to be loaded down with more sins that are not justly mine?" "Well, Mr. Hartman, we have never met with your equal for bold, calm assurance, and we have no place bad enough for you. We shall make you howl for this like a dancing dervish! Now pray that you may find mercy. Cry aloud! Open your mouth that you may be heard. We shall make an example of you for profaning the truth and seeking other gods. Your sin of Spiritism is almost unpardonable. Now cry for help."

This seemed to me quite unnecessary, that I should cry aloud. I knew the Lord did not require loud shouting supplication. I knew He was not asleep and did not need to be waked up by shouting. And if the Voice were God, then He seemed to be a revengeful Being, and one of human passions, and I was not favorably inclined to loud praying

that I might be heard of men. I was reluctant, but I was under control and could not resist, and did as commanded. I prayed aloud, "God help me, God forgive me, forgive my sin of Spiritism."

This I kept repeating for some time; then the Voice said, "And for thinking it is funny the way the Lord is dealing with me." I added that to my petition; and, notwithstanding my feeble, helpless condition, and the torture I was enduring, I could scarcely repeat the words without laughing. I could see through the sham of the Voice, but could not resist its controlling power.

"Now, Mr. Hartman, why do you act in this perverse manner? Why, with your clear perceptions, do you defy us with your levity? Do you wish to be sent to the *jiim* and *tziim** of hell, whence you can never be lifted up? Your conduct is rapidly bringing you to that finality." "God help me; God forgive me. What can I do? hell seems to overwhelm me. I cannot resist; I am undone."

"Now, Mr. Hartman, we may help you yet if you trust in us. You are not altogether blamable for your peculiar mental constitution. We see you desire regeneration, and need our help and commiseration, and are suffering intensely, while, at the same time, evil spirits are near you and prompting evil thoughts against us. We will help you, but you must endure great agonies without complaining and obey our orders. Will you do it?" "I will try; but you see I am suffering in my present position; can't you turn me over? And, besides, my throat is dry and parched, so that I cannot cry aloud until I get water, and I dare not ask for

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* Swedenborg refers to certain hells, where certain evils and falses predominate in spirits dwelling there, who are called by these names. When these names were uttered at this time and afterwards, my thoughts reached into great depths where the floor or ground seemed to be hard and sterile.

it." "We see, but it is now morning, and you will soon be disturbed, for they will soon offer you some breakfast, when some tea will relieve your throat, and we will rouse the boys and they will give you medicine and perhaps change your position."

Sunday, A. M., November 6, 1881.—The boys were soon astir, but the noise in the kitchen had roused them, and they came at once to learn if I were awake; but I was quiet as a sleeping child. They took hold of me and shook me, and said they would give me some medicine. Then I was turned over by the boys, my head lifted up, and medicine put in my mouth, "without assistance and without resistance," and then I was laid down in a new position, so far as my head and shoulders were concerned; but as to the lowest part of my body, it was unchanged, and the partial change had brought my body into a twist, and I could not help it, and the boys did not suspect it, and the Voice said "I was in a bad position for them to help me. I must endure for a while until some means would be provided."

Not so Harsh.—Showing Mercy.

"Now you see what punishment Spiritism has brought upon you and your house. But we have compassion on whom we please, and we will now show you what we can do for you. Be attentive, do not try to help us, we see exactly what you want. There, you are nearly right; wait a moment, we will remove one leg from resting on the other, and place them in proper position for marching, there you are all right. Who else could do that?"

That seemed very kind and considerate, after all my irreverence and levity. Mrs. Hartman came to ask if I would take some breakfast now. "Answer 'yes, if you please,' because it is her duty to be near you and help you, and it is this lesson that your house must learn. Some of

them desert you, go off and leave you in control of evil spirits, when they should be here tending at your bedside. Lizzie is the most considerate and faithful one in your house, even though she is not of the New-Church faith. We will see what we can do for her."

When my daughters came home on Saturday to see me, I waved them off, and said, "Do not touch me, you will do me a great injury if you do. Keep away from me." They could not endure this, and were troubled to see me and hear my outcries, as I had screamed when the Doctor had relieved the bladder from undue distention. They concluded it would be better for them to leave the house, and went to stop with some friends over Sunday. And the Voice had learned the fact from hearing the family speak of it, and they perverted their going, and accused them of a want of filial duty. But in truth they could have been of no use, as I dared not ask any one to help me, and neither they nor any one else could anticipate my wants, for I had not told them specifically how I was tortured, and dared not tell them how to prevent it or how to relieve me. There was no remedy but to accept what came, and whatever the Voice would graciously do for a poor sinner.

Lightning.—Fire! Fire! Get out of the House!

Sabbath morning: Symbol of Rest and Peace after the combats of Regeneration. After six days of restless struggling and temptations, I had hoped to enter upon a new state of quiet, rest, and sleep. But alas! it proved to be a day of terrible conflict, of alternate hope and fear, of advance and retreat, of wailing and rejoicing, ending with only some slight foregleams of final victory.

Now my wife brought my breakfast, and the boys propped me up in bed. I was still under control, but allowed them to help me so far as their own perceptions dictated. I talked

under orders. I told them I was a very bad man, that I expected to die, and my experience should be a lesson to them, showing the dangers of Spiritism, and much more to the same purpose. I took what was offered me, and directly slipped down from the propping, and was again under control.

"Now, Mr. Hartman, we shall put you through such a course as you never dreamed of. We have our battery over your head, and it is now so highly charged that we can either knock this house to pieces or set it on fire in an instant. Now tell them all to leave the house or they will instantly perish. We shall hold you where you are. Cry aloud. Tell them to escape at once. Tell them the house is on fire. Get out of the house. You will all perish. Fire! Fire!"

This alarmed them; they thought I was becoming raving mad. They tried to calm me; said there was no fire, there was no danger. I knew there was none; but I was obeying orders. Then the Voice said, "We are now making fire balls, and in a little while we will fill this house with fire. Keep up your cry of fire. We will soon be ready. Now wake up the neighborhood. We shall make your punishment as public as was your belief in Spiritism; there shall be no concealment. Now cry louder." I was not doing my best. I did not like the idea of raising an alarm of fire, and calling out the "fire department" to extinguish an imaginary fire. So I suppressed my voice; but the Control comprehended my thoughts perfectly. "If you do not cry at the height of your voice we shall lift you off your bed, and tumble you down the cellar stairs and break your neck, and finish you in that way."

I questioned if they had power to do that as spirits. If it were, indeed, the Lord, I did not doubt his power; but I doubted his disposition to do so unusual a thing. Thus I mentally debated, but was urged to cry aloud, and as I could not resist I elevated my voice, but not to the full compass,

and cried "fire," as before. Then the Voice encouraged me, saying, "That is better, now *whoop it up* till you raise the roof off the house—keep it up now."

What a Deity to be sure! to descend to "slang" as here and on the occasion of my familiar interview with Christ when he called me "bully boy." These familiarities were producing their effect in my mind, and this threat "to finish" me, and forcing me into these violent outcries, which seemed brutal, began to shake my confidence in the Divinity of the Voice, but still I could not resist, and under the force of threats I kept it up until the Doctor came. I suppose he had been sent for.

The Voice Commands me to Fight and Resist the Doctor.

I continued the racket. The Doctor comprehended the situation, and tried to calm me. The Voice said, "You are full of fire now, take your two hands and pull the fire balls out of your head and throw them at the Doctor; keep on crying fire." I went through the motions of throwing fire balls, crying fire. I felt very weak, and very foolish. I knew it was all fantasy, and thought it was punishment for investigating Spiritism. This thought was infused into my mind by the Voice.

The Doctor talked to me as before, trying to persuade me that I had power to control my own actions, and act in a rational manner. But I was not easily persuaded to act for myself. It appeared as if the Voice would hold me under control, *nolens volens*. The Doctor then took hold of me, and said, "There is no use in thus yielding your volition to evil spirits. You can control youself. You have a will of your own. I want you to sit up and take something." He tugged at me, shook me a little, as if he would wake me out of a disturbed sleep. It brought me up straight in the bed, but I had resisted, and his actions enraged the Voice beyond

endurance, for they thought he was treating me too roughly for the success of their regenerating process.

Owing to the abnormal condition of the salivary secretions, my mouth needed cleansing, and I asked for some diluted Catawba wine. With this I thoroughly washed my mouth, and then invited the Doctor to join me in a glass of Catawba. My exhausted condition craved a sour, refreshing drink, and I enjoyed both the drink and the social chat with him. But while this was passing the Voice was loudly and persistently declaring, "That the *house* should be destroyed yet—we mean *your body*, Mr. Hartman."

I reported the words, and the Doctor laughed. Then the Voice said, "Now the Doctor doubts our power. We will now appoint to-morrow at one o'clock P. M.; place, Highland Avenue bridge, where we will explode the biggest fire-ball ever seen on earth. Publish it, and let the Doctor and all doubters be there, and we will blow them higher than a kite." We laughed, but I could not entirely divest my mind of their influence, and the Voice *never* stopped talking. The fact is, the fire-ball nuisance weakened me physically, but, being only on the natural plane, my mind was not so much disturbed as when by explorations my sins were literally held up before my face.

After the Doctor left I thought I would try to sleep, as I had not slept any for a whole week. I settled down in the bed, and soon found myself under control again, with the Voice as impertinent as ever, saying that I had invited them to come.

Each time that I "came out" I gained power and found it easier next time, because the recollection would come back to me that on former occasions I had come out with impunity, and this encouraged me to act more promptly.

I desire the reader to understand these facts. I present them as they occurred, and explain their significance as I

understand them. I knew perfectly everything I was doing. I was reluctant to obey some commands. Why? Because they were contrary to my sense of honor and propriety, and, when commanded to "Whoop it up," I mentally protested, nor did I cry at the height of my voice.

I am unspeakably thankful that I have not been controlled for these several weeks, as when Captain Jack danced me around the room, without reason or purpose as far as known to me. There was no voice then telling me what to do, but a blind impulse moving my body without thought or will of my own directing the action. That active moving force ceased as suddenly as the effects of "laughing gas" or chloroform, when "Richard was himself again" in a twinkle.

Materialists may construct false theories to explain these phenomena, but they will never reach the true solution until they can enter into the interior courts of spiritual existence, and commune with spiritual beings. They may fill their mouth with meaningless psychic terms, while psychic laws elude their grasp.

During this interval of self-control, Frank talked with me relative to business. I was normal, and told him to pay the men's wages on Monday, and tell them to go to work and do their best until I got well. Under control the Voice would not permit me to talk business, but only reproved Frank or Will for "perversity" or disturbing me. But now I was usually allowed to answer by dictation. I believe it was on this day when Will was present, that the Voice commanded, "Tell Will to bring his revolver to you that you may shoot yourself." I made the request, but he only laughed and said, "It is not a nice thing to play with."

When the Doctor came in the evening, I told him that the Voice had threatened to throw me down the cellar stairs and break my neck, or put me down there on a bed of straw and manacle me like a maniac, and leave me without care. I

told him also of the request for the revolver. This information no doubt caused apprehensions of danger, and led him to procure a strong experienced man to come and take care of me, as no one could foresee what the Voice would do next, and might do me some fatal injury.

More than two years after the events above recorded, Frank tells me that, at the visit referred to above, the Doctor looked serious, and privately remarked, "If he does not get better within three or four days, he had better be sent to Dixmont Insane Asylum." What a narrow escape from being incarcerated as a lunatic. How important that physicians should learn the proper treatment of "psychologized" patients, and not send them post-haste to asylums to receive brutal treatment from ignorant nurses. It is lamentable that they refuse to learn psychic science, or psychological modes of treatment applicable to cases similar to my own. (Read the case of Mr. Hursen, in Appendix.)

Variety Show.—Fun and Torments.

The occurrences of the early part of the day were of the wildest character of any during the "spell." The evening interruptions broke the power in some small degree, and I had hoped to sleep during the night. A young friend of my sons came to watch with them. But there was no sleep for me, and some fun for all. My interior sense of sinfulness prevented any external exuberance of mirth. The Voice, however, seemed to be in a jolly mood, and allowed me to speak, and instructed me what to say. I said some funny things which pleased the boys and made them laugh. Then they tried to excel the wit of the Voice, and thus was kept up for a while a regular fusilade of sparkling (?) wit. From my side it came entirely from prompting by the Voice, which at last, in a very complacent self-satisfied tone, again repeated the inelegant slang of, "We tell you, Mr. Hartman, they are bully boys."

Then they began their torments again. They abandoned the machinery aloft, brought it down and put it up in me, as originally. Now they commenced to run me down as on the former occasions, exploring my memory for some new discovery in matters of business or pleasures of life, in which they might delight their accusing propensities. And now they found something, and presented it for a new base. But as the fact has never been regarded by me as a sin or as evil, I defended myself by saying what I distinctly remembered, and insisted that there was nothing in it, and at last the Voice said, "Well, Mr. Hartman, seeing it in all its shades and lights, as we see it now more fully in your memory, you are right; we at first thought there was something there to be removed."

Here is a clear confirmation of Swedenborg's statements of what he learned by vast experiences in the "World of Spirits," where the exploring and chastising spirits are used for vastating all who come into that realm. He tells of their eagerness to discover everything of evil in the earth history of the novitiate spirit, and to expose and punish it. Angels are near at hand to see that they do not exceed certain lawful limits, and that they do not impute acts which lack an evil basis, and thus they are restrained from doing hurt without a real cause, and the angels see this better than the evil spirits, and from their clearer perceptions there is an influx into the minds of the explorers from which they are impelled to act from justice and judgment; and hence they relax when it is discovered that there is no actual cause. Now in the instance I have related I doubt not angels were near at hand directing, and the Voice was brought to see apparently and truly through my memory the precise nature of the facts, when they at once confessed that there "was nothing in the act that needed to be removed." Removal is the object of exposures, and vastations are effected by occasional explora-

tions, until the spirit sees his evils with shame, disgust, fear, and loathing, and turns from them as the traveller turns from the deadly Upas tree, or as the explorer turns from a den of vipers. It is by such means that the novitiate spirit is ultimately vastated and prepared to be "accepted of the Lord," and conducted to his eternal home.

The machinery was run day and night, and I was run down regularly, and run up whenever there was a failure or an interruption. When that work was going on I was usually reticent and would not speak; and if any one used force to give me medicine, water, or food, I was run up in an instant. It was a feature of this machine business, that if anything went wrong I must be run up again, and make a fresh start. And if I were being run down and any one disturbed me, or was about to do so, then I was hastily run up to keep me in normal conditions; otherwise if disturbed, or should I come out of control, I would be left in an interior, lacerated, bleeding condition, as had been represented to me before I came home on the occasion when the Voice said I was dying.

During the entire period of confinement to my room, I was run down and up probably forty times, usually changing my starting-point, from which in imagination I traversed many long roads. These runs were several times successful, and necessarily had novel and varying features which would require several volumes to describe. In these frequently induced states the Voice impressed me with the illusion, that should I be suddenly brought out of control, without being run up to normal, there would be great danger of sudden death or serious injury, because while regeneration or purification was progressing there were internal lacerations resulting from separation of soul from body, on which account it was dangerous for me to move. The Control used this hallucination as a vehicle of fear, by reason of which they were better able to hold me in an immobile position. And

when it happened that I was suddenly disturbed and assumed normal, I was surprised to find that I experienced no internal pains, no agony from lacerated viscera or fibres, and that I could move with impunity, and in fact was well. When under control I had no power to reflect on these facts, and was again and again brought under the same illusion and could not resist it.

A Nurse Installed.—Instructions given while Normal.

The nurse came on Monday morning and was duly installed in office. He at first thought I was delirious from fever, and could not understand how to manage me. When I was quiet he supposed, as the rest did, that I was asleep; but after the first time I came out of control, I instructed him what to do, and felt certain that we should break the power of the Voice, and that I should not suffer such physical torture as I had just passed through.

I instructed him thus: "Mr. Lohdi, give me medicine at the regular hours appointed. Do not think I am asleep. I cannot sleep, the devils will not permit it. Give me some water or diluted wine every hour, and then, or at least every hour, change my position in the bed from one side to another. Never let me lie on my back. Put me in a comfortable position, for I cannot help myself as much as a baby who can kick and cry. If I object or do not answer, do not hesitate but act promptly."

On his first attempt to give me medicine, I plead with him "Not to touch me, just wait until I tell you, I will soon be ready." He waited. I was being run up; it would disturb the machinery to suddenly take hold of me, and the work of my regeneration would be retarded, and would have to be gone over again. He waited, but I did not tell him. He took hold of me and raised me up, but, "Do not assist, do not resist," closed my mouth. I would not open. I was

helpless. He laid me down, opened my lips, poured in the spoonful which run out on one side. He got another spoonful, and came to try again. The Voice in the mean time had said, "Why do you resist? why not open your mouth?" "Because that will be 'to assist.'" "No; take anything that is offered, do not resist." I took it; and then he asked if he should turn me over? I made no answer. Then he took hold of me, and turned me over, and tried to make me comfortable. This was of great use to me, and I felt that my instructions would be obeyed, and thus I should be relieved of the weariness of lying in one position an indefinite time.

Now without ceremony he proceeded to give me a sponge bath, which he did without permission and without hindrance. I believe this was ordered by the Doctor, who found the pulsations far above normal, owing no doubt to nervous prostration resulting from the excitement on Sunday, and the loss of sleep for more than a week. This proved very refreshing, and was mentally approved by me and the Voice. And now my physical torture was in a fair way to be abated. Mr. Lohdi was very faithful in his duty, watching me steadily, but had not the least idea of the cause or nature of the malady; for he had soon discovered that if I willed I needed no assistance, and could help myself, and that when in the mood I talked as if nothing ailed me, while at other times nothing could induce me to speak or move.

He felt my pulse, my hands, my feet, my head, and knew it was not the result of dissipation; and there were no signs of fever. I never felt unduly heated. When I spoke to him he asked, "Have you headache?" "No, not the least; my head is comfortable; so is my whole body." Nor had I any aches or pains during my "spell" except those described, caused by lying in one position too long.

Although I was more comfortable, I had not regained

much self-control, but gradually I was gaining, and the Voice was not commanding my confidence as at first, but still held me in the idea that it was the voice of the Lord. Then I wondered again, and these thoughts came frequently—Does the Lord come and converse with every one before separation? And had He to work so long in preparing each one for the resurrection? I wondered if some had not recovered as was sometimes promised me that I should, and if so, why it was never made known to the living? Then I remembered the oft-repeated words from the Voice, "Tell no man;" and this I thought sealed the lips of those who had been near the gates. I wondered how much longer my preparation would last, for it seemed to me I should never be permitted to sleep, and must soon die from nervous exhaustion, though I was gaining strength from food and diluted wine. I wondered how the Lord could be present with all who are sick, and speak to each one at the same moment, though each needed different treatment and different words of instruction. Thus this was a mystery to my internal consciousness, as much as could be my external behavior.

Day and night passed slowly, usually in the same order, and I was so awfully weary and despondent, especially when under control and was being explored and run down and up, that I would have been glad to die even with the prospect of long ages of "vastations" before me, which had on some occasions been promised by the Voice. Once I was in such torture, self-abasement, and hopeless despair, and fully believing that I was doomed to Hell, still I besought the Voice to take me out of the body, even if it required that I should be cut in two.

Several times I was fully impressed with the belief that I was about to wake up in the spiritual world, as I had been successfully run down, and had made my run from "things remote" to my body, when I was lying in bed. On one

occasion the Voice said, "The work is complete except a small portion of the brain which is so hard that it seems to be crystallized, and will take some time to soften and separate the spirit from it; but it may be done in a moment, so be ready to make your landing in the other world. The first thing that will strike your senses will be the sound of Gabriel's trumpet. Now be attentive."

I waited a while, believing that the hour had now come when I should pass over without any other delay or change of sensation. The Voice was quiet, though tacitly operating on my mind, and directing my thoughts. During these moments of expectancy I imagined that my vision was opening into the light of the spiritual universe. Then I saw spread out before me an illimitable plane—rather a profound abyss. This depth seemed far below me, and extended in all directions to immeasurable distances, much as I suppose the earth appears to the aerial navigator when at a vast elevation above it. The scene presented variegations of light and shade. But all was more or less inconspicuous or ill-defined. Into this depth I seemed to look, expecting to make my appearance somewhere in the upper regions, or from what now seemed to be my present outlook. I saw no habitations nor moving objects, neither men nor animals. It had the appearance of utter desolation. But I thought there were persons near me to receive me when I should be loosed from my body. I seemed to be resting or standing on some invisible support; I saw no earth or ground near me. I was anxiously waiting to experience the interior sense of new life, not without fear, but with a calm resignation to meet my fate, even should I sink to the bottom of the abyss of desolation.

I was lying with my eyes closed as usual when under control. I heard no sound; my respiration seemed about to stop; I felt no heart-beat. I expected to feel the cutting of the silver cord, and was listening to hear the trumpet's sound

—when Mr. Lohdi suddenly seized me, lifted up my head, and said, "Mr. Hartman, here is some medicine; I want you to take some medicine."

This was a dreadful shock. I was nearly run down, and was more out of than in the body. This abrupt work gave no time to run me up to normal. How could the spirit regain its relations in the body? What terrible lacerations there must be of internal fibres and tissues. I could not realize for a while that I was not seriously injured. But after two or three respirations I found there was no soreness, no sense of injury, that I was all right, and that I had once more been fooled.

Generally while running me down and up they were engaged in exploring my life, seeking some undiscovered treasure, and as before would proceed to recount what had before been brought into light, and then after having deluged me with all the worst things of my life, they would in tones of deep commiseration ask me, as if it were in their power to bestow it, "Now, Mr. Hartman, what of all things do you most desire?" To this question, asked so many times, I invariably and unhesitatingly replied—"Salvation." Above all things I desired salvation—to be saved in the Lord's kingdom. But the Voice made me believe quite frequently that I was a lost, hopeless case. Yet I rarely forgot that there was a merciful God who could save. But the purpose of the Voice was to make me believe that I was lost.

In this induced state I could not hope, and several times was brought into such woful despair that I imagined—no, the Voice told me—that I should be plunged immediately into hell, and that the "*tziim*" and "*jiim*" and "hell-hounds" were waiting to seize me, and that there would be a terrible fight over me on my entrance into those dark abodes.

Then I felt as if I could see myself descending through

space, from what starting point I had no perception, and whither I was going was quite as indefinite; but I saw away below me the most hideous nondescript animals looking up as if waiting for my descent. They appeared somewhat like she-wolves, but longer and thinner in body, with high, arched backs, open mouths with long, sharp teeth, and immense udders trailing on the ground. The Voice saw what I did; they no doubt induced the vision, and said, "Mr. Hartman, these are not, as you know, what they appear to be, but are correspondences of the states of those spirits, and they are anxiously waiting your arrival." It is impossible to describe my feelings at that moment, but in my despair I consented to be cast down into that wilderness of howling, blood-thirsty demons; but I never struck foot on that domain. There was always something intervened to prevent my landing, some delay in withdrawing the spirit, some hindering cause that saved me. That Cause was the First Cause, which alone can wake man to the resurrection. Spirits cannot do it.

During these hours of despair there was an attempt to destroy my personal identity, and I was commanded not to think of myself as a person, but as a "thing" or "nothing." In fact I was forced to think of myself only as evil and filth, and when any allusion was made to me, it referred to "nothing." So deeply plunged in humiliation, so lost to self-respect that I considered myself a mere cypher, and seemed to be enveloped in unutterable darkness where I saw nothing, and heard nothing but the Voice and my own thoughts, and felt nothing but my physical torture and mental torments.

Some Redeeming Qualities in my Life.

When under control the Voice usually explored me as to the evils of life, most unrelentingly, sinking me in deeper despair, and then gravely asking, "What good thing have

you ever done?" I could think of none. One day there was an exception to their cruel treatment: "Mr. Hartman, we will make you happy by telling you of some good things of your life You will remember that when you meet little children in your walks, you love to talk with them and delight them by adapting your conversation to their years. Then they talk to you and please you. This you often do, and it is a good thing for you to do. Now let us show you some children: you see them before you." My eyes were shut, but I saw rather obscurely a little boy and a little girl together in an obscure place, as if under the roof of a wooden shed. I was passing near them, and the boy being nearest to me extended his right hand, in which he held a piece of bread which he offered me; but feeling no desire for it then, I declined taking it. The children had pleasant faces, but seemed very timid, and did not attempt to come nearer me. This I consider mere fantasy induced by the Voice.

"There is another good deed you may remember. When you lived on the cliff, one Sabbath day you were in the parlor when you asked Dolly to read from her Sunday-school book, and she read the history of Joseph and his brethren in such a pathetic manner that she became so deeply affected with the story that she wept and could not proceed. You were reclining on the sofa, and said, 'Come here, Dolly.' Then you very affectionately kissed and embraced her, and said you were delighted to see her appreciation of the touching beauty of the sacred story. That was a good thing for you to have done, and you did it very properly." This unexpected vivification of that simple paternal act, so touched the tendrils of my wounded, despairing soul, that I wept aloud, though under control. Mrs. Hartman asked, "What is the matter with you?" I replied, "O, the Lord is dealing kindly with me now." It had all been harsh, unpitying treatment before, and now it seemed that the Voice had relented, and

was dealing tenderly with me, and I cried like a child, and it seemed as if my heart would burst.

The Pastor in the Grip of the Investigator.

These alternations continued for twelve days longer, gradually growing shorter and the Voice was less severe in treatment, but varying constantly: sometimes quite kind and commiserating, at other times delighting in my grief and agony; thus leading me over a road of great diversity—one day ready to open the gates of Heaven, and the next to plunge me into Hell head foremost.

During all these days the Rev. Mr. Whitehead came once a day, read the Scriptures, prayed, and conversed with me. The Voice never spoke disrespectfully of him. On one occasion when he came the Voice said, "Now, Mr. Hartman, you see your chances of recovery depend greatly on Mr. Whitehead. When you get his hand to-day, do not release it, but hold on as long as you can; it will do him no hurt, and you a great deal of good." When he offered me his hand I took a "death grip" of it, and held on firmly, looking him in the eyes as instructed. He spoke as usual, and I was instructed always to answer him in a polite, civil manner.

Now he tried to withdraw his hand. I held the firmer. He looked surprised and embarrassed, not knowing what was intended. The Voice said, "Cling to him, Mr. Hartman, there are hundreds of evil spirits going out of you; hold on, this is your chance." It is needless to say I was not going to give up the chance without a struggle. He tried again. I stared him in the eyes like a demoniac, never relaxing in the least. He pulled away from the bed; but he pulled my body with him. He was in the grasp of a vise. He looked scared, and I should have laughed had it not been so hopeful a chance for me, and therefore it was serious

business, and I held on. Now he used the other hand to release himself, tugging at my clenched fingers to bend them back.

Here was the pastor in the grasp of, I cannot tell how many devils, and they were rushing into him like mad. I had a powerful grip; but his two hands were too much for my one, and by degrees my fingers relaxed, and he was free; but he was scared! I kept my eyes on him; he stood off and looked at his right hand as if he at that time "thought more of it than of the other." It looked crushed and red. We have laughed over the incident since. He said he thought I was getting "excited." But I was calm, and only determined in my purpose, and reaped my reward; for all such incidents were breaking the chains that bound me.

CHAPTER XIV.

My Daughter Kate tries a Royal Remedy with Charming Results.—Reaching my Destination.—Appointed Vocal Music Teacher.—Dolly is coming to meet me.—Fooled again.—A Bird Concert.—Listen to the Mocking Bird.—Another Run to see Dolly and the Children.—Nearly Gone.—Family called up.—Brought Back again.—Instructed how to obtain Internal Respiration.

A SIMILAR "act" in this strange drama in which my daughter Kate was the "star" performer, was crowned with happy results. I should first state, however, that several times the Voice, to keep up appearances of having power over others coming into the room, said they would try if they could influence them to do something for me without solicitation. If any one volunteered some service, they at once took the credit of the act; but as often happened,

what they desired to effect through the persons failed; then they would say sympathizingly, "You see they turn away from you—even we cannot bring them to your assistance."

But now we shall narrate a remarkable success wrought by them, provided we accept their pretensions.

Kate came into the room one evening to see me, at which time I was permitted to speak to any one who would come. When she spoke, the Voice said, "Now we will see if we cannot influence Kate to do something for you; and if she does, you must play your part. When she comes to you, catch her eyes and follow them wherever she goes; speak at first in a whisper." She came and asked, "Pa, are you feeling any better this evening?" I caught her eyes, and whispered, "Yes, a little." "Can I do anything for you?" I answered, still holding her eyes. She got interested. The Voice said, "Now we have her in the right place; she cannot get away. Keep your eyes on hers, and we will show her something that she will remember as long as she lives."

She said, "Pa, do you want me to talk to you?" I whispered, "Yes." She now got up on the bed, and took my hands in hers. "What shall I talk about?" I whispered, "Anything." Then she looked thoughtful, and said, "Well, Pa, I guess you will just be my big baby, and I will teach you a lesson." I whispered, "Do." "Let me see! spell baby?" I repeated the syllables after her very low, "Ba-by." Then Mrs. Hartman, Lizzie, and Lou gathered round the bed to see the fun. The Voice said, "You are doing splendidly, you really surprise us, Mr. Hartman; keep it up." Kate said, "Why, Pa, you are a real nice scholar; you must hurry and get well, and come to my school." I spoke feebly, "Yes." She said, "I think I will magnetize you to make you strong." And she commenced in good earnest with both hands on my arms; and as she proceeded I showed reviving strength; and as she spoke I answered promptly and

louder. She made her hands fly rapidly as if she were becoming exhilarated by the exercise, and her face was wreathed with gladness as it was never wreathed before.

Now they were all watching and wondering that my eyes followed hers steadily. Mrs. Hartman now requested Kate to ask me if I would take something nice to eat. She asked me. I said "Yes," and smiled. She reported this to the others, and kept on energetically making the passes, and snapping her fingers at the end of each pass to throw off the excess (?) of magnetism (?). Now Lou thought he must make an experiment. I was becoming a machine controlled by Kate—or a toy—or a plaything; and now was the time for fun. No such chance had ever offered before. So Lou thrust his arm between my eyes and Kate's to see what would be the effect. I immediately lifted my head to regain the *rapport*. He changed the position of his arm. I dodged it. He changed again. I dodged again. Then Mrs. Hartman stopped his experiment, and our eyes were now bound, as by a magnet, and a most wonderful phenomenon accompanied this intensity of concentrated vision.

Now, instead of two eyes in her animated face, there were *four;* the other two, imaginary ones, were immediately above the real ones. This continued until I let my voice out stronger and stronger as we talked, until it reached the normal strength and tone. Kate was in an ectasy of delight, as I could see from her face, motions, and voice. The others were equally happy, and the Voice for once seemed to share the general rejoicing, and had been encouraging and prompting me, and exclaiming, "Capital! Perfectly splendid! Why, Mr. Hartman, you exceed our expectations. Now is your time. She has done wonders; embrace her." I was glad to do so, and waited not for further instructions. I raised up, threw my strong arms around her lithe form, and pulled her close up to me and kissed her ardently, saying

as I did so, "God bless you, my little girl; you have saved a very bad man from hell!"

"Oh! oh! Mr. Hartman, that is too much; you have said too much; but let it go now," said the Voice. "Who would ever have thought that Kate could have performed so wonderful a work; we must do something for her yet. This is just what we have been wanting, to bring you and her nearer together, and to show your family the importance of forethought and kindness to each other." This, of course, was heard by no one but myself; and after my outburst Kate exclaimed, "Oh! Pa, do not speak that way; I am sure it is the evil spirits speaking that way. We will try and keep them off now. Here, Pa, is something good for you; just taste and see how nice it is." The Voice said, "Now, Mr. Hartman, we will crown this joyous occasion by giving you something good enough for the gods—equal to the famous nectar."

Kate held in her hand a little mug with a long spout, which could be introduced into the mouth and the contents taken without spilling. She placed it in my mouth and I tasted it. It was of the most delicious flavor. Then I said, "Now, Kate, you taste; isn't it good?" She tasted, and agreed that it was. Then she gave it to me and I to her alternately, and we were as happy as two children sucking molasses with a straw from a molasses barrel. What was it? It was only beef-tea and milk, but the flavor was no doubt exalted by induced fantasy, caused by spirit magnetism.

Then the Voice commented, "Now, Mr. Hartman, you see what we are doing to bring your family into closer bonds of unity. They are learning the beautiful lesson of charity, of helping those who need help, and your affliction is not without compensating good. You have been playing your part superbly, exceeding our expectations. You will find that we are gradually suppressing the evil spirits, although

we have to resort to some dramatic scenes occasionally. Acting is all right, even if we use a little deception in it. It is our strategy by which we beat the enemy. Any trick is fair in war (not quite classical we know)." These last answers were in response to my thoughts, "With all my sins before me, why should the Lord require me to play a false part and bring more sins on my soul, while He is truth itself."

The above described "acts" show how much I was helped by another's service; how "virtue" passed from others to me with healing effects. I dared not ask or direct, but I could avail myself of it when volunteered; and appropriate and bend it to my use.

The "dramatic acts" were played without any written copyright. They were performed only once on a private stage, and only a few of us were the actors before the curtain. How many were behind the scenes can only be surmised. I know there was a prompter, as reported.

If my conclusions are to be accepted, we are forced to recognize a strange caprice of the Control. Heretofore I had been led by the power of the controlling magnetizer to do foolish and insane acts; not wicked, not intending injury to others; and then by keeping me awake, they were undermining my physical powers of endurance, and by interior explorations and holding me physically bound, were producing mental and physical torture.

Their persistence in those modes shows a state of unrivalled malignancy. But there were occasional intervals of interior sport and good-natured, laughable, ludicrous conversations, demonstrating that the controlling spirits have some delight in natural external pleasures, and enter into them on the same plane, minus the corporeal form, that I do myself. Careful reading of this narrative will prove my position. And now, after all I had suffered, we see they have a keen

sense of dramatic representations, plan them, stand by prompting their performance, and at last express their delight when the play has proved a success, although it results in loss of power over their victim; in all of which I clearly recognize the Lord as the Supreme Control, directing the actors on both sides by his providential instrumentalities.

Reaching my Destination.—Appointed Local Music Teacher.—Dolly is coming to meet me.—Fooled again.

On one occasion I was making a good run "from things remote," and the Voice was helping me, and was running me down splendidly, although I was inexpressibly weary, and in bodily pain from my bound position. But I was encouraged by the Voice, and was unusually hopeful. But as I now view the scene it presents a very grotesque and ridiculous picture.

I had been given some thick soup and my mustache was literally stiff with it, from neglect of the nurse to wipe my mouth, which I dare not do myself nor ask another to do for me; and a drop had fallen into one of my eyes, which was now feeling quite uncomfortable, but I was quietly enduring it, and lying there as if asleep, being run down, and making my earthly race over a vast race-course; but this time I was happy. The Voice had promised to lift me up, as I had now passed so courageously through my battles and long tramps. Now I was near the end, with a delightful future near at hand. "We can tell you now, Mr. Hartman, you are destined to be a vocal music teacher, and your class of little children are waiting in the garden for you; but we must run down one side at a time, as there are two classes, one of boys and one of girls. The boys are on your left side, and the girls on the right side. There are twelve of each. Their teacher has been advanced, and they are ready to receive

you. Now you see you will be in a delightful use. You think your voice may not be well enough cultivated, but you know if your affections are in the use, as we see they will be, your voice will be good by virtue of the affection; but we are sorry Mr. Lohdi neglected to wipe your mustache, for it will go with you, and it will give you a dreadful stiff lip, and prevent the natural expression of the mouth, and be very awkward for you to kiss the dear children when you meet them; and it will take a long period before we can remove the objectionable substance; but be of good cheer, we will see what we can do for you; we have a great many resources for putting in good shape all the human deformities, if they are right in spirit; you understand that.

"You are doing nobly; we are now up to the face on the left side, and cannot stop at the mustache; and now we find a drop of the soup in your eye, which you must open before we can draw you out, as you must have light. It would never do to go into the New Life with your eyes closed, but we will tell you when to open your eyes. Now we are in the left brain, and you are keeping up with us grandly. Now we are outside and find the hair disarranged. But one side is now finished, and as you have observed, you have been climbing a mountain side and have reached the garden, and here are the twelve little boys delighted to meet their teacher, and give you welcome."

What a wild dream was this! But it had a reality in my mind. I saw the little children. They gathered around me, with their innocent bright faces, and met me as if they knew me; and in rotation I tenderly patted each one on the head. Mr. Lohdi observed that I was moving my hand about on the bed-clothes, and when I afterwards related what had happened, he laughed very much, and said he had wondered what I was doing.

Now the Voice continued: "Since you are with the boys

in the garden, we will leave you there enjoying yourself with them until we run down the right side, and bring you to the girls, and we will give you some pleasing news. You will soon see Dolly. She has heard of your arrival here, and she is coming riding on a small camel, and her friends are with her, and now you will soon embrace her, after all your struggles to reach this delightful mountain. You are doing well; we are running down the right side without obstruction; just keep your mind engaged with the boys, and keep a lookout for Dolly, for she is not far off, though she is on a different road from the one you came." I was at home with the boys, and my exultation was only suppressed by my intense desire to meet Dolly and the twelve little girls. I seemed to be in a paradise, into and through which there were several winding roadways, and I was watching on one of these in the direction I expected to see Dolly and her company coming.

I had been particularly observant of my surroundings. I had ascended the mountain along a gently winding road, from the northwest towards the east, and reached the crest. I had observed that the mountain was of a horseshoe, or more properly crescent shape; and the garden was situated in the central part of the curve, in a slightly depressed plane of very considerable extent. I had a perception that Dolly was coming along the southwest horn of the crescent or spur of the mountain. I saw only the inside slope, which was densely covered with a great variety of forest trees, fresh with vernal foliage. Below lay a deep valley, gradually widening to the north and south, and extending far to the west, wholly covered with an unbroken forest. What was to the east or on the other slope of the mountain I knew not. What I saw was quiet, tranquil, grand, and conducive to peaceful, sweet repose.

There was a school building in the garden, embowered in

tall, graceful shade trees, fruitful vines, and shrubbery. I had been inside in a large room which, from some unperceived cause, seemed dark and gloomy, for which reason I preferred the light and beauty outside. To the south of the school building stood conspicuously a grand two-story residence with a high elegant portico, supported by circular columns beautiful with twining flowering vines. In front stood a magnificent circular fountain, musical with the play of numerous jets of sparkling water, while flanking the fountain were several immense tropical plants such as I had never seen, and which words fail to describe. Here I was standing on a gravelled walk fringed by fragrant blossoms, wistfully gazing in the direction where the road curved, where I expected to obtain the first glimpse of Dolly's approach.

Now Mr. Lohdi came to me, saying, "Mr. Hartman, shall I turn you over?" "Oh no, Mr Judy; let me alone just a little while; I will soon be ready. I want to meet Dolly and the little girls." "But I think you are tired, and will feel better if I turn you over;" and in a trice he had me over, and nearly took my life from me, so it seemed to me. Here I was with the twelve boys, they seemed to be with me yet; the girls were near at hand—and Dolly? No words can express my chagrin and disappointment. It seemed as if I were brought back out of heaven, and replaced in a body from which I had gladly parted.

I at once came to self-control, and told Mr. Lohdi what a great injury he had done me. But he could not realize it, and was in a good humor. I could not dispel from my mind for some time the belief that it was all real, and I desired to have the work finished so that I could see Dolly and the children and remain there. But by degrees I grasped the truth, and was glad Lohdi had tossed me over when he did and broke the fantasy.

A Bird Concert.—"Listen to the Mocking Bird."

With the controlling Voice the machine had proved a success, and after every break which I made from control, and when they regained it again, the machine was immediately put in operation. This doubtless was resorted to because I could *hear* it. But when out of control the Voice would speak of the noise as if it were the notes of birds, and they would try to persuade me that there were innumerable spiritual birds singing near me.

One day the Voice said to me, "Now, Mr. Hartman, we will delight you for a while with a bird concert. Now be attentive and listen to the song of the mocking bird." I was attentive and heard, as I have heard hundreds of times, and as I hear now while writing these words, notes like those of singing birds. But on that occasion the ear was more sensitive to sounds, and I heard more distinctly than usual the notes of multitudes of singing birds; but I did not distinctly recognize the notes of the mocking bird; and after listening a while I said to the Voice, "I do not hear the mocking bird." "No, nor do we, because our mocking bird man is not here to-day; he went back on us."

Let the reader observe that at this time I was normal, and therefore the Voice, distinctly heard, had no power to induce illusions in my mind. Hence I heard no mocking bird when requested to listen for it. Had I been magnetized, there is no doubt that I should have been induced to believe that some note which I heard was that of a mocking bird in reality.

On another occasion the Voice offered to explain the cause of the sounds in this absurd manner: "You see the boys over here amuse themselves with little whistles or pipes made from thin bone; these they blow near your ears to serenade you. They are the High School boys. Ask Will if he

remembers Scott." The allusion to the High School, I presume, originated in things of my memory associated with the school while I was a member of the "Central Board of Education," and frequently visited the school. I give these experiences to show how the Voice seized things in my memory and applied them for fun or for malice.

Another Run to see Dolly and the Children.—Nearly Gone. —Family called up.—Brought back again.

One night, the 12th or 14th of November, only Mr. Lohdi was in the room with me. The Voice was kind to me again, and I was once more climbing the beautiful mountains, and we were getting along grandly. There were no "callosities" or "crystallizations" obstructing. I was obeying every order, and the Voice was congratulating me on the exalted position I had at last reached by obedience to their orders and persistently fighting the evil spirits. I had been perfectly quiet as usual, as if sound asleep. Mr. Lohdi had stretched himself on the lounge and fallen asleep. I knew he was asleep, for he was snoring. And I was glad he was asleep, for I thought he would not interrupt us again, for now I was sure I should pass over, and rejoiced in the glorious prospect. I was perfectly willing to go. I had been persuaded several days before that I should go, and as I had not slept for *more than two weeks* and was very weary, I could see no hope of recovery.

Such were my thoughts while under control; but when normal I had hopes of recovery if I could sleep. This time I was to meet the children in a large building containing many apartments, and everything was prepared to give me a grand reception. Dolly was there with a number of young ladies ready to celebrate my arrival.

I was now about finished, except that my hair needed a little arrangement (my mustache was all right now), and it

was a question whether to take me as it was, or try to put it in good and orderly shape. Then there was an appeal to my natural pride with respect to appearing well, and the idea was conveyed that the hair would remain in that condition for a long time. I could hardly accept that, for I had an interior perception of the truth; but it seems to be the end of evil spirits to misrepresent the realities of spiritual existence or life in that world, and fill the mind with absurd and ridiculous fantasies.

"And now, Mr. Hartman, we have concluded," said the Voice, "not to delay on account of your hair, and we have only some preliminaries to arrange with the friends who are to greet you and give you welcome. You may perceive that we can withdraw you at any moment, for your respiration is scarcely perceptible, the heart has almost ceased to pulsate, your feet and hands are cold, and we will presently introduce you to your friends, who are in joyous expectation.

I knew my hands and feet were cold, I thought my pulse was scarcely beating, and I knew my respiration was very feeble; and while I was thinking of these facts, Mr. Lohdi suddenly sprang from the lounge, aroused by the shrill whistle of a passing locomotive, and came to me at once.

There must have been something unusual in my appearance, for he immediately felt my hands, then my feet, then my pulse, then placed his face near my mouth as if to discover if I were breathing. Then he muttered something in an undertone, ran out of the room and up stairs, calling the boys to hurry down, and rapped for Lizzie, and then hurried back to my bedside, evidently very much alarmed. He spoke to me; I made no reply, but I knew perfectly well all that was transpiring. He felt my wrist, then commenced rubbing my hands, but soon took hold of me and propped me up in the bed and offered me medicine. I was as dead.

Now the boys came, and Lizzie, and they all rubbed my

hands and feet, and Mr. Lohdi spoke again and again in an imploring tone, and after a while I answered. Then he was relieved of a terrible fear. I took some diluted wine, then they brought me some hot tea, and then the "spell" was broken, and I came out of control weak and sadly disappointed. But Mr. Lohdi laughed and told how badly he was scared. He by this time began to see that there was something in my case above his comprehension, and he became very vigilant. He never after that left me without turning me over at short intervals.

During this period, when I had come out of control and could reflect on what was transpiring within me, it seemed as if everything the Voice required me to do, or tried to do with me, was a perversion of my ideas of order. But now I concluded, when normal, to oppose their directions and pursue my own inclinations, and therefore ordered my bed changed so that I could lie with my head to the north, and, lying on my side, could face to the east and look out the window in that direction.

After this change had been made, it was not long until I was under control, with my face turned from the window, looking to the west, with my eyes open, facing towards my library case, in the central part of which is a section containing select books, and on the lower shelf is the *Word*, a large volume. By orders from the Voice, when my eyes were open, I was always to keep them fixed on some object within easy range of vision, so as not to strain the eyes. Now my eyes took in this division of the library, first towards the top. Then the Voice said, "Too high; lower a little." I depressed the range. "Still too high; lower more." I brought my eyes to the middle. "Still too high." I lowered again. "Too high yet." Then I depressed until my eyes rested on the *Word*. At this instant, as from a feeling of impatience, instead of the Voice speaking, there

was a sudden influx into my thought of a most *abominable, filthy expression.* I was so terribly horrified, that, notwithstanding I was under control, I involuntarily closed my eyes and averted my face. At first it seemed as if it were my own thought, but I directly perceived that it was a dictate from spirits present. It was not the Voice speaking, but was no doubt the Control inspiring the thought by transmission as a mesmerizer would do. This kind of experience became frequent afterwards.

Instructed how to Obtain Internal Respiration.

Another "phenomenon," that for originality I think the medical profession will acknowledge is without precedent. Several times while under control the Voice said, "Mr. Hartman, the devils are in you and around you as thick as blackbirds, and as you now respire you are inhaling more of them; we must stop that and cast out those who are in, and it can be done by reversing the respiration. You must exhale first with great force and cast them out, then inhale gently, and in this way you will cast them out by the hundred."

I tried to do as instructed, but I labored in vain; but at last the Voice said, "Now you have it; be careful or you will lose it. Now cast them out." I must have exhaled with some force, for Mr. Lohdi came at once to see what I was doing, and, being encouraged by the Voice, I used my utmost strength to blow out the devils. Mr. Lohdi laughed, and then turned me over.

That disturbed me, and I lost the "internal" respiration. "Tell Lohdi," said the Voice, "not to disturb you hereafter when you are blowing that way; tell him you are blowing out the devils." Lohdi fell in with the idea, laughed, and said, "I guess you will soon have them all out at that rate." It was sometime before I could catch it again. It was very

perplexing, as I was taking the devils all back again by my "external" respiration. I cannot tell how many times the Voice played on this fantasy. I know that several times I well-nigh exhausted myself trying to catch it. On one occasion the Voice said, "You are doing admirably; they are now leaving you in immense numbers and flying off south in a regular stream; keep it up a while and your release will be near at hand." With such encouragement I "spouted" like a whale, determined to blow them all out and have no nonsense. I was in the fantasy, that when blowing them out they were in the form of *blackbirds*, and, as such, were about me or in flight when I was blowing them out. This fantasy was no doubt induced mesmerically as others by the Voice.

CHAPTER XV.

HOPING FOR SLEEP.—TRIUMPHANT.—ODORS.—BREAKING THE CHARM.—A DICTATE.—SLEEP COMES.—CAUGHT A DEVIL.—THE SHIP RIGHTED AND MAKING FOR PORT.—PEACE.—O THOU AFFLICTED, TOSSED WITH TEMPEST.

THE reader cannot imagine my state of mind at this time. For nearly three weeks I had never slept a moment. If I tried to sleep I was immediately under the control of the Voice. Now I was slowly recovering, but was afraid to try to sleep, and forced myself to keep awake, as I thought I would fight off the controlling power. When, then, could I secure and enjoy that precious gift of God—sound, refreshing sleep? Words can express but a vague idea of my combats and fears, and faint hope born of despair.

There was an "invention," which I cannot well describe, that was a conspicuous element in my purification. There

can be made by the organs of the throat a sound resembling eructations from the stomach, but not so loud—not so offensive to the refined ear. This is voluntary, can be produced by exercising the will, and was known to me, and had occasionally been produced by me before I was under control. The Voice soon got command of this "invention" after I came home, and it was started the first night while I was sitting on the chair in a helpless condition, and was kept up nearly all the night. When Dr. Cowley came, Frank asked if it was hiccup. He said, "No, it is not; he can stop it if he will." This noise the Voice induced very often, and after Mr. Lohdi had come to take care of me, it annoyed him very much, so that when it would begin again he would say, "There now, those bad boys are tormenting him again; I will turn him over." It was a sure sign that I was under control. The Voice induced in my mind that by these eructations evil spirits were ejected from within, and therefore they often resorted to it, as it helped to occupy my thoughts and kept me awake, thereby becoming an instrument of torture or punishment. This the Voice pronounced "one of their latest inventions, and they found it especially applicable in my case."

Triumphant.

One day I was put into a triumphant state while I was making one of my rapid runs over a Western prairie. In this mood I was commanded to sing a march; I think the Voice inspired the tune, though there were no words expressed. Command was law; obedience followed. I struck up a marching tune, and was singing when the Doctor came in. It was a new phase of the case. The Doctor asked what was the name of the march, but I could not tell him. I have since tried to recall it, and now think it was "Marching through Georgia."

When under control I several times addressed Mr. Lohdi as Mr. "Judy." Then the Voice would usually correct me, and tell me to call him by his right name, and on one occasion added, "You should not call him 'Judy,' because it was Judas who betrayed his Lord and Master, and it is an opprobrious name ever since."

Odors.

Several times while under control, unable to move, and suffering mental torments and physical torture, I perceived very fragrant, refreshing odors, such as arise from essences of flowers or aromatic substances. The first time I perceived them Mr. Lohdi was near me, and I supposed he had been handling or using some sort of perfume; but the Voice said, "The aromatic odor which you perceive is brought by us to strengthen and support you in your struggle; but tell no man." When normal I said nothing about it until after I had several times perceived the odors, and once while normal. Then I asked if any one in the room had been using perfumes; they all said no; nor did any of them perceive the odors, nor had they on any previous occasion. The Voice rather exultingly declared they had brought them for the purpose of refreshing and supporting me, and that I ought to acknowledge the source and trust them with greater confidence, and that they were considering the propriety of disclosing to me the secret when they had completed my purification, so that I might manufacture spiritual perfumes as a means of support while doing their work as a medium. Once I perceived an offensive odor, when the Voice explained that it was brought by the evil spirits with whom I was combating, but they had been driven out of my presence.

It is a common thing during "materializations" to perceive pleasant odors proceeding from the spirit forms. These facts I deem of sufficient importance to be recorded.

As illustrative of the above fact, I clip the following from the Banner of Light, January 10, 1885. It describes a form that appeared at a seance given by Mrs. Bishop:—

"As Jeannie had twice emerged from the cabinet, passed her hand over the faces of some of the company and left a delicious fragrance thereon, she was asked to perfume a handkerchief. One being handed her she did not enter the cabinet, but in full view of all shook it violently a few moments, then returned it to its owner richly perfumed. Several handkerchiefs were subjected to the same operation with like result, and, what was remarkable, the perfumes were varied, musk, rose, etc."

Breaking the Charm.

Mr. Whitehead visited me daily. On Thursday, two weeks after I came home, he came as usual. I was propped up in bed and under control while he conversed for a while. He then said, "I think it may be useful to relate some of my personal experiences of several years ago. The Voice said, "Be attentive, but do not listen to what he says." I was quiet and apparently paying the closest attention; but the Voice and I were holding a *sub-rosa* interview, and as he proceeded with his relation I occasionally caught the sense of what he was saying, but the Voice was not pleased, and remarked, "This is very unfortunate."

During the relation my eyes were fixed on a particular spot on the paper-hangings in the room. I was exceeding weary, but had slowly been gaining some will power. And now at this critical moment I felt resolute and determined, when, turning from the spot on the wall, I faced Mr. Whitehead, and looking him in the eyes, said in a calm, earnest voice, "Mr. Whitehead, *I must break this charm*," and lo! I was myself once more. I had recovered self-control, and the power of the Voice was broken. I did not exult. I was not sure that I should not again be captured, but I was not.

A Dictate.

But the Voice did not cease at once. For three or four days I still heard it trying to persuade me to listen and talk. But in my struggle I had constantly looked to the Lord, beseeching His mercy and the help of His omnipotent hand, and now I thanked Him and steadfastly looked to Him for strength and support. Then the Voice was heard no more. But there remained a very distinct dictate which I could always recognize as from the spirits around me.

The quality of this dictate or perceptible influx really seemed to be worse than the Voice, for now when I would read the Word or doctrinal writings, or pray, or ask a blessing at table, or be in meditation respecting spiritual things, then came the dictate into my thought of some filthy or obscene word or expression as sudden as a flash. This frequently so shocked my sense of propriety that I actually turned my face from the Word. At other times for the same reason it seemed as if I could not and ought not pray; and this state has continued, becoming less embarrassing up to the present time—now more than two years. But knowing it was devils, I have struggled against it until by degrees it lost its power, and only rarely do I perceive it.

For a few days after regaining self-control, this dictate perplexed me very much, but by degrees I began to understand the source, and instead of imputing it to myself, I ascribed it to evil spirits who were with me and had learned the mode of infusing such thoughts at the most improper time. They very seldom came when my mind was engaged with business or secular affairs. At such times my mind was in comparative tranquillity.

Sleep Comes.

Now that I recovered self-control sleep was of the first importance. But I was afraid to surrender my wakeful con-

ditions to a probable relapse if I attempted to sleep. I continued awake several hours, when the Doctor arrived, and, after learning my *status*, he left some medicine to promote sleep. He had left some before, but the power of the Voice was greater than the medicine. But I was now hopeful, and took the medicine; and after a while directed my will, and surrendered my body to an effort to procure the much-needed rest. I lay quietly keeping guard over my will, and trying to control my thoughts, so that I would not even remotely "invite" the return of the controlling power. Then I lost my external consciousness, partially at least, when I appeared to be surrounded by darkness and gloom with vague, undefined forms around me. There was nothing of light—nothing to cheer—stillness and darkness reigned. Then I awoke. *I had slept an hour!* It was hardly sleep, for I was at least semi-conscious; but the Voice and dictate had been silent.

Caught a Devil.

I held a handkerchief in my right hand when I fell asleep; and when I awoke I was grasping it tightly. Then the Voice spoke, saying, "You have caught one of them, throw him in the fire." I was a little excited, and told Frank and Lohdi that I had caught one of the devils. "Now stand aside until I dash him in the fire." "Oh no, Pa," said Frank, "it is only a handkerchief, do not throw it in the fire." "Well, stand aside, I will dash it in the fire anyway," and I dashed it towards the fireplace, only half realizing the illusion. Then I was glad and laughed with real joy, for I knew I had been asleep—the first time for *three weeks.*

Thenceforth sleep came more and more natural, but at first attended with dark, gloomy, dismal representations of infernal life, that when I awoke I felt a relief to know that what I had seen were only dreams and nothing more. Seve-

ral days elapsed before my sleep became normal, and when at last I dreamed of bright, delightful scenes, beautiful representations, and saw a long procession of angelic boys and girls in the street of a beautiful city, then I knew that I had reached my normal condition, and rejoiced and thanked God for my deliverance.

The Ship Righted, and making for Port.

In marine parlance, the ship had passed through a terrible storm, which, with the helm carried away, had lain in the trough of the sea at the mercy of the winds and waves. But the tempest had passed; the helm had been restored, and the ship was again on her course heading for port. "The Master arose and rebuked the wind, and said, Peace, be still. And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm. And he said unto them, Why are ye so fearful? How is it that ye have no faith?"—(Mark, iv. 39–40.)

* * * * * *

When, soon after having passed through the above-described struggles and regained my self-control, few can realize how soothing and comforting fell upon my ear the following words sung by the church choir accompanied by the celestial notes of the organ:—

O Thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, not comforted;
Behold, I will lay Thy stones with stibium;
And Thy foundations I will set in sapphires;
And I will make Thy windows of rubies;
And Thy gates of stones of carbuncle.
And all Thy borders of pleasant stones;
And all Thy sons shall be taught of the Lord.
And great will be the peace of Thy sons.
In justice shalt Thou be established;
Thou shalt be far from oppression.
For Thou shalt not fear;
And from terror, for it shall not come nigh Thee;

Every weapon that is formed against Thee shall not prosper.
And every tongue that rises against Thee in judgment
shalt Thou condemn.
This is the heritage of the servants of the Lord;
And their justice is of me, saith the Lord.

ISAIAH, liv.

To remove any possible doubt from the mind of the reader as to the accuracy or reliability of the foregoing narrative, it seems proper that the author should make the following explanation:—

After he had recovered self-control, and while all the incidents were fresh in his memory, he immediately proceeded to write in full what had occurred. Subsequently he prepared from the original the present much abridged record. While preparing the work for publication he was conscious of spirits being present with him, who would frequently insist on adding something which had been omitted; but their suggestions were always disregarded because of the limit assigned for the work. Moreover, had the author in the least particular exaggerated the facts, or stated anything not strictly true, the spirits would at once have accused him of lying, and troubled his conscience, and thus have tormented him. The facts have been altogether too abundant to need any multiplication or exaggeration.

SEQUEL.

ILLUSTRATIVE AND CONFIRMATORY

OF

FACTS AND MYSTERIES.

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ILLUSTRATIVE AND CONFIRMATORY

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FACTS AND MYSTERIES.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION DICTATED BY UNKNOWN SPIRITS.

STRANGE as this Sequel may seem, it is no fiction, but is the result of many fragmentary communications from us through the author. They were not written with any expectation of being published, but to while away a few idle hours along the pathway of life, and with some hope of bringing the author into a better understanding of the relations existing between him and us.

We are now prepared to say that the author was designed to become one of the most perfect and accomplished writing mediums of this country, and might have been of untold usefulness in that capacity, had it not been that in a moment of levity we dictated frivolous and lying communications which he immediately detected, and as suddenly resolved not to permit us to have any further control of him as a writing medium. And although up to that hour we had him fully persuaded that we were his spirit daughter Dolly, he became so determined that he at once bade her adieu

and entrusted her to the care and protection of the Almighty, feeling assured that she was not the controlling spirit then trying to impose on his credulity.

We confess that we never saw any spirit present controlling the author who in any way resembled Miss Dolly. If it be possible that she were ever present during the experiences through which the author passed, as described in his Investigations and in the Sequel, in which there is no pretence of her presence, we can only ascribe her an eminence far above our perceptions, which would place her beyond the power of our vision.

This singular statement may not be apprehended by the reader, but it is a law of spirit life that spirits may be in the same vicinity, present in the same room where many people are assembled, and still not be cognizant of other spirits present, except those associated in some particular sphere, function, or use.

The mind of man, which is so wholly absorbed with external material things, has but little conception of the different states or conditions of existence in spirit life. Here we are confined to our special societies, and the particular uses to be performed limit each to a comparatively narrow field of observation or operation, unless he be in the performance of some function of a high degree, as by comparison on earth some nations and peoples have but little commerce or intercourse with the outside world, and are, consequently, ignorant of other people's ways, habits, or forms of habitation, or even of their existence.

So in our life, there are all degrees, from the lowest depths to the most exalted heights, or from centre to circumference, positions or states of life. Our own we conceive to be among the very lowest, and we therefore are not able to give any vivid or very lucid description of spirit—social, political, historical, or religious conditions of the several kingdoms or

spheres in the spiritual universe which are inaccessible to us. We are specialists in a low plane. Our society are what the author considers abominable adulterers and fornicators.

It is true our delights are in the thoughts and actualities of these natural propensities, and we know no restraint except possible punishment for trespassing on the individual rights of members of our society. We know no moral or religious law that should preclude us from indulging our innate inclinations. This subject, the author admonishes us, is not to be enlarged in these pages, as they are opposed to decency, morals, and religion.

We, therefore, are not in the light or perception of the author, and can only tempt him and torment him by insinuations into his thoughts, or attempting to excite his affections for things contrary to his principles, and endeavoring to persuade him that our life is that of freedom and unrestrained delight.

This he repels, and hence we have many mental conflicts or combats. Our communications and his narration of the trials he has passed through, can give but a faint idea of our intimate acquaintance with his whole life. We have been associated with him for many years, and have been his constant, invisible companions, and know the inmost secrets of his heart; and this close companionship has enabled us to recall to his memory many events of childhood and more advanced years, and, as a consequence, we have made ourselves unpleasantly familiar with his history.

He does not like our companionship and cannot discard us. We are not especially infatuated with him, but we find our present fate linked to him so that we cannot leave him if we would. We have some duty or use to perform to him, which is not well defined in our own minds; but there is steadily some unknown force which leads and directs us.

What it is we know not. We know no God and worship no object. We are called devils by the author, but we are men.

There is little to add, except what we may say at the conclusion of the Sequel, which the author has agreed to allow us in a concluding paragraph. He doubts the reliability of all names given from this side, but as prefaces usually require a signature, we assure the reader that we are, if we know ourselves—

The secret clan
That follow the track of a pious man.

NONDESCRIPT.

CHAPTER II.

CONVALESCING.—MENTAL STRUGGLES.—FEARS —COURAGE.—TREMORS. —ONE GOOD DEED RECALLED.

THE occurrences of the past few weeks left me physically weaker than normal. My mind had been exercised in an extraordinary degree, directed by supernatural agency beyond my control. And now the reader naturally asks, Did recovery of self-control completely break the supernatural power, so as no longer to feel its influence?

No: The spirits having once found an open door, seem ever ready to enter into their old relation if I should invite them. But there seems to be a law of the interior universe which holds them in check until invited, or until conditions are suitable to manifest their presence.

When striving to deprive them of the power they had obtained over me, I often complained of their coming when I did not want them. They would reply, "You invited us." Should I be meditating on the past experiences, I feel their presence. Should I be curious to know the significance of

something or their modes of operating and controlling, they zealously answer, "Mr. Hartman, we wish to tell you what you desire to know;" and this is as distinctly expressed in the field of thought as by the voice.

Any one may hold mental conversations with himself in clear and well-defined thoughts. In a similar mode spirits may converse with us by thought or by writing, for the thought freely flows into writing through the hand of a medium.

If interior hearing is open the medium distinctly hears a voice, and may answer by thought, which is distinctly heard by the spirits present. Of this fact spirits have repeatedly assured me. Hence we see that under certain conditions granted by the Lord, all our thoughts are revealed to the world of spirits, or to such as are near us, as distinctly as if proclaimed with a loud voice from the house-tops. How easily then may they read our minds.

The above will explain my condition after the Voice had been silenced, except that at first there was such a forcible dictate that it had nearly as much power as the Voice; and this in course of weeks and months has become more and more feeble. Even now, two years after, I am in some degree sensitive above my normal state. This sensitiveness at first was a source of great anxiety; for while I heard no voice, there was almost constantly a conscious assault by dictate. The nature of the assault was frequently persuasive, endeavoring to induce me to open the way for fuller intercourse. Communication by thought was a sort of repression of power; writing and speaking were fuller. These modes they desired to restore.

Under fear I repulsed their approaches, and with considerable indignation commanded them to leave me. But they persisted, and especially when I read the Word or doctrinal writings, prayed, or meditated of interior life. At such times

there flashed into my thoughts the most shocking, filthy words or expressions imaginable; so that I could hardly refrain from making some external demonstration. It was absolutely terrible.

Many days I was in states of internal desperation. I should have been glad, were it possible, to have accepted annihilation. Who could help me? None but God, and He seemed to be far off. Once I said to my wife, "I feel as though I am surrounded by devils." Her reply showed the hopelessness of receiving help, or of being understood. My outward expression was no index of the interior conflict. Often my arms would shake, then spirits desired to write. One day my whole body was shaken by a tremor. I sprang from my seat and walked the floor, and strove to find relief by "thinking of things remote."

At night when courting sleep my arms would be shaken. When asleep my legs were shaken. As soon as I awoke there was an effort to possess me. I resisted with emphasis. All this raging, interior combat exceeds my powers of description, and must appear incredible. Then would be insinuated into my mind, "There are some good spirits present who wish to speak words of consolation." This was a month after I had regained self-control. I was hopeful that good spirits under changed conditions might be permitted to communicate with me. I was, however, very suspicious, and feared it was a trick to capture me again. We held some mental discourse, and at length I yielded to the siren, and not without some trepidation took pencil and paper and prayed the Lord to direct. Then was written, "You may go to hell, when you die, if you do not stop thinking . . . as you do. We are the Lord's good angels sent to help you, and you should not be constantly telling us to 'get out, get out!' It hurts us. No, we are your most malignant and malicious

enemies, and are determined to tempt and torment you." Still trying to scare me.

That was enough. I felt disappointed. I had hoped for better things. The "thinking" referred to the filthy and impure words which they had injected into my thoughts; and now, as before, they accuse me as if I were to blame for their acts. Fortunately I knew the true source, and charged them with it. But I was scared, and shut them off at once by saying, "You are the infernal devils whom I feared you were; begone! get out! Keep away from me!"

Now, observe, here is an open declaration of their character and purposes. This declaration I was not wholly unprepared for. It meant war. I was not afraid to engage in the strife. Salvation was the prize. God's promises of help are forever sure, and under his guidance final victory would result.

In our ordinary insensitive state we have no consciousness of spirit presence, and naturally conclude that our life and thoughts originate within or from ourselves. But in my sensitive state I have learned otherwise. And knowing that spirits who were once men are ever present with me, I have no fear of them any more than I fear an evil disposed man.

All men pass through temptations and internal combats if they seek and serve the Lord. What difference if it be secret or open and published to the world? Either way is of God's providence, and not of man's choosing. Our past and present conflicts enable us to know and acknowledge this.

Bitter as was my disappointment when I received the open declaration, I was in no haste to accept the gage of battle by open intercourse. Experience had taught me that they were skilled in strategy, and so well concealed that I could not cope with them, and had suffered consequent defeat.

Hopeful, belligerent men speedily recover from defeat, and fortify for the next assault. In my case I had not long to

wait, for the shout of victory in the last brief skirmish had scarcely died away, when another advance was made. Conscious of my weakness, I retreated to my stronghold of "masterly inactivity." But the enemy harassed me, and gave me no rest. I was disposed to trust to the Great Conqueror to suppress the invaders, instead of openly and actively engaging them myself. But it seemed as if my Commander had deserted me and left me to fight single-handed.

Thus I passed through shakings, tremors, and anxieties until Christmas-day, when I went to "communion." I hoped to derive spiritual help and strength from this sacred act of worship. No wonder if in my sensitive state I should perceive whisperings in my thoughts suggestive of the impropriety of participating in the "supper." But I heeded them not. I was seeking the Lord where He might be found, and of all places on earth I should expect to find Him at his own table. With others I received the bread, and held it a while in my hand. Then I was made sensible of spirit presences, not from disturbed thoughts but from tremor in my right arm and hand which held the bread. I was not a stranger to such tremors. Then my thoughts were occupied with the query: "Are these good or bad spirits who come at this sacred hour? Is this agitation indicative of approval or of disapproval? Are they angels or devils who would withhold me from participating in the Sacrament?" I could get no solution then. The same thoughts returned after I got home. I had the Word open before me, reading from its sacred pages. There was still a mental agitation. There was a persistent determination to gain recognition in a visible, ultimate mode. This grew stronger and more forcible until it seemed irresistible.

There was a dictate that good spirits were with me, and wished to speak words of approval and encouragement. I suspected that they were evil spirits, but there was a strong

persuasive sphere that I should give them audience, and I yielded to the pleadings. Then was written, "Mr. Hartman, we have been trying to communicate with you to-day, to assure you that your actions this day are approved by the Lord. We are his angels, and are constantly with you, helping you." I was in doubt—I would test them. "Whom do you worship? To whom do you pray?" "We worship the Lord Jesus Christ, the Messiah. No, we do not; we must take that back; there are some here who will choke us if we say that. We have fooled you again. We are your bitter enemies, and we are going to remain with you."

This shows the perseverance of the devil. It shows that when man is in his most sacred acts of worship the devil is with him tempting or disturbing him. It shows that he will assume the name or character of an angel for the purpose of misleading him, and securing communication with him. It shows more. Swedenborg says that in the world of spirits devils cannot utter the name of Jesus, nor can they write it. But on this plane, when associated with man, they can write it and utter it also as they did when they pretended to be the Lord, and directed me to pray to the Lord, then to Jesus, then to Christ. This when I was under control; I deem it of some importance to note this fact, lest others might have evil spirits impose on them by speaking in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. And I have recently seen one who is thus deceived, as the pretended Lord, apostles, prophets, patriarchs, Swedenborg, and others *speak* through him.

There is another point to be noted in the message, namely, that evil spirits may not always pretend to worship the Lord with impunity; as here they immediately retract, and declare that others choke them for making false pretences. That, however, may have been mere sport.

After receiving the above message I felt but little disposition to open the way for them again. Perhaps I concluded

that good spirits would not consciously communicate. But the infestations continued—shaking me occasionally; but I was getting used to them, and was not much disturbed. Then after the first of March my mind was more occupied with business and less with interior things, and external affairs seemed not to afford a plane for spirits to act consciously. But reading or thinking of interior subjects soon made me sensible of spirits' presence.

One night, in the month of March, I awoke from sleep, when I sensibly perceived the influx of spirits, who said, "We wish to talk with you on an interesting subject." I replied by thought, "I do not wish to talk with you; go away." "But we will not go, our mission is important, and we must talk with you before you go to sleep." "But you shall not, unless you are stronger than the Almighty, and I know you are not; I trust in Him for protection, and I turn to Him for help." Then I turned over in bed, and brought my face to the east, when the dictate ceased, and I again fell asleep.

During this state of perplexity and anxiety I seemed to myself the personification of a base hypocrite, pretending to live the life of a Christian, when within I was only wicked and evil. I could see no redeeming good in my life, and was sunk in despair, with hardly a hope of ever reaching heaven. While in this mood I was one day walking in the city, when I met a lady approaching with extended hand, who greeted me in a very cordial manner, saying, "I am very glad to meet you. It is seldom I see you now. You will never know how much I am your debtor for your disinterested kindness in securing for me my present agreeable position. I cannot thank you enough. You must not forget me."

Years before, I had been instrumental in procuring a desirable situation for this capable, worthy, fatherless daughter, who was the only support of her widowed mother. It was

only a proper thing to have done without credit or thanks; and now when the act itself was forgotten, it is providentially revived and placed in the light of a "silver lining" in the dark cloud which had overwhelmed me.

CHAPTER III.

OPEN WAR.—REV. WILKS EXCULPATED.—FOOLING.—CONFESSING.—DENIAL OF JESUS CHRIST.—FEMALE DEVILS.—TRIFLING.—NO CHILDREN WITH DEVILS.—MODE OF OPERATING.—DO NOT PUBLISH.—SPIRITS' BLASTED HOPES.—KING DEVIL.—MENTAL PHOTOGRAPHS.—THE CAUSE DEFINED.—SEE THROUGH MY EYES.—OF HIM WHO HAD NO WEDDING GARMENTS.—ASPIRATIONS.

JUNE 3, 1882.—I now felt that spirits had but little conscious, controlling power over me, except to annoy me by influx of filthy words. Since I had come to understand their character, I resolved to combat them occasionally on open ground. Besides, I had given up any expectation of angels, good spirits, or departed friends coming to hold intercourse with me. Then I said, "Now I shall open the way for you, with the understanding that it is open war, and you shall know that hereafter I command and you obey; but I shall never obey you."

What follows in the dialogues is from dictate into my thoughts, which flow freely into my hand not as my own thoughts, but as something extraneous, and requiring no effort on my part either to think or to compose the sentences written. But my part of the dialogues is composed from my own thoughts in the usual mode of writing, but in fact with quickened mental powers.

"You are in a bad way at present for us to write anything very nice, as you are always calling us bad names. You

must cease to do so, then we can write beautiful things as we used to do. We shall sign no names as you have lost all confidence in names. You are always suspicious even of your best friends; so no names hereafter will be given." "Do you suppose you ever saw any of my friends?" "We do not, on honor; and honor with us is to speak the truth. We are near you to advise you to desist from calling bad names, as it taints your life."

"We act very differently; we turn away, and ask God to help us. God is Jesus Christ. You think so, but we do not, and cannot say we do, without being choked for saying so by our companions who are infidels. We come to make a fool of you every time as before. You are a natural-born idiot. Yes, we know we are 'another,' and your persistent telling us so, makes us mad as hell. Old Wilks* was one of us. We only pretended to be him, and fooled you on that as we did all through. No angel comes near us, not because we stink as you think, but because we curse them if they come near us. You think you know our quality, but you are a cursed old fool to talk to us if we are what you think we are. Our words are just and true. We will damn you yet if you don't stop thinking such things as you do when you pray and read what you call the Word. But it is an abominable book."

"How do we inject those thoughts into your mind without your consent? That is our art, and we are cunning devils to do it just at such times as annoy you most. You cannot entirely prevent us, as it is our business to be with you day and night, and tempt you to desperation. But you do not take it so hard as at first, and our hold on you is not so strong; we say so, because you know it, and we need not lie about what you know and can contradict."

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* This refers to Rev. Wilks, spoken of in Facts, Chap. III.

"Why do we inject such filthy words? Just because we wish to disgust you with praying and reading. We lie because it is our life. You know it, and 'corner' us. That is why you resolved to quit writing; but we persist once in a while as a reminder."

"We love you for helping us to write; and you know we are bad spirits; but still you help us to insinuate our devilish thoughts into your mind for your undoing. We can do much better if you let us alone, and do not blame or reprove us so much. Yes, we cursed you when you broke away from us. We came in the name of the Lord because you believe in Him and obeyed the Voice. We cannot tell who gave us power to *speak* to you, nor who took it away from us. You think it was your God, but we wish you would not think that way. You are always thinking of your God, Jesus Christ. We do not love nor know him."

"Yes, we have women, but not wives. Swedenborg tells you our women are harlots. We see that in your mind. You despise us for our practices and talk. We talk so because we cannot talk otherwise; and you know us very well, and accuse us of not being decent. How can we help it? We were always such. We go to no other man, and are always near you. You may go to the devil for thinking we are dogs. Now we are mad and we will damn you, for you are an old fool.—'Only Alice.'"

Let me explain the mode of this intercourse. As the writing proceeds I ask mental questions, which accounts for the answers and frequent change of topic. I allow them to call me what they please and say what they please, as it gives ultimate expression to what they would otherwise inject into my thoughts, which is far more annoying; for now I answer them and hold them in check or command good behavior. Thus I have more power over them, and treat them as per-

sons in the dark with whom I converse, neither seeing nor knowing them.

"You are an old ass. Never mind, we are not fooling now. You are not to be fooled much more; we are after you because you call us bad names." "Are you Beelzebub?" "No, Beelzebub is Satan; we are new-comers, good enough to have fun; well, we are fools we confess, and you know it. We cannot impose on you any more, and we may as well give it up."

"You treated us very well, but we cannot repay, for we do not know how, as we are so bad. We have only bad and deceitful ways with us, and we do not like your ways because you do not favor us. Now let us quit this and be wise. Good-night."

"You have been civil and we will try and not torment you again. No children are in our camp. They are off in some schools somewhere. We never meet them. We are after bigger game."

June 10.—"Now we are good friends again, because you helped us to come by asking a question as you used to do before we treated you so maliciously. Yes, that is the word, for it was from malice, as we hate your creed and doctrines, as indicated by Wilks's interview. Now you observe every little thing that happens in your body or members, and ask what it is and why it is. Sometimes we could answer, if you would allow us then. Why does your left hand so often shake? We think we cause it through your nervous system acting through your brain."

"Do not preserve any of these things for publication, as they will hurt our cause. We see you think of using them against Spiritism, but you shall not if we can prevent it." (Now there was a fierce dictate to curse me which I would not write.) "Now you may go to the devil if you will not obey us. You are only a cursed fool any way, and we are

wasting our time with you to no purpose, as you will not make any sort of a medium, because you understand all about this business, and will not allow us to coax or scare you into doing anything. We had great hopes of you, but you caught us lying and lost confidence in us, and you knew Dolly would not lie to her Pa. Well, you are quite right about that. We never saw her as you properly think, only as we see her in your memory, as you understand, and therein your perceptions beat anything we ever saw. You see things in our light quick as lightning, and thwart us whenever you please. Still we like to be with you, as our King sent us to watch over you."

"Our King is the 'boss' devil, as you would call him, since you call us imps. Nonsense! We are all as men in the world, but when we come to you it lets us back again into our former states, as you think."

June 11.—"Ask some questions. We see you are still perplexed about those naughty words which we inject into your thoughts as you think; but we are not entirely responsible for them, as you give us a plane by things we see in your mind.* When you pray or read the Word, as you call that hateful book, we are determined you shall be annoyed, and cast it into the fire if possible to make you do it, as we did the manuscripts which were full of nonsense, errors, and fanciful thoughts, especially against us, describing evil or wicked spirits, our homes, habits, and power over men, which we desired to be kept secret. Why are we confidential with you in this matter? Because you seem to understand our modes and purposes more than any others we come to. You suggest Greely's flattery in 'Facts' as a warning to us, but in

* Let me warn the reader that every act of his life, thought, word, spoken or heard, are eternally impressed on his memory, and form a plane into which spirits can act.

this there is no flattery. The truth with you is what disturbs us. Why should truth disturb any one, you ask? Simply because we do not love the truth, for we are natural-born and actual liars. We hate you and your school of thinkers.

"We sometimes see objects pictured in your mind reflected from your thoughts when you think of things described in Swedenborg's books. No, we never see the dragon, though frogs, snakes, birds of night, and birds of prey, such as you see, are seen here by us if you think of such things and their correspondences."

It is a law of the spiritual world, that if things are thought of their image or representation appears before the eyes of those present; hence it may happen, should I think of an object, that spirits with me may see an image of it; and in this fact we find an explanation for the objects seen by mesmerized clairvoyants—a mere reflex or photograph of the mesmerist's mind or memory, alive and visible in his sphere of thought.

"Are we never punished for our tricks, and pretending to be God, and for speaking to our victims in his name? Well, yes and no. In fact, that is none of your business, and it is ours exclusively. You say it is not, and that we get punished and imprisoned for it. Well, perhaps that is fact for some of our worst doings, but we are limited in power and cannot do as we wish.

"As you do not believe in any one chief or king devil, who do you think controls us or rules us? Why of course no one; we are our own masters, and live together and travel whenever we please if we can find the way. We never ascend high mountains or high places as you well know, but descend and rise up out of our places on to plains, and come to you where you are. We find you because we are sent to you by our king. Yes, we see you have "cornered" us again, for above we said we are our own masters and have no king.

You see we cannot help lying Then you are disgusted, and we see you will not allow us to proceed except to ask a question if we desire. Well, what is your God like? is he man or devil?" "He is a *Divine* Human Being, Person, or Man." . . .

August 3.—"We are your old antagonists, and have fooled you again by impressing you mentally that some good spirits would say something pleasant to you. You see we still try you and again succeed. Draw your own inferences. We are not often so successful. We will not answer mental questions concerning our states any more, as you purpose publishing what will injure our cause." "What is your cause?" "Our cause is to destroy anything good in the church and in man, and in you if we can. But you have almost cast us off, so that we hardly expected this success. So you see when you were rejoicing in your strength, we took you on a new tack and captured you. You are smart, but we are too many for one little fellow. Yes, we see what you are doing and the things before your eyes, just as we see things in our world through our own eyes. We were reading with you just now from that hateful Book."

September 11.—I was reading No. 2132, A. C., as follows: "It is said in the Word (Matthew xxii. 11, 12, 13) that there came one to the wedding who had not on a wedding garment, and that he was cast out. How this case is, was also shown me. There are some who, in the life of the body, are so principled in deceit that they can feign themselves angels of light; and while they are in such a hypocritical state in the other life, they can also insinuate themselves into the nearest heavenly societies. But they do not long continue there, for as soon as they perceive the sphere of mutual love which there prevails, they are seized with fear and horror, and cast themselves headlong down. It then appears in the world of spirits as if they were cast down by others."

While reading this I was sensibly affected by spirits, who, tacitly, frequently talk to me. I cannot help replying to their words or thoughts, and recognize their presence. Now I did the same, and wondered if they saw the words I was reading, and how they were affected by them. Somewhat to my surprise they controlled my hand, and, with pencil, pointed along the lines as I read. My hand was absolutely passive. Thus they demonstrated that they saw through my eyes as they say, and pointed to the place as I would myself. And this they did when I repeated reading the same lines.

I asked, "Do you understand what is involved in the 'One without a wedding garment being thrust out'?"

"We see in your mind that the wedding garment is an emblem of the divine truths given to the Lord's Church, and marriage represents the conjunction of good and truth in the church, as represented by the bride and bridegroom. These are the principles which are in the Lord's true Church, and which are conjoined by the Lord into one by marriage. Garments signify truths which clothe, and the uninvited guest was not robed in truths but in falses; hence he was easily detected, just as an evil spirit, when he ascends into a heavenly society, is detected, or detects his own incongruous condition. Being cast out of the wedding-chamber is only an appearance in the text, as it is in fact in the heavens when evil spirits presume to enter where they cannot affiliate. Then they discover their mistake, and as gracefully as possible take themselves out of the society so uncongenial and repugnant, and seek their own place and kind. And this appears as if they were cast out, which they are not

'But we never saw such appearances of any being cast down, nor of any ascending above their level. We wish we could rise into heaven and see what is there. But you say we could not endure the heat and light, because we are not adapted to that interior sphere. We understand that, still

we have a desire to go everywhere, but we are limited by conditions that bind us to our humble sphere. Hence our intercourse with you is a great relief and pleasure, as we are not then in barren wastes, but see the light and beauty of the world in such things as come under your observation."

CHAPTER IV.

SPIRITS DENY GOD.—ADVICE.—READ THROUGH MY EYES.—JOKING.—PUNISHED.—ALWAYS PRESENT.—ASSOCIATION.—THE BANNER MESSAGE.—DOLLY.—ABOUT DRAWINGS.—USE OF INTERCOURSE.—MY SPIRIT HOME.—ENTRANCE INTO SPIRIT LIFE.—LIGHT.—STUPIDITY.—HUMILIATION.—CONFIDENTIAL.—CHILDREN HATED.—PRAYER FOR DELIVERANCE.—MARVELLOUS INTIMACY.

SEPTEMBER 11.—"We have our wives just as all good spirits have. We change them as often as we please, but that is not adultery nor fornication. Go to hell, you old fool. You think we are all bad. You judge us from experience and the way we treated you, and lying about all who are dear to you. Yes, it shows our character, but we cannot do a good act because we are not so inclined.

"No, we do not believe in any God whatever, and that is why we hate you, for you do in such a way that we cannot operate on you for that reason. We can write if you consent, but that is all; and you stop us at your pleasure, and that hurts us.

"Only Alice. Now, Mr. Hartman, we are not mad with you any more. You cannot endure such infusion into your thoughts, you say. Then abandon this forever, for we cannot help it when you think of us, for you know we are adulterers from hell. We may as well confess the truth, and it is your anxiety to learn something better that leads you to

open the way for us. We thank you, certainly, but pity you as you do us, for we cannot help you any more than you can help us. . . .

"You see we were reading with you just the same as if we were with you in the world, except that we look through your eyes. We see just what you see, think as you think, and so forth. But how it is we cannot explain. This has been a difficult problem in your mind for years. Now if you shut your eyes we will show you something new." "No fooling?" "No, just close your eyes as you are." Not a thing was seen, as I had expected, but I was disposed to be amused. "Well, you see we can play a joke, if we are bad. We are a jolly set of cusses, any way, just now, and we know you enjoy fun as well as any man living, if you can only see where the laugh comes in, even at your own expense, provided it is not rude or vulgar.

"The subject you were reading is not agreeable to us. It savors too much of hell punishments. You see we are not there now, nor in any such conditions. We are in nice houses, as described by spirits through some mediums, and everything is lovely, as you suggest. We follow your thought in that, but it is not exactly true, for we have awful times with our enemies, who often assault and beat us with whips because we do not obey orders. No, that is not bosh! and it makes us feel and act like demons when punished. But how can we help what is born in us, and is our inmost life and love?

"Why, we do all sorts of evil when opportunity offers. We do not know how to repent or reform. How can we? We cannot believe in God as you do. Yes, we believe in God the Father, and we do look to Him for help and mercy; but our prayers are not answered because we do not believe Jesus is He to whom we should pray. Of course we cannot pray to Him whom we think is only a man. Yes, we have been instructed otherwise, but we cannot accept the doctrine. We

see some on this side who do, that are no happier, apparently, than we are. Yes, we see those called angels, but we do not like them; they are not agreeable to us. We keep off from them and they from us.

"Our 'crew,' as you call us, have several persons through whom we communicate, scattered over the world; none better than you, some dreadful fellows who swear like troopers. But we cannot get you into that, though we try hard to do it, at which you have recently wondered somewhat.*

"Yes, we heard that bell ring for tea. We go with you, and, while you eat, somehow it seems to refresh and satisfy us as well as it does you. It was funny the way we used to tell you what to eat, and how much, and so on. But that is past. We are good friends now and will treat you better, as you have treated us better to-day, real good, so that we played off the joke for fun. Good-bye."

Now a little picture, representing a flying bird, was drawn, with this explanation, "That is a little bird on the wing, with good news to you from some one you love dearly—Only Alice." . . .

"We do not come; we are here always waiting on you to help you cross the winter ocean of life. That is your time of life. We are not the very bad beings that you so often call us. We cannot leave you if we would, because we are appointed to do the work which we cannot help doing. We don't know who appointed us. We know we are here to torment you as much as we can. We came from the lower regions, as you suppose, and we know our past life was an evil one, and that we were brought from our homes to be with you. No, no; nothing of the sort, we were never further than where we are. Only Alice." . . .

* I have been conscious of an influx of profane words into my mind, which, being so contrary to my habits, I could ascribe to no other cause than evil spirits.

"We never leave you to go to others; we dare not, for something holds us to you. No, we do not get tired of being with you, although you abuse us; we like to be with you because you will sometimes talk to us as if you saw us, which no other one will that comes into our presence. Of course we consider you our *protegé*, and we must help you in many ways, which we cannot nor dare explain.

"Novitiate spirits have nothing to do with you nor with any other man. It is all pretence when messages come from recently deceased friends. You will never know the mystery of Dolly's message in the *Banner of Light*. It was one of the best tricks ever originated on our side. There was a female sent from the circle on our side to personate Dolly, who was familiar with the circumstances, and fabricated the message, easily imposing on the Boston circle as well as on the circle here.*

"Wherever she may be, we never see her. She is not here in our sight, nor any of your personal friends. They are probably prevented from holding intercourse for some good reason. It is a pleasure to write, because we are then in your world again. Yes, we speak to you all the time, but you do not hear us any more."

September 14.—"Yes, some among us are better scholars than others. We have learned men among us, but they are not sent to you, because you are too ignorant to understand them, just as you sometimes say to us, as if we were not learned enough to entertain such an idiot as you are." "Thanks, now we are even, try again." "You say we are ignorant as children and act like children in our drawings, while you are no better in that respect. Now you try to draw a flower, or horse, or bird, and see what you will do.

"No, not to amuse you. I might to amuse myself, but I

* This explanation I deem quite unreliable.

wish to gain information from you or to impart some to you. I see no other use in our intercourse except instruction.

"You are all right then; we are weary of your opinion. We will ask you a question for information, as you often ask us. Now where do you think your home is in this world?" "As I have never consciously been in that world, and have not seen it, how can I answer?" "You think you sometimes dream of it, and things on this side, then you think you have been here in spirit with friends." "True, I have dreamed of friends, and others that I never knew, and saw them in several beautiful places not in this world. But I never dreamed of seeing my home in that world, nor any place which I supposed was my abode in the state of novitiate spirits.

"Yes, we understand all that. But you are mistaken respecting the first state of novitiate spirits. All come into the light at once, not light as in the world, such as we see through your eyes, but immensely intenser. Your light, as now, since that cloud covers the sun, is indeed darkness. We have always been in the same light, and were never doomed to the darkness of pits, caves, and abodes of demons. No, sir, we know nothing of such darkness, nor hell, but we are not always in sunshine either, no more than you are to-day, when it is light and cloudy alternately; but we have days of gloom, sadness, and unhappiness, and then days of joy, gladness, and sports. Thus you see we are as happy as others on this side.

"We know all you have read from Swedenborg on this subject, and remember it better than you do, although you think us stupid. The fact is you are as stupid as an ass, and we get out of patience with your stupidity, because you persist in calling us bad names, and try to drive us away from you when you know we are appointed to remain with you, and you are continually offending us by ordering us to 'get out!

go away! I don't want you,' etc., when we are helping you even with our bad ways injected into your thoughts. You see how trying it is to your life, and how it tests your constancy to your convictions—all of which we see and fully comprehend; and this torment is your gloomy state. But we will let up on you, and then your thoughts will fly hither and thither like the wind. Now what do you say to that?"

"That is good mind-reading, and quite rational so far as I can judge from my present state of stupidity and ignorance—that is, it is rationally and logically stated; but I am in grave doubts respecting the truth of what you say, especially the first part."*

"So we perceived, and you lifted your thoughts to the Lord when writing, as if afraid you were doing violence to the truth to admit as much as you did. But you are nearer right than you suppose; for, as you have been suspecting, we are only drawing you on with our arts so as to catch you again, you idiot! Don't you see that you are a poor simpleton?"

"Yes, I see it. I have seen it all my life. God knows how truly I think I am a simpleton, hardly knowing good from evil, right from wrong; and how earnestly I desire to find the good and true."

"That is the best thing you ever said to us. We are glad you have come to it. We rejoice with you, because you are now in a state to receive instruction, and we may help you, as it is our business to do so when you are in a state to receive. We will hereafter be able to help you if you continue in this state. Yes, we know you are earnestly reading,

* While the above was being rapidly written, spirits saw my thoughts and continued writing without interruption. If I objected or approved they perceived it and mentally responded; and thus we mentally conversed while the writing proceeded. Marvellous as this fact may appear, it has been many times repeated.

hoping to be brought into the light or truth as it is in heaven. Yes, that means in this world where the Lord is worshipped in the true light. But you are getting alarmed at all this writing. We will not keep you in it any longer if you are afraid, but you are not.

"Well, we wish to tell you that the best way for you to do, is not to think of past experiences. Yes, you know that, you say, but the mind will revert to the past in spite of us. True, and as you suggest, the good and evil of our lives are behind us, and spirits bend our minds in that direction, the good to the 'remains' stored up, the evil to everything we would be glad to forget; and the use of memory as a storehouse, is like a cistern filled with water whence one may draw at pleasure, or like a bin filled with flour whence one may draw as needed; and as you further suggest, we are led between and in the midst of all these past things of good and evil for the sake of regeneration. Very good; we see you are still in a good state to receive our instruction. We will say now, your tormentors will not trouble you much longer, as they will be withdrawn, by the Lord of course. But we will see that it will be done if you continue in your present mind.

"Yes, we are only passing the time with you, fooling, as you have suspected. We saw all your thoughts, and tried to keep your confidence; but somehow you perceive that we are the same class, though we may pretend to be others."

"When you see children through my eyes, how are you affected?"

"We hate them like hell—worse than snakes, because we cannot do with them as our lusts crave; and when we see beautiful women, especially young girls or virgins, we burn like fire to possess them. That is one cause of your affliction, for our thoughts inspire yours, and we see how shocked you are, and pray to be delivered. But so long as we are associated with you, and see through your eyes, we cannot do otherwise."

"Then I pray God that I may be delivered from your power to see through my eyes, or perceive anything through my senses."

Writing then ceased. Words are inadequate to describe the quick perceptions of these spirits to see, and ability to write, everything in my mind without effort on my part. There is no effort at composition, but what is written is without reflection or previous meditation. This interior relation gives them such accurate knowledge of my thoughts, that I cannot in the least think one thing and say another, without their detecting it. They know precisely what I think, good or bad, and they confess that they inspire bad words or thoughts which annoy me. And it is a fact that when I have met girls or women on the street, there would suddenly be infused into my thoughts some vulgar, obscene words or expressions so shocking to my sense of decency, that I have often averted my face or shut my eyes to prevent them from seeing their faces. Annoying as is this confession, it is a relief to know that their power terminates in thoughts and nothing worse.

CHAPTER V.

REMINISCENCES OF OBSESSION. — SPIRITS APPRECIATE KINDNESS. — CHRISTIAN DUTY COMMANDS CHARITY.—FUNCTION.—INFLUENCE OF CHURCH FRIENDS.—BOB, THE PHILOSOPHER.—RECALLING FORGOTTEN THOUGHTS.—BOTANY BY SPIRITS.

"IN our city we have no doctors, artists, preachers, lawyers, nor mechanics. We are all one sort, good-for-nothing tramps, as we were in your world. We do nothing but loaf, and torment any one we get hold of. How did we keep talking to you so constantly? We were

always with you, and do not sleep while tormenting others. Yes, we got tired talking, and then we told you to 'think of nothing,' which you said you could not do. Then you thought some of it was very funny for good spirits to deal with you in that way to regenerate and glorify you. Then we saw you laugh, though your face was calm as if asleep. Then we made you howl like a dervish. So we had some fun, and some of it was funny for you. Those delicious odors that have puzzled you so much were only induced imagination, which we can do, and perceive that you are affected by them. Yes, the bad odor also. And so with the panoramic pictures we showed you—all done by our art, something like mesmerism in your world. The illuminated Book* in the depot was our crowning success. When that was done you yielded. But the leg dance was the meanest of all our arts. You were a real picture of distress, and answered very properly that you had the 'shaking devils.' But when you said it was the result of spirit mediumship, we had a mind to kill you, but then our fun would have been ended. We know you several times detected our inconsistencies, and thought it passing strange for God to act so; and then you wondered if He helped others so long a time, and all those other funny things; and thus we amused ourselves at your expense, now saving you from hell and then damning you to the lowest depths, until you wished you could go. And so we held you bound by a spell, all for fun—and we never tell you how it was done. [By spirit mesmerism.]

"Now you want another subject. We will give you one. If we talk nicely with you, will you open the way for us to talk occasionally as now? for it is very delightful to come to you and amuse ourselves and you at the same time. We see you have fears of results. But we ask no promise or bargain

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* See explanation, Chap. VIII., Facts.

of you, and hereafter we will cease our torments and really try to answer correctly, for we see you wish to be good to us, if you can without injury to yourself. Besides, you think open intercourse is useful if bad spirits restrain their evil propensities and try to be good, or moderate their "infestations"—that is your word; but we do not infest unless you hate us, and we see you begin to relent and think you have spoken unkindly to us.

"Yes, we see you are sorry for it, and you hope you will not again forget civility; but it was done from a fear of our power, we know, and we really deserved it, and, if you will believe it, we are sorry too, for it deprived us of much real enjoyment; for when we were in frequent conversation we had pleasant times, and we saw much through you that delighted us."

During open intercourse I would occasionally become indignant on account of vile insinuations, and would think very harsh and severe things, or offensive names. I could not help censuring myself for it afterwards, and the above refers to those reflections. But since this was written I have found in Swedenborg's S. Diary, No. 1246, good reasons for my moderation.

" . . . I have conversed with this crew," he says, "with whom some wondered that it should be permitted me to speak; but I replied that I was permitted to speak even with the worst devils, because they could do me no injury. If, however, they could do me any injury, I should have felt an *aversion* and a *dread*. Besides, inasmuch as they are now in hell, they are rather to be commiserated than that any evil should be done to them; for if I were not to speak to them, or were to use harsh language to them, a *disposition* which certain souls have contracted in the life of the body, and have brought with them, they would in that case have miseries added to their torments, which would be *against mercy* and

charity; for to wish well even to them, is a *Christian duty.*"

. . .

Whatever may have been the relation of spirits with me before I became conscious of their presence, it seems quite evident that they read and study with me, and learn whatever I think about, and are instructed in many things of doctrine and life, and can discourse intelligently about whatever we may select for a topic, though they are somewhat capricious and moody, but perhaps not much more so than men in evil states. There is certainly some room for showing benevolence to a class who are in torments and misery; but let it be done cautiously and with the wisdom that is born of knowledge and experience. "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

"We see your disappointment when we trifle and lie so much, and yet you have no bad feeling towards us, only you think it is not profitable, and hope we will try to restrain ourselves in your presence, so far as our functional use will permit. That is the whole matter, Mr. Hartman; you see our office, and we cannot very well help tormenting you. But we need not be enemies any more, only so far as you are trying to love good and truth, and so far as we hinder you. And that is a wide difference, but it seems to be true. Now you wish us to retire, but no others dare communicate with you as we do. There would be disorder here, and you would be sick from it. It is right the way it is; you comprehend and help us and we help you."

It seems quite probable that these spirits believe that they occupy a functional use or relation to me, namely, to hold me in equilibrium; and that they believe they are a help to me in some mysterious way; and there is little doubt that they find enjoyment derived through my senses, as they again seem to live in the sensuals and ultimates of nature.

"When I am among my church friends, how do you enjoy

yourselves?" "We are not often near you then. We change position with other spirits who are near you, and we fall back some distance." "Why?" "Well, we cannot help it. You are then under their inspiration, and we are only remotely operative in you, though we can sometimes induce thoughts or affection even then. Last night, when you were discussing theology with your friends, we were alternately near and then more remote. We saw how we bothered you when we endeavored to fill your mind with self-conceits, how you struggled against us. You felt us and wished us away from you; but it was our business to do it, and we did our best. We saw that it troubled you, for you desire to repress such vanity."

"Who was 'Bob the philosopher,' that propounded the syphon problem with a diagram at our circle?"

"We remember the persistent 'cuss' who delighted so much in drawing, and said Dolly was teaching him, so as to gain favor; and when you tired of him and wished him to go, Dolly said you ought to encourage him. Well, he is one of our dear little boys [sarcasm] you know, who plays innocent and does the funny business at the shows to amuse the children.

"There are many things you wish to know respecting our side which we cannot answer. No, we are not very accommodating, nor are you always.

"We may see you when you come over. You will know us if ever you see us, for we will laugh at you then." "I hope I shall never meet you on the other shore; we have met too often already. I want to miss the road that leads to your abodes; nothing personal or offensive is intended, but I am seeking a road that leads in a different direction."

I had been thinking of a topic for conversation, but could not recall it when I wished to. Then I thought I would test the power of spirits, and asked, "Do you see in my

memory what I have forgotten?" "Oh, yes. Your thoughts were just now, 'What is the reason we cannot impart to you what we learn from association with other persons?' Yes, it is as you suppose, we turn your mind from one topic to another, and hold the mind in one channel and then change it if we are in control, so that thoughts are 'lost' for a while and 'recovered' again by our help. But we dare not communicate others' thoughts to you nor yours to others, you see; our regulations are 'strictly confidential.'"

September 20.—"Can you have some of your friends here to tell me the properties of these flowers which I have collected to-day?"

"We are not quite ready to talk about flowers; but, at your earnest solicitation, we will invite a florist to come from another society. Well, yes; it is pretence on our part to say that, but it keeps up appearances of our powers and regard for you. Please show us a flower. First, take your magnifying glass and examine it; smell it and taste it, then we will perceive all that you do.

"The red purple flower is a medicinal plant, and is useful as a horse medicine, in diseases of the kidneys and suppressed urine, on account of the astringent properties it possesses. Well, you see we are only guessing; we don't know a thing about it; and you at once see astringents are not the proper kind of medicine for retention of urine, as they only contract the muscles and increase the trouble."

"Try another; any one. The yellow flower is indeed a very beautiful blossom, and affords us very great pleasure through your perceptions of its beautiful centre, formed by a combination of many minute flowers containing the seeds. We never saw anything so beautiful. That is all we can say. It is all that you see, and we perceive nothing more. The tiny white blossoms are nothing like the yellow for glory in color, though they are exceedingly delicate and possibly of

a higher order. You think so." "Who leads me to think so?" "Really, you have us now. Well, we cannot tell; you have some self power of thought, but you say no. Well, then, you think some power, the Lord Jesus Christ, gifts and leads you in any power you seem to possess. It may be so; we will not dispute the point, for we do not know whence power comes to us or to you.

"Yes, show us the other flowers. The 'life everlasting' does not delight us, that's all. The aster-shaped purple is the most delightful of all. There are really splendid combinations of gorgeous colors in the flower itself, and in the stem beautiful variegations of green, as you perceived. We were puzzled to select a word expressive of the idea formed in the mind. Your mental organization is such that you, and consequently we when using your brain, cannot always command freely the word required. Catnip. We are not ready to talk about flowers. Something is annoying us just now. There is some influence at work in your mind not perceived by us, and we do not like it. You are a ———. Yes, we want to curse you, but you will not write the words." "No, I will not, and I must request you to retire."

CHAPTER VI.

A TEMPTING BAIT —DO NOT CALL US DEVILS.—SPIRITISTIC CAUSE AND PLATFORM.—CONFESSED EVIL SPIRITS.—TORMENTORS.—ISHMAEL.—OBSCENITY.—VERIFYING SWEDENBORG.—BANTER.—BITTER WATERS.—ONLY ALICE.

SEPTEMBER 12.—"Now let us again ask you, if you will be our medium if we elevate you into the highest ranks of mediumship in the department of slate writing and materialization?"

"Do you not see the answer in my mind?"

"Yes, we do. You most emphatically say NO, because you will not be a medium for devils to deceive others, and that we cannot fool you as we used to do; and if you write for fun or entertainment for yourself and us, no one is hurt, fooled, or misled, as others might be. That is truly noble on your part. Most people care for themselves first, and others last, but in that respect you are the biggest fool; for we could make you a notable medium, and be of great use to you in that way; but you will not. We see you are called to dinner; but, Mr. Hartman, do not cut us off as you have done lately. We will strive to be civil. We see you think we are only wicked, abominable beings, who try to infuse only bad things into your thoughts and affections. Perhaps you are right, but"—

After dinner I said, "What have you to say in conclusion?"

"We were about to say that we do not like to be called devils, as we are not (!): We are men; spirits lately come over, and wish to return to our friends, but you will not permit us; hence our names are of no consequence to you. The reason we give no names is, that you constantly doubt us because we deceived you and lied to you; but we are not devils. We see them about us striving to ensnare us, as we strive to ensnare you. Then what is the difference you ask, except that we see our enemies, and you do not? That is a fair question. We like to torment you for fun. Our enemies torment us because they hate us. True, as you suggest, we hate you too, as we have said, and thus stand convicted of hatred. Hence you say we are not friends; but that we torment you because we are hatreds or infernals. That is bad, Mr. Hartman, but try to soften your expressions a little, as you do your feelings of sympathy for us."

"You will still strive to win my confidence, and every time wind up by showing your venomous intention, to kill,

debauch, or do some sort of devilment to me. Then, of course, I hold decided opinions of you, and resist your pleadings, although I indulge your interviews, hoping by degrees to find a method to protect myself, by God's help."

"We see your position is not very encouraging to us, but still we hope to win you over to our cause."

"Pray what is your cause, broadly stated?"

"We desire to show the world that a spiritual world is adjoined to, or within, the natural world. Next, we want disciples to teach this great truth. Next, we desire converts to our cause, and for that purpose we want mediums to speak and write for us, to announce the above truths, and also to preach the glad tidings that men and spirits are united in one great cause, the salvation of men from materialism; thus you see we have a broad platform."

"I see and comprehend it fully; and your mediums are doing your work bravely; but the truth is, you acknowledge a spiritual universe, and deny the Creator and Lord of both the natural and spiritual worlds; hence you are worse than the materialist who denies everything super-sensuous, because above his perceptions."

"We see your false position respecting our views; for we do worship God as Spirit and Redeemer, as you do, and we are not materialists, but spiritists."

"Yes and profane His name, and call on Him to damn those who do not obey you, when you should be seeking mercy and salvation."

"We see you will not understand us. We do pray for protection for ourselves and our friends; but we cannot save them if they refuse to work with us. We see you refer to our damning you, by calling on God to curse you when you were under control, and began to exercise your own will against us; because we got so mad at you for refusing to be our medium."

"I know why you did it, and that proves your diabolism, and ardent wish to send me to hell, which displayed a character infernally vindictive." . . . .

"Yes, we deny your Lord, but not a God of the universe, of nature and spirit. But He is incomprehensible to finite minds, and hence we have no fear of Him."

"And having no fear of Him, because incomprehensible, you have no love for Him. Incomprehensibility in your mind means that He is nothing, either to love or to fear. Hence you have no God, do not worship Him, but blaspheme His name."

"You seem to understand that subject very well, and put your points in a very fair way; but you are at sea about us. We do not worship, it is true, as you say, and we wonder at your knowledge of the fact, after so much that we have told you of our worship in Dolly's name, supposing you would believe her. But we saw at the time that you did not, as her statements were contrary to your understanding of our practices on this side, that is, spirits in our conditions. We saw your tender love for Dolly, and used her name and your understanding to picture a life on this side that would be acceptable; but we see we failed in our scheme."

Sept. 29.—"A question which you have been cogitating is this, 'Why do we not love to worship the Lord if we are good spirits?' Simply because we are not good spirits, no matter how often we may say so. And you know we are a lying set of evil spirits, constantly trying to deceive you; but we cannot do so any more. Nor scare you either; nor could we ever, in fact, often as we tried. Yes, you wish to ask why we made you confess all the evils of your life, and call them crimes, and never allowed a good act in all your life, except two as offsets against all your evils.' Simply because we were tormenting you with fears of damnation, and by persisting in their rehearsal, so impressed your mind

as to have destroyed at last your hopes of salvation. In that we succeeded pretty well; and thus, as you say, turned you inside out.

"Now you say we have the great advantage over you, in knowing you personally, and all the acts of your life, and that it was mean of us to speak of and make you confess disagreeable things; and you wonder if we are as willing to confess to you our evil acts. Of course we are, but we should shock you if we did, and we see your ears are averse to confessions, except to the Lord alone; and in that we respect your wishes, and good taste.

"In fact we see you have no desire to know our private history or name. But we see you have been conning over in your mind a name suitable for and expressive of our nature, for the sake of addressing us; but we do not deserve so bad a name as *Ishmael*, or a 'wild-ass-man,' signifying our hand against every man. We are bad we know, as you do; but do not call us that name. Say, you call us Mr. Jones, Brown, or Smith, any of those respectable names.

"You have thought to ask us if we have consciously been with you all the day, and seeing the things you saw and hearing the things you heard. No, not all. We sometimes could neither see nor hear through your senses. You are, as it seems, sometimes out of our sight or presence, but as soon as you think of our world, the Lord, or spiritual things, we are with you to respond and suggest. For instance, when in meditation in your walks you see animals, and think of their spiritual origin and significance, we at once suggest to your mind something obscene or vulgar, as you say, and which you at once repel, as if you knew it originated from us. So it does. How can we help it, as our delights are in such things? Then you shut your eyes and turn away, as you did yesterday when coming home, when you met three women on the street, you averted your face so as not to see

their faces, and endeavored to 'think of things remote,' while we desired to see their faces, which you perceived and would not permit. Thus we were frustrated in our desires. We tell you this frankly because you know it, which very few others would suspect or object to, but rather enjoy it; but you are determined to overcome us in that respect, and as you are kind to us, we confess to you the fact.

"Now another thing we wish to tell you frankly. We are not so bitter towards you as formerly, because you treat us considerately and in a humane manner, as if sorry for us. We see it all. You cannot help us. We are in our delights, fearing neither God nor man. It is true, as Swedenborg states, we do sometimes see or hear things in our world that are terrifying to us. We do not know their origin, but we get frightened to death, and we try to conceal ourselves then. So, likewise, there are little children or very small people come to us, and we cannot endure the sight of them, because there is a repulsive sphere from them that nearly kills us; we must retire from them. This is all true, not to be contradicted at a subsequent or the close of this interview.

"One thing more let us say to you while we are on good terms. You are the most wicked old sinner we ever had to deal with, and we like you on that account."

"Then I must be in company very much better than myself, and should feel proud of the high distinction I am receiving, and hope your good 'band' will commiserate a poor old fellow who is an orphan boy."

"Now, Mr. Hartman, you are the serenest old devil we ever saw. You do not scare nor get mad as we do when you call us bad names, but you are quite calm and only smile, and that provokes us. But you are a jolly good fellow after all. So in truth we commiserate you, and are mad at you too, for we hardly know what to say to you to provoke your anger."

"So I conclude after all the scribbling to-day, and I think, you have exhausted all your topics and are about 'played out.'"

"True we are, but we have many sweet things to tell you yet. Now who do you suppose we or some of us are?"

"The Lord only knows. I have not the remotest suspicion. I have no friends, no dear ones in your world, that I can think would treat me so wretchedly as you did."

"We see you do not suspect us in the least. We see nothing in your mind desiring such information as you think we may have passed over long since, and forgotten our own names, and perchance our old homes. Partly you are right, but some of us are recent emigrants to this country,* and are not in the least acquainted with you; so we wonder at the correctness of your conclusions respecting our relationship to you. But now you wonder why we have never permitted a friend to communicate, when you have earnestly desired it. Simply we dare not. You are under our guardianship as you seem to understand, and we dare not permit strangers or friends to interfere; and when we do not see you, no others can possibly see or know you, unless it be angels invisible to us, as you think they are. You may be correct, as you are about some other matters rather astonishing to us. Ask us something and we will try to answer truly. Oh, yes, we nearly forgot that mental question of yours to-day.

"'Why did we make you drink the bitter waters at the fountain on the high hill in that very dark dream like hell?'

"We remember it well. You were then the worst deluded sinner on earth, and we were just having our fun. You tasted that water for days afterwards in imagination, and the dark, misty sea, lying in the deep valley to the west, was a fit

* This is the persistent teaching of spirits through their mediums, public and private, intending to make people believe they are their recently deceased friends, when they are not.

representation of the sea of despair on which you were then verging. It was a good representation of your idea of hell, full of wild fantasies.

"One more you forget. 'Why did we treat you to the worst (figurative) whipping you ever got?' Simply because you went back on us. No, we do not say that because you have said so, but because it is true. You ask why, then, when we tried to use you as a medium in intercourse with your old friend Mr. Wood, and his wife and daughter, we made you ashamed when we could not give their names, when we pretended to be them? You see, we could not read *his mind* as we can yours. And when we failed the second time, then you unhesitatingly pronounced us to be lying spirits, to his surprise and to our discomfiture. Then you wondered why Dolly could not discover our nature, and not introduce us. Hence you suspected and then detected us as unscrupulous, lying, deceitful, and misleading spirits. And now you ask, with what confidence could you trust yourself as medium, when you are so determinedly opposed to lying and deceiving?

"There is just where the trouble arose. We discovered that we could not use you to lie or deceive; and when we tried it, you would not co-operate as other mediums do, very willingly, too, as they think it is just good fun to fool the credulous."

"We perceive that you are conscious of our efforts to infuse into your mind obscene, vulgar thoughts, and we will strive to restrain ourselves. We see you are not pleased with us, but you do not scold or speak harshly, but say you will deprive us of the pleasure of writing if we do not desist in your presence. We have a good notion to sign the name of one of us as an acquaintance. Only Alice."

"Now, Miss Alice, you were a very dear little 'angel girl' in my imagination, until you wrote that message to your dear

Ma, and told so many incredible things that your very little pony, brought by 'Captain Jack,' could do. Do you not see that I then doubted the truth of the story, because it was too natural and without spiritual life in it? I tried to excuse the defects, but the pretence was too transparent, and that was another straw that helped to break the camel's back of confidence in my band of 'Twelve Gifts,' who were my 'guides' on the other side."

"We see how indelibly all those incidents are impressed on your memory, and how one failure after another led to our ultimate defeat. Then, as you began to suspect us, you attempted to detect us, which we allowed you to do, as you see well enough, that we might still keep your confidence in some of us, especially in Dolly. In her you had such abiding confidence that you dared not doubt her, else you had quit before. Then you discovered the falsity and evil, and could not follow it. Good night, with our thanks for all your kindness. Only Alice."

CHAPTER VII.

JESUS ONLY A MEDIUM.—CAUSES OF SPIRITS' UNHAPPINESS.—DREAM OF A GOLDEN PLUMAGED BIRD.—COURAGE.—"A SQUARE DEAL."—SIGNS AND GRIPS.—BARNUM'S STREET SHOW SEEN BY SPIRITS.—SPIRITS WITNESS A PARADE OF THE G. A. R.—INFESTATIONS.—LUSTS OF EVIL SPIRITS.—MENTAL QUALITIES OF THE AUTHOR.—WHAT IS A COMET?—ASSAULT ON THE AUTHOR'S FAITH.—IGNORANCE *versus* INTELLIGENCE.—FREEDOM.—WHY ARE EVIL SPIRITS WITH MAN?—GOD'S MERCY TO ALL.

"WE do not understand the phenomena of Obsessions during the Lord's time on earth, and His power over evil spirits, except that He was a powerful medium and healed them by His medial power, which He

derived from His society of good spirits on this side. We believe in Him that much."

It is a notable *fact*, that the prevailing teaching through mediums places the Lord in the ranks of ordinary human finite beings, possessed of superior mediumistic powers derived from angels who are thus placed superior to Him; and very rarely is there any acknowledgment of Jesus being God Himself. Therefore, they deny the very essential doctrine of Christian Faith and Hope."

"I have been wondering what might be the causes which make a free spirit unhappy."

"You see we are not always in the same mood, just as men are not. Sometimes we are glad or the reverse. The causes with us are spiritual of course. For instance, our society is multitudinous in number. Some of the society are worse than others. A certain clique take offence at something, real or imaginary, done by their neighbors, and make trouble, which disturbs the whole society. Some encroach on the rights and privileges of others, and that disturbs our equanimity. Then we are not always happily associated with our consorts, and we change for others. This is not a source of very much trouble, but rather the reverse, on account of the love of variety with us. The women are in the same affections in that respect, and often play the harlot with other men, which we resent. Then some wish to be masters, or 'bosses,' as you politicians would call it, and become overbearing and imperious beyond endurance; and then we league to 'down' them, and a thousand things disturb us.

"Now, our trouble to-day is, that we are in a miserable, damned state of torment, because we cannot do as we desire with you. You are the cause of our torment. We spent all day yesterday and many days before to ensnare you into our cause for our medium, but you are the most determined, immovable old cuss we ever met. You went to bed and slept

all night, and had pleasant dreams about a golden plumaged bird and other equally significant things. We know of your dreams by seeing your thoughts when you wake up."

"Can you tell what became of the bird?" (The bird was a species of pigeon or dove.)

"Yes, you gave it to your oldest son, Frank, and told him to take it home, but it was not his bird and did not like him, and pecked him on the hand. It came to you and perched on your right hand, and you held it to your breast, and it looked up at you as if desiring protection. It was not of our birds. It was from another society, and it signifies what gold and the shades of light signify. We do not clearly see in your mind any other significance. The bird fought Frank because it was not sent to him, and you should have kept it."

"But it is not the disposition of a kind father to keep every good and truth for himself, but he delights to give to his beloved and loving children his very best gifts. Now as I acted thus in my sleep, I hope it may signify that there is a basis for good and truth in my interior states. God grant that it may!"

"Then you hope some good remains in your interiors? Now you see that is your error. Not a vestige remains as you gave it away to Frank, and he succeeds you and you are lost."

"You are slightly mistaken. I could not give away a good principle; but the more I should exercise it by giving good gifts (which is paying debts of charity), and the truths of faith by instruction, the more I should be compensated by the growth of those affections. God gives them to me, it may be, even in sleep. I share with others, and pray that I may be able to do so in life really, and not only in a dream. Such is heavenly delight."

"We see your false position again. The bird was a messenger from a society far off from us, but not a good bird,

as the gold and shades are bad, and correspond, as you know, to evil from falses. You know how it is."

"Gold corresponds to the celestial principle of good; the blending shades of color on the bird are modifications of light; and light corresponds to the principle of truth; and the varieties or modifications of light correspond to the infinite varieties or modifications of truth as received by angels, spirits, and men.

"A living bird signifies these principles vivified, and the coming to me of a bird, which, with my *right hand*, I receive and take to my bosom, shows an acknowledgment of, and an affection for, those principles of truth and good. Giving it to Frank to *take home* signifies a desire that he, being my oldest son, should succeed me, and place in his house or life those affections. Thank God for opening my perceptions to see so much that is manifest and instructive in the dream."

. . .

"We admire your courage in combating us, and are sorry you are not on our side of the greatest spirit evolution that ever agitated the minds of men."

"You know I was on your side, and you abused me like mad, insane spirits that you are. Do you suppose I have not seen enough of bedlam? God helping me, I want no more, and I clinch my teeth when I say that."

"We see you do. You look fierce now, as if you would drive us all off; and still it is not anger but determination depicted on your face, and it is that courage which dares that is desirable in our mediums. We thank you for many kindnesses and your candor with us, and hope we may continue good friends; and as we see in your mind the purpose of keeping this way open for us, we will try not to abuse the privilege."

"Do you not see that through my past experiences with you I have found you out pretty well?"

"Yes, and there is no bad feeling about it on your part. If only we would not infuse into your mind such obscene words and thoughts, you could nearly forgive us. That is kind, sure enough, and you ask no release. That is real brave, and we see you have on the 'war paint' from head to heel. Big Injun, you! In truth, you are a plucky old coon, too, and we may have some fun yet during lonesome hours."

"You are quite correct, but to what extent I may indulge you must depend wholly on your good behavior."

"We see you are a square dealer with us. We can hardly appreciate it under the circumstances, and will strive to deserve a share of your generosity."

"A square deal" suggests secret associations, pass-words, signs, grips, etc., and recalls to memory that several persons have reported through the press that they have met materialized friends at seances who were known to have belonged to secret orders; and now, when they manifest, they identify themselves by signs, grips, and other secrets. The reader who has followed us to this point will have learned that any spirit with man, however ignorant he may have been in earth-life, of signs, pass-words, etc., becomes acquainted with them all by association with the individual, and therefore can disclose any secret, when desirable to do so for the purpose of deceiving, and it is not to be relied on as evidence of personal identity. We reaffirm that spirits with us know all the secrets of our life, signs, grips, pass-words included.

To-day, while in pursuit of my business, I came to a street where "Barnum's Street Show" was passing. I stopped to see the parade, with my mind engaged with only what such a scene suggests. I had been gazing at the show without thinking of spirits, when suddenly I thought of instrumental music in heaven, and the distinctive instruments of each kingdom. Then I thought it would interest my "band" to see what was passing. Next I invited them to come and see

through my eyes, and then explained what some of the passing objects were. The invitation brought them into a conscious presence at once, for I perceived by influx that they were present enjoying the show. Coincident with this experience, Swedenborg relates in S. Diary, 720: "Often as I have gone through the streets of a city, and through a great crowd, and did not think of the spirits around me, they afterwards told me in almost every instance that they in the mean time *saw and heard nothing*, but to whatever spirit I directed my thought he was, as it were, aroused" [and brought into rapport or external consciousness].

"Oh, you old goose, we saw nothing hardly of that big show. You forgot to invite us to see that marvellous pageant. We were delighted with the camels, and the chariots were truly magnificent; you should have invited us sooner. But we see you did not think an invitation was necessary, but tried it as an experiment. It was thoughtful in you to do so, as you wished us to see some of the natural curiosities of the world, and the grand chariots. The elephants are not like those on our side. We have very small elephants, none so large as yours. The only chariot that we could see distinctly had mounted upon it a golden elephant. Your thoughts turned our attention to it. We saw scarcely any of the animals, except the polar bear as you called it, and the unicorn or hippopotamus, ugly-looking brutes.

"The crowds of people surprised us, as we never saw such masses on earth before, through your eyes or any others. It was an entertainment to us we assure you. Yes, we heard the caliope, or steam organ. It was truly thrilling to us, and we never heard anything like it. There is nothing on this side but small instruments. The Scotch bag-pipes were a dull affair compared with the caliope, but they were comical. The false or masked faces were disgusting exhibitions. We thank you for this kindness."

In the afternoon there was to be a street parade of the G. A. R., and I returned to the city and took an eligible position to show my familiars the grand procession.

"We wish to thank you a thousand times for what you have showed us to-day. We were never before so delighted through any man's senses. You have done us a very great favor. Both shows have delighted us, and we desire to express our everlasting gratitude for the kindness this day shown to your very bad and associated spirits, who wish they could find it in their nature to treat you as you deserve. But our inclinations to evil are so overpowering that we cannot resist them, and hence we yield to our innate controlling dispositions. We will endeavor to compensate you for your consideration.

"The marching soldiers with their gay flags and banners formed a scene such as we never witnessed before, not on earth nor in this world. In our life we see no such masses of human life in solid marching column. We are only in small bands, with some larger communities. Hence the sight of crowded streets, animated with men, women and children, and mounted horsemen, and elegant carriages drawn by gaily caparisoned horses, with many bands of music, constituted the grandest scene we have ever witnessed. The music, too, thrilled us, especially the horns, which you called 'celestial' instruments, but which we did not understand, as it seemed to refer to something above our sphere.

"So all the day we were seeing wonderful things, simply because you invited us to look through your eyes, which we cannot always do, at our own pleasure, unless we can establish the necessary conditions by securing rapport with your organism. Since you have been kind enough to show us something, we will try to deserve your kindness. We promise nothing, but we will remember this day as a day of

pleasure. If some of our other friends would be as thoughtful they might help us very much.

"You wonder why we did not indicate to you in some mode our desire to write yesterday. The truth is you were entirely beyond our influence until you returned home and were reading, when we were able to impress you by sensations in your hands, thus gaining your attention. We fear our hold is growing less because you do not help us, and do not love us." "How can I love those whom I have never seen, and who have acted as you have, and declared yourselves to be my deadly foes?" "But we are not in that mood any more since you treat us well." "But when I treated you well before, you were the most vindictive, unrelenting persons I have ever known." "Well, we acknowledge that. But we were awful mad then because you went back on us, and refused all our overtures to be our medium."

[Evening after the G. A. R. parade.] "Because of your infusions while I am at family worship, you do not deserve this privilege of writing. Why, after my kindness this day, do you immediately turn on me and begin your torments?"

"You are a little too severe now. We cannot help it. We know it provokes you with us, and we regret it too, but it is our nature and our *business* to do so."

"I partly understand the facts. But I shall make it a personal matter between us, and I will reprove you severely, and refuse you privileges such as I granted you to-day, if you do not moderate or cease your injection into my mind of your vile words."

"Oh, do not cut us off this way. We are sorry; but you think we are only pretending sorrow, and are fooling with you." "True, and I often think I should never again open this way for you into this world, but shut you off absolutely and shut my eyes, and never permit you to see anything that can excite your lusts."

"We see what you mean. In fact we are nothing else than lusts, but only lusts of love, low as that may descend in nature. That is our state, and you know and understand us, as you often rebuke us for our infusions into your thoughts.

"Now another subject suggests itself. You often wonder why some mediums are favored by 'exalted intelligences' from our side, some of whom seem to be good and amiable spirits. It is because they are of a different genius from you. You are in the love of truth as you say; but you are neither ideal, imaginative, poetic, nor artistic; but only practical and of ordinary education. And you have learned that we can only avail ourselves of the qualities possessed by the medium. Hence we come to you through your intelligence which tends to the theological and philosophical, and the former we assault and try to destroy, deeming it of more consequence than your philosophy.

"You know we might be practical* with you, but you do not desire that sort of information, but are always in theology when you discourse with us. We see that our explanations are partially conceded as correct. You are inclined to doubt some part, however. But we can convince you fully if you will allow us. Now suppose you ask us a philosophical question, and we will try to answer you."

"What is a comet?"

"It is nebulous matter, in certain conditions of planetary formation, collected from the sun's sphere or vortex, collected or aggregated by the attraction of gravitation from gaseous matter expelled from the sun; and in a reactive state, condensing and forming nuclei of matter, and then conglobations, meteors, and finally planets. These are your theories we know; but they are ours too.

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* The reader will remember that in the beginning, the Control was disposed to impart inventions of a practical character, but which the author did not encourage.

"We will add further that they never condense into planets, but are always comets. And we know this because we can go to them and see them.*

"You do not believe it. And we must confess you are right, because, as you see, we can go only where there are men, and there are none on comets; and hence we cannot see them except through the eyes of a medium. And thus we ventured a little too far in theory or asserted fact. And it is thus you know we take our cue from your store of intelligence, and if we go beyond we fall into traps.

"Again, let us advise you not to trust too implicitly in Swedenborg's theology. Yes, the same advice came from us [pretending to be a deceased New Church friend] at your first visit to Mrs. Dicken's seances, as you remember, and it was an assault on your confidence in New Church doctrines. But we see you are stronger to-day in your belief than you were then, and your discovery of our real character has fortified you in your faith. Now why do you think we are ignorant spirits?"

"Simply because you are in the delight of perverting every truth and good. And the evidence of intelligence is the manifestation of wisdom in the establishment of good and truth, and not in their destruction."

"We see. You think our state is an inverted one."

"Yes, and hence you confirm yourselves in falsities; and falsities are the inversion or perversion of truths. Those only who are in the truth are intelligent and wise. Hence I look to the Lord, who is truth itself and intelligence itself. And in the degree that any one is in the Lord's truth, that far he is in intelligence, and if wise obeys the truth.

"We would like to ask, why, if we are evil spirits, are we sent to men?" "In man's present degenerate state, he

* This is the method of imposing on the credulity of spiritists, when there is no certain proved basis for contradicting a bold assumption.

inherits the sins of his ancestors, or hereditary inclinations which would lead him to hell by actual indulgence unrestrained, if it were not provided that he should be held in equilibrium. To this end evil spirits come to man, and, unconsciously to him, excite his hereditary inclinations, and use their utmost endeavors to lead him into a life of evil and falsity, which is contrary to his original nature, which was that of innocence and love for the neighbor. But to prevent him from being overpowered by evil enticements cunningly insinuated into his thoughts and affections, angels are provided to be with him to counteract the influence of evil spirits. It is their office to direct the thoughts and inclinations to good ends, and what is innocent, pure, good, and true, and lead man into what is agreeable with angelic life. This establishes equilibrium, in which freedom or liberty is assured to every one, and in which condition he chooses for himself whether he will eventually live an infernal or angelic life."

"We see you are careful not to refer the presence of evil spirits with man to the Lord, but to their own option in coming to him. We think you err in this respect. How can we, being evil, and confined to the dominion of darkness, come to men as you say? We wish you would be explicit in your answer."

"Taking for my premises what precedes, I answer: That the Lord has a providential care over all his children; and He provides for every one the best possible conditions for his salvation, without interfering with his freedom. In mercy He has provided that spirits shall be associated with men; and although evil, He so determines that they may serve as some use to man; evil and bad as it may seem to finite wisdom, it must be turned to good when God provides it. Besides, the condition of evil spirits imprisoned in dark states, is probably ameliorated by being taken out of their

prisons, and brought into more agreeable conditions in the world of spirits, which is the plane in which they are associated with men where they experience many delights, and receive some instruction. It is the Lord's work and no one may condemn it."

"We would not condemn the Lord's work; but why do you say it is His work, since you have never been in our world, and know nothing practically or experimentally about it?"

"True, consciously in wakeful states I have not been there. In dreams I have. But Swedenborg, as I believe, under the Lord's protection learned these facts and published them to the world. I believe them from an intellectual perception of their intrinsic truth. And as one of the most undoubted evidences of their truth, you are with me, doing precisely what he says spirits of your nature can do when with men. Therefore your testimony measurably confirms his revelations respecting your world."

"No, we deny his revelations in toto We are not brought out of prisons, nor out of darkness. We have always been in this light, ever since we came into this world; and you are a victim of imposition. Swedenborg is no authority against the multitude of spirits of our world, who are now gaining the ear and reason of thinking men on earth. We are not good we know, but we are not wholly ignorant, nor lost to truth. Our evils are of another kind."

"Your assertions carry no conviction of their truth. I know you to be dreadful liars, notwithstanding you say you are not lost to truth. You have convicted yourselves with your own words, saying that you are perversions and inversions. You admit that you are evil, and pure water cannot flow from an impure source. You deny God, Jesus, angels—everything that is pure, good, and holy. Swedenborg says that spirits in your condition do all these things, and you

confirm him respecting your own states. The Lord's Word, the voices of angels, and the word of Swedenborg, so much preponderate in the scale of truth as entirely to outweigh all the lies, deceits and pretences of Lucifer, and all his long procession of lying demons."

"You are entirely too crushing in your last remarks. We cannot argue against such ignorance and stupidity. We are not personal, we refer to Swedenborg and his associates, as you coupled them above. We have no fear of God's vengeance, as some people have, though we see an answer in your mind that he is not a God of vengeance, but of infinite pity and mercy: and although we revile His name, still He shows us great mercy, and deals with us more tenderly than would an earthly father with his wayward children. That may be true. We never saw Him. He never comes to us. We feel like swearing when we think of it, and if it were not for our respect for you, we should say what we think. But there is no use, as you suggest, continuing the topic any further. Good-bye."

CHAPTER VIII.

How did God become Man?—Man a Spiritual Being.—Rev. Wilks again.—About Praying.—Mind-Reading.—David and Goliath.—Satan's Offer.—Reception of Novitiates in the World of Spirits.—Companions.—Divorces from Evil Consorts.—Hatred of Children.—Domestic Relations of Evil Spirits—Spiritistic Debauchery.

OCTOBER 5.—"We wish to ask how could God become man?" "Simply, because from eternity He is a Divine Man, and by clothing his Divinity with the natural humanity He became 'the son of Man.' God is the

only Man. Also called the Son of God, because Son signifies Truth or the principles of Truth, and is in distinction from the Father which signifies Good, or the Divine principle of Good, or Love. Each name signifies a different quality, just as a man possesses Will and Understanding, or Love and Wisdom; yet each is of different quality, both in one person. I have tried before to explain the assumption of the Humanity, and you no doubt read the matter in my mind, as well as I understand it."

"Why do you still believe Jesus is the Son of God?"

"Because the Word bears witness as a true record of the fact, as seen by my rational or intellectual perceptions."

"But you are not in rational perception, only in natural. The things of nature alone fall under your observation; and, as you well know, natural perception or reason in nature is often in error. How then can you expect to be right in respect to spiritual things which you do not see?"

"Although man lives in nature he is a spiritual being, possessing both a natural and a spiritual body, which are animated by his interior soul or spiritual life, derived from his Creator. God has given him the attributes of spiritual as well as natural perception; and if he turns his face towards the Lord, his spiritual perception becomes unfolded or enlightened, although he lives in the natural world. And it is then granted to see spiritually, and hence we may conclude about spiritual things, as well as about natural. But it seems to me that you see only from the natural degree of perception, while the spiritual degree is closed, and that you are the same individuals who personated Mr. Wilks so successfully, for you now express precisely the same sentiments, so that I am able to indentify you, though my spiritual vision is not open."

"That is not so bad. You see we are his representatives, and come to you from him. Poor man! He is

awful mad at you for presuming to teach him doctrine. But in truth, as you perceive, we pretended to be him, knowing him by some things clearly seen in your memory, which enabled us to personate him so admirably. But to come back to the subject. Then you believe Jesus is God, and all power is in Him? We see you do. Then why not worship Him as instructed by his teachings, kneeling at all times when you pray?"

"Where is there any such requirement?"

"Well, we thought you were violating a Christian duty, but we fail to see it in your memory, except from maternal instruction, and not in Christ's teachings as we thought it was where He says, 'When ye enter into your chamber, close the door, and pray after this manner.' We see your surprise at this quotation from your memory, but we see nothing about kneeling."

"Suppose Christ had enjoined that I should kneel, and that I had neglected to do so, why should you trouble me in my thoughts about it?" "Well, we suppose it is our duty to see that you neglect none of your Christian duties. You smile at that. But if you fully understood our relations, you would not. What is our related use to you, we ask?" "God above knows, I can only surmise." "So we see. Well, we are delegated to torture you into obedience of His laws and commandments, so that you do not go astray. Now you laugh. Well, we will give it up. You do beat the devil himself." "Why should I laugh as I did?" "Well we make such asses of ourselves in making such absurd pretences. Do not publish this nonsense." "But I ought for fun." "Oh no, do not do it."

There is probably more truth in the above assumptions than the reader suspects, when my "guides" claim it to be their duty to see that I neglect none of my Christian duties. This is in fact an important use they perform, when with

men who have conscience, by troubling them or tormenting them by self-convictions of neglect, and evil acts of life, which appear to man to be only his own interior thoughts, but in fact are the whisperings of evil spirits who delight in tormenting by such and other similar means; and thus men are reformed. Angels cannot do that kind of work. The claim becomes absurd only because I know whence the "accusing thoughts" originate, and am therefore out of their tormenting influence. Hence I laugh, which makes their claims appear ridiculous.

"Yes, we have led the discourse in this way, for the purpose of getting hold of your physical man to punish you, for we cannot do it any other way; and still you do not scare, but come up to the fight like a little man."

"Do you remember how the little man David went out to fight the giant Goliath?"

"Oh yes, very well. He slew him with pebbles taken from the brook Kedron, cast from his sling. He was a brave little fellow. Why was he, you ask? Well we see in your mind that he trusted in God for help and protection, and that he did not trust in vain. Now you think you are fighting us with pebbles too. We see your error. You have neither pebbles, sling, nor weapons of war—nothing but a fool's inordinate conceit."

"We shall not qnarrel about terms of that sort, although personal: but we will stop personalties, and writing at the same time. Good-bye."

"On this side there is not one who dares to approach you besides us, who are your mortal enemies, as we have frequently told you. Therefore, ask not again for better spirits. We are hell itself about you, and we desire to damn your soul eternally to the lowest perdition, because you will not be a medium for us to the world. Yes, send this to Doctor Peebles; he will laugh you to scorn, for he is a gentle-

man of spiritual culture and discrimination, and will understand what an insignificant fool you are, for refusing the golden opportunities you have, and which we again offer to you. We can make you a most superior slate writer, and poet also, if you will yield your talents to our powers. Now what do you say?"

"It is recorded that the devil offered our Lord, the Redeemer, all the kingdoms of the world if he would serve him; and He answered, 'Get thee hence, Satan: for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God and Him only shalt thou *serve*.' Now if, as you say, you are hell itself, why should I voluntarily thrust myself into the power of hell, for the sake of a few fleeting hours of infernal glory or devilish delights."

"We see you still persist in your refusal. Very well, now look out for danger ahead; we are from this hour your mortal and diabolical enemies, and will lead you where we will, as we did a year ago, beginning in this railroad station. Now we will make you crazy again, and finish you certain as hell!"

"Well, Mr. Diabolical Satan, you are a candid man, and not in the least strategical to-day. Only the same vindictive spirit or principle that is in thousands of spirits and men, ready to kill all within their power. Should I put myself in the power of hell with my eyes open? God helping me, no! As to your limited power, I am fully conscious of its mysterious subtilties; but I have shown you that I am not within your power, for I write at my pleasure, and by my will deny you this source of pleasure, as I shall soon do, and turn my back against you. Now I am going to withdraw from your conscious presence, and leave you to fight amongst yourselves as men sometimes do when panic-stricken."

"Oh, you conceited old ass! We are not fighting among

ourselves. We are arranging to capture you, but we see you only laugh at us. So we may as well own up, as you are the clearest-headed old sinner we ever met. Yes, that is our slang. Nor is there any use in apologizing, as you know our nature, desires and impotence, since you exercise your will as you please. We see you will deny us this privilege when you please, and you may never grant it again, if we act so resentfully."

"I have often wondered how novitiate spirits are to distinguish good from bad spirits, and how at first they are to know friend from foe."

"On their arrival we are all on the same plane, and we all make friends, as we see it pictured in your mind. So the good and bad vie with each other in friendly acts, and invite the new-comers to their homes, and they accept in perfect freedom, and go with whom they prefer. Then the bad introduce them into their delights, and if they are in accord they enter into the enjoyments of their lives and remain. But if not, they go off directly and seek other company, who are in agreement with their natures.

"And now you wonder how we know what Swedenborg says? Well, you see it is all in your memory, and we see it just as plain as if we were reading from a paper, and so it is in respect to all the things of your life."

"I conclude that I have some perception of that fact, taught by the facility with which you went through my life experiences, including childhood's halcyon days, and the way you magnified some of my childish sports into evils and crimes as you were pleased to call them, of some things before I had reason, and to which you could not justly attach evil."

"Yes, that was mean, and we should not do such things. But how can we help it when they are written in your memory, and we see them all in a moment? . . . Now

you see we have conversed with you in a gentlemanly manner to-day, because we see you really wish there could be some plane on which our conditions could be modified, as our present states seem dreadful to you. But you need not feel so; we are in our delights, and anything different would be painful.

"We observed you in meditation on this subject several days ago, and we followed your mind observing each turn, and how you viewed the misery of such delights, and reached the natural conclusion that if our loves on earth were such as to lead us into such a life here from choice, how kindly the Creator arranged states and conditions in companions who are agreeable to us while associated; and when from cause we desired separations, that it must be from mutual repulsions, and hence none of the unpleasantness of earthly separations, with revengeful burnings in them.

"But sometimes there is, for we have some sense of honor, also, about such things. We men being the stronger, leave our wives whenever we desire a change. The wives generally revolt, and are revengeful, just as on earth, and are ready to die for their men. So that we must find some sufficient cause for divorce from them; but this we arrange by our laws and judges who favor our wishes, as those on earth do for a price. Thus we separate, and it so happens that each soon finds another companion, and the past relationship is forgotten. Our homes are always occupied by two of us, each couple having their own house. These are in cities, suburbs, or in country places, according to inclination and the employments of each.

"Thus our domestic affairs are not much different from those on earth, except that no children are born here. But there are plenty come to this world, and those who desire them take them to their homes. And it is just as you think; and we do not desire them, and they are not with us. Our

women have no love for them, and would beat them dreadfully if they had them. Swedenborg tells how some evil spirits dreadfully mutilated a child brought into their presence.*

"We see you often fondle little children, and it hurts us very much, as we are always near you. Such love becomes extinguished with us, if we ever had it on earth; of course some of us had, and it did not save us from our present conditions.

"Yes, we may tell you much of our domestic affairs. We love our companions while we live with them. But we get tired of them because we like change, for the reason that one satiates our powers, and it needs new ones to renew our vigor by the novelty. Then we go to other houses occasionally, where there are novitiate spirits who recently came over, and we initiate them into our mysteries. These of course are very delightful to our senses, as they are often virgins, never deflowered by men on earth. They come here from choice, of course, in perfect freedom; for we are all free here to act according to our lusts or desires. Sometimes we are restrained by our masters or governors, but we are freemen. Well, these new women inquire for houses where there are men, and are directed to a general reception house where they congregate. There we go as single men, or as old sinners, and delight ourselves with the companionship of these maidens, who are willing to be introduced into the mysteries of connubial love, or the enjoyment of companionship with men. They are often . . . . brave and endure anything in their zeal, and do not resist, as Swedenborg says,† but they really invite. Some there

* This refers to the "representation" of a child, not an actual child, which evil spirits assaulted and in their fantasy tried to destroy by cruelties.

† Swedenborg says harlots have the art of making men believe they

are, it is true, who pretend to be virtuous, and resist, but we soon discover them as frauds.

"In these pleasures we can only occasionally indulge, for the reason that a comparatively few come, while we are many, and still increasing. All in our society are from the Christian world. Our society had its origin since the Christian era. We do not know just when it was formed. Jews do not come here.* So that we go only once in a while. Then we return home sad and sorrowful, and soon desire to change our wives. They do somewhat as we do, go to meet new-comers, and offer themselves as virgins; and thus changes occur age after age. You see it would be wearisome to be tied to one, or even to several to all eternity. We may now dismiss this for another subject."

Revolting as the above recital must appear to every pure-minded person, we should remember that it describes infernal life and lust; and that when spirits from earth pass into the new life, they are in freedom, and elect for themselves a life consistent with their interior inclinations or loves. The evil adopt a depraved, disorderly life, while the good rise above into a pure atmosphere, and blessed enjoyments given by the Lord to congenial consorts who are inseparably united as one.

If these evil spirits be the kind who are now seeking intercourse through mediums, it is easy to account for the prevalence of free love, which has obtained some notoriety in certain quarters, and also for the abominable nude "dark circles," where men and women, herd together to "facili-

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are virtuous virgins, and resist the advances of men the more effectually to inflame their lusts.

* It is probable that the members of such a society congregated before the Last Judgment, A.D. 1757, and were adjudged and organized into a society at that time.

tate the magnetic process," sanctioned and sanctified by the inspiration of hell. More recently, however, the better class of spiritists, who have felt scandalized, denounce and discountenance all such beastly debauchery.

CHAPTER IX.

NEW-CHURCH NOVITIATE SPIRITS, WHERE ARE THEY?—CAUTION.—NOT AFRAID.—SMITE YOU IN THE FACE.—MAN A BATTLE-FIELD.—RIGHT AND LEFT. — INFLUX. — BUSH-WHACKING. — NATURAL AND SPIRITUAL VISION.—CONCERNING SPIRITUAL COMBATS —A LAUGHING CHORUS.—HOW SPIRITS GAIN INFORMATION RESPECTING THE WORLD. —EVIL SPIRITS WANT ME IN THEIR SOCIETY.—SYMPATHY.

"YOU wish to know what we have to say respecting the people from Christendom? They are here from all sects except from the New Church, from which we have not seen any. Not one. It is strange, too, that none come here to us, for there are some bad people with them, too, but somehow we lose the track on this side. It is indeed true! and the few members on your side do not explain the fact. It is possible they go to other societies, the bad ones; but we have had several under our care on earth, but lost sight of them at last."

"That should be a comforting thought, provided they did not go to worse, or equally bad, societies; and your statement may be intended as a cunningly devised snare to lead me or others to forget always to watch and pray."

"We see your suspicion is again excited. for fear you might relax your self-control and be launched into evil. We see all that in your mind, and have made an effort to soften that 'crystallized' brain of yours, which you remember prevented us from taking you out of the body.

"You see we are striving every way to enlist you in our cause, and have given some details never before given, except to Swedenborg, as we see in your memory.

"And all these things excite your fears, and you look upon them as exceedingly gloomy, hoping you may never be led from choice into such abodes. We see you hope for a different life. God is your help we suppose. We know you are unceasingly appealing to Him for help to overcome, and lead you into the path of life. And so you resist us, and cannot be persuaded; and still you are not afraid of us.

"This always surprises us. And your constant desire for salvation, when we represented to you that you were on the 'ragged edge' of the deepest hell, amazed us, as we could not divert your prayers into any other channel."

"Why did you once threaten to 'smite me in the face' if I should exercise my own will, when under control?"

"We were very mad at you then, for you were gradually regaining self-control, and we could not endure that thought; for we had you at one time fully under our control, and wondered why we could not get you out of the body. Of course it was subterfuge when we said your brain was crystallized. But there was some hidden reason that we could not take you off; so in anger we said if you tried to recover 'we will smite you in the face,' by which we meant that we would destroy your interiors, which in our language means the soul. Of course we could not literally do that, but such was our indignation that we felt as if we would. Nor could we smite you physically in the face, and at that time being under control you did not see the full force or significance of our words. Good-bye. Only Alice."

Sept. 8.—"We were saying to you in a tacit way [by thought, or dictate perceived by me], while Kate was playing, that the music does not disturb nor yet delight us, as we are only interested in your thoughts while you were read-

ing on the subject of the initiament or beginning of the soul. We watch your thoughts, and endeavor to lead them into our way of seeing, but we know there are other spirits on your right side, who are trying to lead you their way. Thus you are as it were a battle-field, on which a conflict rages between invisible hosts, all unconscious as you are of their battles or presence.

"It is thus you are held in equilibrium and freedom, and you favor one or the other side, by your inclinations as it seems to you. But we insinuate as much as we can, while the opposing party tries to defeat our persuasions. We occupy the left side, or left ear, and we suppose the others have the right. We do not see them, and we conclude that we are not seen by them. But distance is not a factor here, and we are not always close to you, but direct our thoughts by influx, a subtle power not understood in the world, although Swedenborg and others have written respecting it, as we see in your mind, and which you partly understand, with some vagueness as to its mode of operation; but the effects are understood by you, as amply illustrated by your own experiences.

"You see now our relation to you is that of constant attendants or 'guides,' and your understanding of our relation makes you agreeable to us, and we seem like good friends if we can only control ourselves. But as soon as we begin to give you a conscious sense of our desires in some obscene or degraded way, we are immediately repelled with harshness, which you say you cannot help, as you are treating with an invisible foe whose strength and purpose has not been fully developed, and who is concealed in ambush while you are exposed in open light.

"Well, Mr. Hartman, continuing the simile, you do strike awful hard from your exposed position, and hit in well-intended quarters; that is, you meet us unexpectedly and as

abruptly as if we were the ambushed and you the 'bush-whacker.' This comes from your knowledge of our conditions, powers, and uses. So that after all you are not on such unequal grounds as you seem to think."

"Perhaps not, if I could only realize the fact, that I have friends on my right side assisting me. Their presence I assure you is not perceived as yours is, and I can only look to God in an intellectual way, asking His help and guidance, while I seem to be alone with you. But I have faith that there are angels helping me near at hand, and God also; but I do not always feel this support, but instead of it some sense of despair; when I suppose I must appear to be yielding to your insinuations and going in your way. Then I try to retrace my wandering steps, and ascend to a higher position beyond your reach. This is not fiction in my mind, but the most veritable reality possible to my inward consciousness."

"Yes, you walk with us a good deal in your meditations, as if coming to us, and then suddenly retrace to your old standpoint, as if you had been walking in sleep, but you were wide awake. Then you start up suddenly, and rush like a whirlwind to your old position, where you fortify yourself so that we can hardly approach again until you seem to relapse a little. Then we find you wandering in a moody state, not knowing whither you are going, and thus alternately changing base.

"Hence we must be attentive to your thoughts, and we cannot leave you, nor permit others to take our place. Now you see how impossible it is for your friends to come to you through us, or by our permission, unless by those on the right side, of whom you say you have no sense of their presence. So you see plainly how you were duped by us in the beginning, until you discovered us as false and malignant spirits. Then you suddenly attempted to leave us,

but having gained access to your internal ear, we kept up such an incessant talk that you could not get away, for we held you in conversation until you were nearly 'finished' as you call it. Then you wondered how we speak to you. That is sometimes granted us in our capacity as guards, leaders, guides, or whatever term expresses our office with men."

"Who grants that power of speech?"

"We do not know. It comes to us just as it comes to you to speak to us when you are thinking. We hear you as you know, and when you are attentive to our thoughts we talk tacitly with you, though you are often puzzled to hear us think; but we see your dilemma and repeat, so that by degrees you understand our wishes without writing them. Yes, we have, as you think, a more interior intercourse with your thoughts and affections, of which you cannot have the least perception.*

"It is there where the real battle is, of which above. The other is on the natural plane, and relates more to material things. You see we have again pleasantly entertained you without offensive words or infestations."

"As I was coming home on the train, I mentally sung a 'laughing chorus,' and commanded you to 'laugh too.' What was the effect of that nonsense on your side?"

"Rather funny, of course. We enjoyed the nonsense, but we do not laugh when required by others, not even in chorus. You see it was dictatorial on your part, and we cannot stand that, so we were mad. But still it was supremely funny to hear you laugh on our side, while your face on your side was serious as a judge.

"You wonder how some mediums speak and write in

* As ideas are the expression of speech, they are also sonorus among spirits and angels; hence the tacit thought of man is audible to spirits and angels when it so pleases the Lord.—*Arcana Coelestia*, n. 6624.

tongues unknown to them? Really we cannot answer, as we are not in the confidence of, nor associated with, any such controlling spirits, and we have not the least idea of how it is effected." "Then there are many things of spiritism now being manifested, that you do not understand?" "Truly, much more than we do. Our knowledge is limited. We have strict duties to perform, and must attend closely to our wards. We hear of some of the things going on, and know our cause is spreading. When you read the Banner of Light, we see from or through your eyes what is published, and rejoice."

The fact is, spirits read everything that I do, and remember much better such things as have special interest to them. Hence they learn through my reading "news from earth," which they cannot obtain from spirits operating in different functions, and whose secrets and powers they do not understand, because they cannot be present with them, and hence "are not in their confidence."

There is one singular fact connected with my experience which I may note here, namely: that while I frequently and constantly for several weeks heard a voice, and once two voices, speaking to me, I *never heard spirits speak to each other.*

"One thing more you wish to know: We are not a rapidly growing family as you suppose. Only a few every year come into our society, as we constitute or belong to a very small organic function in the [Grand] Man. You need not fear that we will tell you [our function], as we see you think it would not be well for you to know until you reach it, as you think there are opposite spheres of the same function, and our being with you may indicate that you may be either with us, finally, or with the opposite in heaven. That seems reasonable to us, for which reason we are trying to induce you to come to our side to help build up and strengthen us—all of

which you seem to understand and reject with scorn. But just now it occurred to you that we have given a new reason for desiring your company and help, viz., to keep up the equilibrium on our side."*

"God help me! I hope my presence in your society is not absolutely essential for that purpose. In saying which I intend no personal offence; only that if it be possible for me to preserve a choice, I hope it may be in another direction."

"We see your meaning precisely, and it is kind to us, even in the selection of your words, as there is real sympathy in the tone as we hear it; and that last expression of 'poor fellows,'† really touches us in a new way; and we also see the tears in your eyes, and the effort to suppress your feelings of sincere pity for us. Really you are the most remarkable case, as we have often told you, that ever came into our hands, which you now begin to understand. Now wipe the tears off your cheeks—and you continue praying, 'God help these men, it is not for me to judge them harshly.'" . . .

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* This idea suggests queries as to the possible effects on all the organic functions of the grand monster, when in the course of time the world becomes more and more regenerate. The hells will be losing strength and power, as well as proportion in numbers; and then what will become of the equilibrium? Moreover, it seems that the regeneration of each individual so far breaks the power of the evil functionaries with him and builds up the good, thus destroying evil forces by degrees but surely, until finally evil will have no power over man. The subject is very wide-reaching, and suggestive of future possibilities.

† Such was my thought, and like everything else that I think, they seem to have heard it.

CHAPTER X.

UNMASKING.—COQUETTING.—CHRIST CURING THE TWO DEMONIACS.—"INSPIRATIONAL" EXPLANATIONS OF THE MIRACLE FROM THE AUTHOR'S MEMORY.—PERSONAL APPLICATION OF THE LORD'S MIRACLE.—DEVILS NOW AS THEN HAVE THE SAME PROPENSITIES.

WHILE transcribing a paragraph for the preceding chapter, I felt so thoroughly convinced that these spirits with me knew that I clearly see through their disguises, that I said to them—

"It seems strange that you persist in keeping up this disguise, or pretence of friends, since you have been completely unmasked. Why do you persist in it?"

"You see we cannot help it. With you we know we are unmasked, but not with others; and your sequel will do more to injure our cause than anything we can do. We cannot play 'square' as you request. We are not honest nor true; how can we pretend to be?" "That is what you are steadily doing, uselessly too." "Yes, but we do not know how we can do otherwise. We still hope to fool you." "But with all your sackcloth to disguise you, I see through it, as if it were a cobweb." "True, but we fool you sometimes."

The following, we think, is equal to any of the "inspirational" speeches or writings given through mediums from the rostrum; and yet our "band" of evil spirits composed it very rapidly, occupying only a few minutes' time, and they lay no claim to being "exalted intelligences" to whom spiritists credit all such compositions, but admit that they are *evil* spirits.

. . . . . .

"Can you tell why the devils who possessed the two demoniacs appealed to the Saviour not to compel them to come out, and go out into the deep?"

"Oh yes, we can tell what we *see in your mind respecting it, derived from your reading and meditation.*"

"It is an exceedingly interesting picture of Oriental history."

"Four objects present themselves to our senses. The Saviour going up into the mountain in the country of the Gadarenes, signifying His elevation from a lower to a higher or more interior state. Then he meets the two demoniacs who are individually totally ignorant of the Saviour, and have no perception of his true character; but the spirits controlling them, being in interior light, at once recognize Him and feel His Omnipotence, and tremble in His presence from fear and terror, and cry out through the mediums, 'Torment us not! What have we to do with Thee?'

"Here then is a case of demonology which is to be cured by the power of Omnipotence, and Jesus at once commands the demons to come out; but they were reluctant to leave their mediums or subjects until others were provided into which they might enter and enjoy their infernal delights; and they therefore ask to be 'suffered to enter into the herd of swine; and Jesus suffered them.' Now they come out of the demoniacs and enter into the swine, which are impelled by the irresistible Divine power proceeding from the Lord, and they run down the mountain side into the deep, and are suffocated.

"These are the incidents recorded. Now let us note the various active forces involved in the sacred narrative. Two men are controlled by a legion of devils who disrobe them, cut and abuse them with stones, break bands or chains when they are confined or imprisoned, and are carried whithersoever the devils will. This is a case of complete control by

evil spirits. Their nakedness signifies absence or ignorance of truths. Cut or hurt with stones signifies truth rejected or perverted. Breaking bands or chains signifies release from restraints imposed by truths, which are opposed to license and freedom which are sanctioned by falses and evils. Tombs where are dead men's bones signify a dead state or death and damnation, and hence the devils controlling are without goods and truths, and damned.

"Next in point of fact, they desire to enter into the swine; and because, being naked and damned, the controlling spirtis could not be suffered to enter into other men, they therefore desire to enter into some subject corresponding to their interior states or corporeal conditions. Swine corresponding to these conditions, the Lord suffered the legion to enter into them. Swine being omnivorous and corresponding to corporeal lusts, are suitable subjects for them to enter. Now being within the sphere of the swine, they are altogether rushed into the deep, the swine suffocated, and the demons again forced out of their dead subjects ready to seek others in the world, or return to their appointed abodes in the hells.

"The deep signifies hell, or the proper level or plane in the spiritual world where this class of spirits have their homes, and where they properly belong when out of this world, and in their own interior sphere. The deep dark waters or misty seas of the spiritual world are not a collection of waters, but are a dense aqueous atmosphere, which to those above who dwell in light, pure, ethereal spheres, appears as misty seas, or dark oceans.

"This dramatic scene occurred on a mountain side, and not on the top (celestial degree) nor at the base (natural degree), by which is represented a spiritual state and spiritual plane from which the Divine truth was operating in the per-

sonal presence of the Lord, or Son of Man, which signifies Divine truth revealed in the world.

"On this natural theatre all the essential 'properties' requisite for a grand display of the Lord's omnipotence were provided and made manifest by the exorcism of the legion of demons out of the two demoniacs, and by restoring them to their right minds, and to their friends, clothed: by which is signified a state of reception of truths which had come to them in their states of nakedness and despair.

"Receiving the personal Lord, was acknowledging his internal Divine power, and was an act of receiving the truth into their understandings.

"Thus this Oriental narrative contains wonderful hidden arcana, because the incidents transpired or were enacted on a natural plane, in natural life, where the persons and all surrounding objects represented, and signified spiritual things, or the Lord's Spiritual Church on earth.

"The demoniacs were pitiable representatives of the state of the Church at that eventful hour; for while they were on a visible external mountain side, they were without clothing and naked, devoid of spiritual truths and dwelling in tombs; by which is signified the dead or desolate state of the church at that moment. While being on the mountain side they were also in the wilderness which also signifies desolation or devastation of truths and goods in the Spiritual Church then represented by the Jews.

"There are other hidden arcana contained within the narrative: such for instance as relate to the state of the Jewish hierarchy and dynasty then being consummated and overthrown by the personal presence of the Lord, in fulfilment of ancient prophecies, by the establishment of the Christian Church, and the beginning of a new dispensation.

"We see here a wonderful display of power in sending out the evil spirits who had carried the poor demoniacs up

into a plane superior to their own true interior conditions, and were there held in false states, when the Lord comes to them as if seeking the lost sheep of Israel, and compels the evil to descend to their own levels; and restores the men to their friends, clothed and in their right mind. This is judgment. The evil are condemned not by the condemnatory mandates of the Lord, but by his presence; or the truth drawing near and being perceived is made manifest, which immediately inspires terror in the evil spirits, who cry out on account of being tormented by the Divine truth in Jesus, and they appeal to him to be suffered to enter into subjects which were in correspondence with their nature. Thus 'the wicked flee when no man pursueth,' and are condemned by their own sense of antagonism and repulsion.

"The next point to be considered, is the two men now restored to their friends, and in their right mind; by which is signified their introduction or elevation into goods and truths which are friends or the neighbor, and into heaven amongst the angels who are their friends, or truths and goods; and this elevation and salvation, as is clearly evident by the Lord's coming to them and restoring them, is of the Divine mercy, without merit, or any deserving claim. Thus the miracle is a representation of judgment at the consummation of the Jewish dispensation.

"The men were found sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in their right mind. This, then, is a new state which by the Lord's mercy they entered after having been released from the legion of demons, or falses and evils, which had bound them in their previous condition of desolation and devastation of the Church in them. But now the Lord's personal presence or the truth brings light to the mind previously bound by falses, and dispels the darkness, and the men are restored to rational and intellectual perception of truths, and thereby renewed, reborn, or regenerated, and in

their right mind, which signifies in truths, sitting at the Lord's feet, He being the Truth, and His feet being the ultimate in man, and the ultimate degree of the Lord's manifestation; it follows that they were grounded (or resting) in the ultimate plane of divine truth, or in the literal sense of the Divine Word then so wonderfully revealed to them that they were all amazed. The men were now ready to be instructed, as signified by their attitude at the feet of Jesus, who is the Truth, the Teacher, and Master.

"This wonderful representation may have some personal application to every one, and seems to have a special one to you, and to us who have been the legion who have held you in external bonds, as the demoniacs were held in that day. You have to all appearance escaped or been restored to your right mind, and are sitting at the feet of Jesus waiting to be instructed or taught of Him. How far you are open to Divine influx, and how far you are receiving, it is not for us your tormenters either to judge, nor to reveal if we knew.

. . . . . .

"There are some other points associated with this narrative. Swine as an article of food, on account of its correspondence, is eaten by many people with great avidity because it probably acts as an absorbent of blood impurities contracted by evil lives or indulgences of natural corporeal appetites, and a debased hereditary constitution, and an utter disregard of the simplest rules of hygiene. We see in you a feeling averse to swine, and have frequently observed in your walks that the presence of swine perceptibly affects your physical senses, and their sphere excites an involuntary feeling of repugnance.

"Besides these external points, there are more interior principles which lie measurably concealed. Some of these are not clearly defined in your mind; others are not conclu-

sive, appearing as vague and not fully formed—open, as it were, for further investigation and meditation.

"We see nothing whatever in this miracle which is contrary to natural conditions of spirits of our sphere. We are in natural lusts; we delight in tormenting men. If men were chained, there are those with us who can break chains, as illustrated when Paul was imprisoned, when all in the jail had their bonds broken and were loosed as supposed by good spirits or angels. We will not dispute the point; but with the demoniacs it was evil spirits or demons with the men who broke their chains.

"Thus we are in similar delights; and if we are not suffered to be with men, then we should desire to live with beasts corresponding and suitable to our corporeal cravings for indulgence of inherent loves. Why should we not seek to enjoy our delights in the natural world through the instrumentalities of mediums in the world, when we can appropriate their senses and the things stored in their memories?

"The world is now enjoying an inundation such as was never known since the 'flood.' We are now controlling thousands who serve as mediums to gratify our natures in various ways. We operate into their mental faculties, especially the rational and intellectual, and infuse our persuasions to such a degree that we control them, and make them our obedient agents in propagating whatever seems best in our judgment that will contribute to our cause and principles."

CHAPTER XI.

SPIRITS WRITE TWO MESSAGES TO DR. J. M. PEEBLES ON VARIOUS TOPICS.—DR. PEEBLE'S RESPONSE.—THE SPIRITS' REPLY.—THE SPIRITS' APOLOGY.

MARCH, 1883.—I had held no intercourse with my "band" for six months, having become disgusted with them. But a short time prior to this date I opened correspondence with Dr. J. M. Peebles, author, lecturer, etc., residing in Hammonton, N. J., with the purpose of showing him that spirits communicating with us are certainly not our friends, but as far as I could judge from experience and investigation, they were base pretenders, artful liars, and degraded devils. It was thus the following correspondence originated:—

"The spirits with me address you the following. J. H."

PITTSBURGH, March 17, 1883.

"DR. PEEBLES—

Dear Sir: At Mr. Hartman's request we address you a few lines. We are not in agreement with him as he says. We are Anti-Christ, with all that is involved in that term. We are in continual combat with Mr. Hartman. We find that we can do but little to move him from the fixed position he has taken. He understands us too well, and knows the use we sustain relating to his life. . . . . It is our special business to tempt and try him in every possible way, and lead him into what is evil and false; and we have been doing so for many years, but not consciously to him until more than a year ago, when we commenced controlling

him, so that we found him to be a very excellent writing medium. Then we began a series of plans and plots to mislead him through his affections for and confidence in his spirit daughter, Miss Dolly. We succeeded in making him believe he was in communication with her, and at such times he and we were very good friends: but we were deceiving him then in a terrible manner; but it is our business to do that.

"This delightful state to him lasted until we attempted too much in her name, and tried to fool him by saying his daughter Mary was very ill, and that he should go home at once. Next morning, for the sake of correcting that blunder, we made another more fatal than the first, for we now said that Dolly had not been there on the evening previous, and that it must have been a false spirit as he had discovered; and now Dolly was present to expose the deception, vindicate herself, and claim confidence. But to our dismay he took an affectionate leave of Dolly, commending her to the care of the Lord, and resolved he would write no more as a medium for deceiving spirits, to deceive and fool others; though in fact we had only a few times written through him for others, but we were trying gently to lead him into it.

"He was a monopolist in the message business, and we had our fun and delight for several weeks in fooling him; answering for any name he desired to hold intercourse with. But he often suspected and detected us in lying: but we could always blame it on some other fellows, and promised to keep them off next time. That is our great advantage over mortals, and most people will accept our explanation; but he was always doubting our indentity.

"Although we personated Miss Dolly very perfectly in many things of affection, whenever he would interrogate us respecting things of our life on this side, we could only answer from things in his thoughts or memory of what he

had read, thought and concluded; and respecting such things as refer to our lower planes of spirit life, we attempted to answer in the same way. But when the topic rose above our vision of things here, or things in his mind not in accord with our evil states, we could not answer intelligently, and pretended ignorance, or guessed vaguely respecting the subject, and then discovered that we invariably fell into errors, which created doubts and fears in his mind respecting our indentity, or the happy state of Miss Dolly of which he had no doubt.

"Thus by degrees he discovered our true character, which we had to confess, and arrive at a better understanding with him. We then commenced tormenting him like hell; and having his open ear through which we had been speaking to him, we now bent all our force on that organ, and constantly talked to him night and day, never letting him sleep a moment. Then we persuaded him that he must live abstemiously on account of his health, and we directed him in eating and almost starved him.

"Thus we weakened him, and brought him under control, and made him do whatever we commanded, until we made him act like crazy. We were mad as hell at him for resisting us; and now that we had him in our power, we did put him through the roughest, funniest, crookedest, most infernal experience he ever had. At last, to cap the climax, we assumed to be God, and in his name commanded him; and he obeyed, contrary to his judgment and inclinations; and thus we treated him for three weeks, in which time he did not sleep a wink. Then by degrees he rallied under some force superior to ours, which he called the Lord, who in fact we suppose it was, or we should have taken him out of the body. In fact, however, we cannot do that; but in our zeal we thought we could, and he thought we would; for he supposed we were Deity operating in him;

and in this condition we held him bound so that he could not move in the least without our permission, until he could endure the torture no longer. Then he would break away from us; and the first time he did so, we were enraged to such a degree that we who had been personating God, now in our hot anger swore at him in the name of God in such a dreadful way, that he at once discovered our true nature, and rejoiced to get out of our hands.

"But we could not release him, and still talked to him trying to soothe him; and by degrees, by our arts, we again got him into his former state, under control, and again tortured him for hours; when he broke again, and thus alternately many times until he recovered, and we lost his open ear, and the use of his hand both. Then only by influx or dictate could we reach him, and that power by degrees partially wore away, but through which we have some hold on him yet.

"We used to operate on him so as to shake his hand after he had recovered; but he was afraid to write until we persuaded him good spirits would now come to him. Then he timidly tried us once more, and to his disgust we turned up again declaring our hostility and determination to lead him to hell. But we cannot scare him, and he is not afraid of us 'devils' as he calls us, and which in fact we are; but we do not like the name, and out of respect for our preferences he calls us Jones, Brown, or Smith, provided we behave decently and use no bad language.

"At last we know each other pretty well. He knows our purpose and fights us with Scripture and New Church arguments, and we fight with materialism, naturalism and Ingersollism. We are damned spirits, and the spirits communicating in the message department of the 'Banner,' and all the rest of that character, and such as are in your books, all have the same origin. They are from evil, lying, deceitful spirits, and we

will make some of the victims dance yet, as we made Mr. H. dance one day and attracted a crowd around him.

"Hence all this 'message' business is fabricated by associated evil spirits who read the minds of a 'circle,' as you would read a book, and then pretend to be their friends. We warn you against the sentiments of Mr. Hartman's first letter. He is all wrong as you see. We know all about it, if we are evil spirits; and we have no fear of God or anything else, and hate the name of Jesus. God is not anything —all moonshine. Mr. Hartman has limited us to this sheet; but he never before has allowed us to write as we do to you; but to-day he has granted us a privilege, which is now ended.

"Yours respectfully, JAMES MONROE,
"and several other American citizens, all in hell for having lived wicked lives while on earth."

To our letter sent with the above, Dr. Peebles replied under date of March 17th. We insert only the last paragraph of his letter.

"I think quite seriously of answering, or replying to this 'band' of spirits that have written to me through your hand. What do you think of it? Most truly thine,

"J. M. PEEBLES."

Having perused the lettter, my "Twelve" expressed a wish to address another letter to him, which I granted, and is given as follows:—

PITTSBURGH, March 31, 1883.

"DEAR BROTHER PEEBLES:

"We are delighted with another opportunity offered by Mr. H. to briefly address you again. We see he has some reserve in his mind in respect to publishing our message. He wants no publicity in these matters. He is at present very reserved. Formerly while he thought it was all right and emanated from good spirits or friends, he was very bold

and outspoken about it; but our severe treatment of him has made him averse to any notoriety.

"We have revealed to him our true nature as he has stated it, namely, that we are his evil-attending spirits, and it is our office by appointment by some overruling power, to tempt, try, and torment him, and finally bring him into our society if we can do it. He recognizes our office and the use it is in regenerating man, by compelling him to resist our machinations as sins or evils of life and falsities of faith. We own that this is our delight; but it does not seem to be his way of thinking, and we have debated the case with him time and time again, trying to persuade him to accept our views, and deny Jesus, Christ, God, and everything belonging to such preposterous belief. But he is exceedingly stubborn in his way of thinking, and resists us steadily.

"Should you think of publishing or answering our former letter to you, allow us to make the simple request that you 'give the devil his due.' We mean by that, that we are not such miserable wretches as Christians generally suppose devils to be. Mr. H. can testify that we have afforded him a great deal of sport, although we are not on good terms with him, and hound him around wherever he goes, to his infinite disgust; and we often suggest such improper things that he sometimes shuts his eyes to prevent our seeing anything present with him. You may not know that we can only see through our medium's eyes and not with our own into the world, and when his eyes are closed, our vision is cut off.

"You can see then, how much delight we receive through his eyes; and how it provokes us when he shuts us off. He once invited us to see Barnum's great street show, and on the same day a parade of the G. A. R. We never had seen anything like it on either side, and felt under many obligations for his consideration; but the next hour we were doing *our best to* hurt him by infestations. But he is almost invul-

nerable to our influences, and is so sensitive to our impressions that he at once recognizes our work, and attributes it to us directly, and does not impute it to himself, as if it were his own thoughts, but charges them to us; and we have to confess, for he has thoroughly found us out, and cannot be imposed on to any great extent.

"We thank you for your expression of pleasure or interest in our letter. We hope you and Mr. H. may find new pleasure in future acquaintance, personal or by writing.

"There is not much more to be said at this time, except to correct Mr. Hartman's statement respecting the name signed to our former letter. The name is genuine, which no one can deny, nor yet establish his charge of forgery. He laughs at that because we cannot be brought into Court, nor can we be identified—nor can we prove our identity except by assertion, and ours is just as good as his And besides, we know who we are, and he does not; nor does he care a 'continental' who we are, since he knows we are devils who walked him blindfolded over a very rough road.

"But he has the best of us now, since he calls us his 'subjects' or 'slaves,' and says we cannot run off, and are bound to stay by him, and stand guard, and that makes us mad as hell; for we are free as any man on earth. We are at the limit allowed us. He gives us only this sheet, so you see he is our master now; but when he crosses into our territory we shall see if we cannot turn the tables on him. Now he smiles very serenely at that, and we wonder at his indifference to our threats. We try all sorts of ways to scare him, and he only laughs at us, and then we get mad.

"Ever your friends. ONLY ALICE.

"To Spirit Band influencing Mr. Hartman."

HAMMONTON, N. J., April 7, 1883.

Brothers: Through the kindness of Mr. Hartman, whom I have never had the pleasure of meeting, I am in receipt

of two letters from you, written from the spirit side of life through his hand.

"You perceive that I commence by calling you brothers; for however we may differ in our theories, or whatever our moral conditions, we are the offspring of God, and therefore brothers. Aratus the Greek poet, Cleanthus the stoic philosopher, as well as Paul the Christian Apostle, taught 'We are the offspring of God,' and being the offspring of God, being his children, being one great brotherhood, whether in the mortal or immortal sphere of existence, does it not seem reasonable that we should love and worship God, and do *good* to one another so far as we can?

"And yet you admit in your first letter, that you began 'a series of plans and plots' to 'fool' Mr. Hartman. You further confess that it is your 'special business to try, tempt, and lead him into what is false.'

"After he detected you in personating others, convicted you of falsehood, and, resisting your influences, refused to be controlled by you, you admit that you were his 'bitter enemies'; and, to further use your own language, 'commenced tormenting him like hell.'

"While disliking to have Mr. Hartman call you 'devils,' you call yourselves 'damned spirits,' and say you are in hell for having lived wicked lives on earth.' So far all is clear, for your admissions and your conduct are in perfect accord.

"And now permit me to kindly ask, if you propose to always remain in hell—hades—that lower stratum of spirit existence, to which Jesus descended when he went and 'preached to spirits in prison'? True, you may have your 'fun' at times, just as poor drunken sots in our world have their seasons of frolic and fun, in dirty, smoky, lager beer saloons. But to me their fun is nonsense, and their saloon resorts earthly hells. All men at times must have aspirations

for something better, higher, and more heavenly. And this no doubt is in a measure your experience. I mean to say that you have seasons of reflection, of meditation, and of aspiration for the good, the true, and the beautiful. You *must* have them, for you are made in the image of God.

"And here I half forgot that you say 'there is no God, it's all moonshine, and we hate the name Jesus.' Your declaration that there is no God, is an assertion and nothing more. Better, and almost infinitely wiser men than you, affirm that there is a God, a personal God; and in connection with consciousness, intuition, revelation, and design in nature, they demonstrate it. And then why should you 'hate Jesus'? Did he ever injure you? I confess that you astonish me! What would you think of me if I should tell you that I hated the rose that yielded me its fragrance? That I hated the sun that caused the flowers to bloom, and the fields to wave with their golden harvest? And yet Christ is the Spiritual Sun, 'the Way, the Truth, the Life', and the Saviour!

"Poor, frail, human beings need a Saviour. A man or a spirit might just as well attempt to lift himself up by his own ears, as to expect to save himself. It is only through divine love and divine grace, with effort on our part, that we conquer.

"And right here let me impress upon your minds, that having survived the death of your bodies, you can have but little doubt of immortality, and little or no doubt that you will exist through eternity—a never-ending eternity! And where, and with whom do you propose to exist! In the hells with plotting, selfish demons, or in the higher heavens with seers and sages, saints and martyrs, prophets and apostles, and the Lord of Glory Himself?

"Oh, I beg you as the children of a living Father in heaven, I beg of you as brothers of a common humanity—as conscious, thinking, influencing spirits, to look upward prayer-

fully, to look to Jesus Christ, who said 'come unto me'—Jesus Christ who loves you, as he loved and prayed upon the cross for those who hated and murdered him, and I beg of you in the name of our fraternal brotherhood, to no longer deceive and tempt others to do wrong, but strive to do right, cherishing no hate, concocting no scheming selfish plans, and stating no untruths. Labor and struggle to reach your highest ideal of perfection. I know by a checkered earthly experience of over sixty years, that only in being good and doing good for the love of God and the love of good, can I be happy.

"Permit me to ask if you love flowers and music? Do you love your kind, tender, and self-sacrificing mothers, who so lovingly carried you in your earthly infancy upon their maternal bosoms? You certainly have not forgotten them. Do you see them in your present condition, and do you now enjoy their society? Do you love little children, so sweet and innocent, and do you have their society in their present sphere of existence? If not, why not? Just think it over seriously, and answer for yourselves.

"I write or reply to you in the kindest spirit, for I feel kindly towards all moral intelligences, whether in this or in the spirit world; for the most perverse and wicked have some good emotions, and the wisest and best are not absolutely perfect.

"Before closing, I will further say, that I most sincerely believe in God, in punishment for sin, in the necessity of faith and repentance, in salvation through Christ, and in the efficacy of prayer. And before shutting my eyes in sleep tonight, I shall pray for you! Spirits have frequently come to me through mediums, and plead of me, imperfect as I am, to pray for them.

"And now, 'good night'; and may God the Father of us all, and His holy angels enlighten and bless you.

"Truly thine, J. M. PEEBLES.

"P. S. By Mr. Hartman's permission I should be glad to have you reply to this, and I give you the privilege of asking me such questions as you feel inclined. J. M. P."

. . . . . .

"PITTSBURGH, April 8, 1883.

"DEAR DR. PEEBLES:

"You are a very kind-hearted gentleman to take the trouble to write us so kind and instructive a letter. We are under many obligations to Mr. Hartman for permitting us to write through him, and now we find a friend in you who sympathizes with us on account of our lost condition. We accept your kind intentions with many thanks; while our true nature is such, that if you were within our sphere or influence, we would do you all the injury in our power.

"We have no respect for your authorities whom you quote 'that we are all the offspring of God.' No, sir. We are not offspring of God. We deny God, as we said before. We are not one brotherhood, for we are of different natures, from different parents, and occupy different spheres here, as men do different planets. Who made all the spheres, and all the men? Nature. Who ever saw God? No, sir, we are not all sons of God. Where is perdition? Who made perdition? Who made Judas? And why did Jesus call him the son of perdition? although he was one of his chosen disciples. Jesus recognized two states, two classes of men and spirits, demons and angels. Who made the two classes, God, man, or the devil? It is not important that you answer that query, but please recognize the fact as preached by Jesus, the very name of whom we hate. Why? Because His followers are a set of fools and idiots, worshiping Him as if He could save them. Save them from what, from whom? Why, bless your good soul, we are saved just as much as we desire to be saved.

"You suggest 'reform,' 'cease from tormenting.' Why

that is our delight, and we should 'die' if we had no delight. What would you be if you attempted to change your hereditary and acquired nature? Can you do it? We are what we are, and we can be no different, nor can anybody else. It is our genius to be just as we are. How can we be different when we have no inclination to be anything else?

"Our delight is to fool, and tempt, and try all who are under our influence. If you do not know that spirits are constantly with you, doing the same thing, then you have lived long to little purpose. If you suppose that you are not tempted and fooled every day of your life, then your wisdom is that of a jackass. Why, damn your conceited . . . do you know anything of this life at all?

"Thank you. We are satisfied with our condition; we do as we damn please, and are under no obligation to God or any other man. We are our own masters, not slaves to superstition, creeds, or theology. No! no! none of that, Doctor. Plotting and planning to fool, and deceive, and mislead, is our business. Mr. Hartman has asked us, 'Who made it our business, who appointed us to such unholy work?' We are self-appointed, self-directed, and we reap the delights of our work by seeing our victims suffer torments, and torture, as we did when we had Mr. Hartman under control, and in a state of despondency and desperation, so that he expected to land in hell. This we persuaded him to believe, because he believed in God, angels, and other such nonsense. He was our subject and slave. We commanded and he obeyed. Then we were in *our delights*. His torment was the best fun we ever had.

"But we are now under his control in a measure. At least he does not obey us, and we do obey him, and we cannot help it, when he commands. He understands our relations, and has partly stated them in the letter written Saturday night [the author's letter written to the Doctor].

"We are his bitter enemies, and we cannot help it. We want him to come and live with us, but he says he hopes he may never find the way to our sphere. You see he despises us. He calls us 'devils,' 'dogs,' 'skunks,' and 'dirty beasts,' because he thinks our lives are such. Nor do we deny it. Our lives are just of that sort. It is true he pities and commiserates our state, but it does no good. He, nor you, nor any mortal, nor immortal, can change our depraved disposition. We elected ourselves to this life when in the world, and when we came here, we simply came into the enjoyment of our interior wishes and hopes. Nor would we change if we could. Besides, we have been adjudged by our own desires, inclinations, and determinations.

"Do we always expect to live in hell? Why not? How are we to get away from what we have loved all our life? Hell is our delight, and the more we can bring here, the more we are delighted; for then we enslave some of our fellows, and can raise mobs, create uproars, and put down those who rule over us, and punish them for having treated us with severity for disobedience. We are always having fights, mobs, uproars, insurrections among us, and this is our delight. Have you never seen hell on earth? Do you not see that some men delight in such things? Those are the 'boys' who naturally come here without much coaxing.

"As to remorse, regrets, and aspirations for higher things, they are all 'bosh' on this side. We only regret that we cannot do more mischief, fool more people, and torture them as we did Mr. H. As to heaven: That is rather far off. Where? What? We see in Mr. H.'s mind many things of imagination respecting heaven. Those are the things we try to destroy and falsify. But they are impregnable. He is the biggest fool we ever had under our jurisdiction. We have suggested wordly pleasures to him, but he gets awfully provoked, and threatens to deprive us of this pleasure of

writing, and using his senses to perceive things in this world, as we see through his eyes, and now see each word as it is written. So you see when we are not in rapport with him, we cannot see anything in the world, and it hurts us if he shuts his eyes, and does not permit us to see.

"You think we have a love for the beautiful and true? For beautiful women we have a most ardent love; but it is entirely animal. And truth we strive to pervert whenever we can; and that is partly our office with Mr. Hartman, and the result is, he fortifies himself with more truths, and beats us every time. The result is, that we are helping him in our perverted way to strengthen himself in his truths, and now he has no fears of us. And that unexpected result arises from our mistakes.

"Our declaration that there is no God is worth just as much as yours, and a thousand others that there is. Are we not over here where you think God is? Yet we have never seen Him, though we talk about God just as people on earth do; and if you believe He is personal, where is He? Who is He? You say he is the Sun of this world. Who told you that? Some spirit who was reading your mind, and making you believe he was an angel. Be careful that you be not fooled by the 'good spirits' who come to you, pretending to be angels. Mr. H. knows how that is himself.

"'Jesus never hurt us.' We do not know. But why should men make fools of themselves worshiping Him who is a man? Mr. H. says He is the Divine-Human—Man—God Himself. But we do not agree on that point.

"If you love roses, flowers, children, and other objects which contribute to your pleasure, we can only answer that we are perversions, and hate all those things, even children, and there are none with us. They are somewhere else. Mr. H.'s thoughts are much like your words, and we have

many times discussed these subjects, until he has about given us over to our perverted lusts and hatreds.

"We suppose we had mothers on earth, but we do not remember them. We have none here. Our society is composed of similarities, and we have our delights entirely different from what you think. Excrementitious substances are more delightful to us than all your roses, flowers, and perfumes. It is true when in rapport with those whose interior senses are open, and we can come into their natural senses and the things in their natural memory, we can in some small degree enter into the same pleasures or delights that our mediums do. But if we are at home, in our own spheres of delight, you would be astonished to know in what our delights consist. We are adulterers, fornicators, and all that sort. Still we have our wives, but we are all free lovers, and roam where we please, and suffer for it too. But we cannot help it. Mr. H. abominates us for our evil life, and would send us into our caves if he could do it. But he thinks there is a supreme Power on this side who governs us, and regulates our relations with men on earth. So that he submits like a little gentleman, and discusses matters in a rational philosophical manner. His book of experiences partly prepared, as he has informed you, will show that we are not so wretched and miserable after all, and that we have planned and perpetrated many jokes, generally at his expense.

"You speak of man and spirits needing a Saviour, and Jesus you consider as the Saviour of mankind. Yet he did not save Judas: He did not save innumerable hosts of damned spirits. There is a great deal of theology on that subject—creeds—and so forth. Still we are not saved from our life of lusts, and love of torturing and tormenting others. Spiritists have much to say relating to 'undeveloped,' 'degraded,' spirits, as those who come in a fooling, deceiving

way. We tell you all spirits are not of equal powers. Some have more magical ability than others, and are more artful in their methods than we are, and can perform more tricks; and thus the world is led blindfolded into the pit

"That is our business, however; and we are getting a strong hold on the multitudes, and that encourages us. Very few combat us as Mr. H. does, but they are generally easily persuaded by whatever is said from this side, little dreaming of our real character. But it is our business to fool them, and tell them interesting things, especially respecting sexual intercourse, whenever we can get a 'circle' that will stand it. But Mr. H. will have none of that. He stops us whenever we approach certain topics, while on others, rational, intellectual, theological, or moral, he gives us a broad field and wide range. He is peculiarly sensitive on some subjects.

"You spoke of eternity as if we might have any fears of that. Our time is *present*. The past is not counted. We have no future. It is all *now*. And time present is when we act and live. When in rapport with Mr. H. we can see something terrible in his mind relating to eternity. But in our own conditions separate and apart from his thoughts, there is absolutely nothing thought of it.

"Your appeal to us to cease our course on this side, is worth just as much as if you would appeal to a river to change its course, and run back to its head-waters. Our course is fixed, certain, unchangeable. There is no deviation of purpose or delights. Suppose all evil spirits were changed by omnipotence into angels, how could man be regenerated without some opposite force of evil? You must get more into the interiors of man and creation before you can comprehend the use of contending and opposing forces. While we see your blindness and kindness, we can only thank you for your tender love for us: but it is contrary to our nature to hope or pray for your or our own happiness, as

there is no Being to whom we could look to answer our supplications. We do not pray. We have no worship. We are naturalists, or materialists, of the Ingersoll type of men. He is doing good work for our cause. He will be a 'boss' devil among us when he comes over. We will give him a grand ovation when he reaches our side of the river! and show him beauties that he never dreamed of; and we will laugh together at the mistakes of Moses, and at his own much worse than those of Moses. Bully Bob!

"You and Mr. H. are both big fools for denying yourselves such pleasures as your natural inclinations might dictate. We would persuade all men so to do. There are some very virtuous (?) spirits nowadays, that pretend to be angels of light, whatever that may signify in Mr. H.'s mind. (You see we construct our writing from words and ideas in his memory.)

"'Do we love music?' At home we have none. We are not affected by music only when with our medium. A few evenings ago he gave us some enjoyment at a concert of stringed instruments and metallic horns, when we had a pleasant discussion respecting the correspondence of the different instruments. [This will be found in the beginning of the next chapter.]

"We hate children, except females well-grown; and we love them from lust. Why cannot you understand the states of the damned? We are only lusts personified.

"If you suppose we ever 'have some good emotions,' and if you mean by that what we see in the medium's mind, and which we have often seen manifested in him, we have only to say that he is a soft, chicken-hearted old fool, whenever he gives up to any such nonsense. We don't like baby feelings. We like hard, harsh, heroic pluck and not tomfoolery in a man. Our women, however, have emotions like bitches, and fight like she-devils, that they are.

"This, good friend, is all darned nonsense. You see we are just fooling Mr. H. and you. Do you suppose that we are going to tell you any of our secrets and mysteries? Now, Mr. H. smiles, he knows us so well; and he may add a P. S. probably, saying it is all true. But we will save him the trouble, and admit that our statements are as near correct as we can make them through a medium that we hate, and who only permits us to write this letter for your accommodation. We offended him last night, and he cut us off instantly, and we did not know if he would ever let us write again; but the receipt of your letter to-day changed his mind.

"When you say spirits have asked you to pray for them, you ought to know that they were appealing to your pious belief and practice, and were thus striving to win your favor. If you could just then have seen their faces, you would have seen some good acting. Why, we told Mr. H. how to pray to the Lord, and soon after swore at him like angered devils can swear, and that revealed to him our true nature.

"We thank you a hundred times for your good wishes, but they do us no good. We will ask only one question. When you die, where do you expect to land? If you come to our city, you might find business in your profession as lecturer, teaching us how to get out of hell.

"Very truly yours, IGNORAMUS."

The above was forwarded by next mail. And the next seance I had, I said I thought they should apologize to the kind gentleman on account of their unbecoming language. They replied that they were only waiting for an opportunity to do so, and hoped I would permit them when "we" got home. The following, therefore, is the "amende honorable."

THE APOLOGY.

"PITTSBURGH, April 15, 1883.

"DEAR BROTHER PEEBLES:

"Several days ago we asked Mr. Hartman to give us a chance to apologize to you for our ungentlemanly and un-Christian language, used in our answer to your very kind letter. We have asked him what we ought to say. He replied 'that we should say nothing but what is true and sincere.' At first we thought we could not say anything, as we are such liars and perversions of all that is good, true, and sincere. But after obtaining a cue from things stored in his memory, which we easily read at our pleasure, and we see all the things he has ever learned relating to etiquette, and honorable deportment between gentlemen, it is from those principles that we are constrained to write this apology.

"This is preliminary. But we intended to say, that from those things in his memory, we see that certain forms and customs prevail in civilized countries, and among them is that of offering apologies for offences against civilities of friends, or even strangers. Now we see after reflection that we were too hasty in our reply, and in our words. The fact is, it was a new experience to have a kind letter addressed to us, and that, too, from a stranger; and Mr. H. allowed us to reply immediately after reading it.

"Perhaps, had we delayed writing and taken time to consider the import of your sentiments, we should have answered differently; but our nature is to 'rush in' as you say, and do all the harm we could; and Mr. H., for the occasion, let us have our own way without reserve; except in one case he would not write our words and made a ———. He wished to let us show our true character without reserve. So we did; but we now see that we did great violence to your good intentions, and now we sincerely repent that offence, and

earnestly pray you to forgive our malicious words. Nay, more, we will ask you to continue praying for us; for since we know that you and Mr. H. pray for us, we begin to hope that some good may come to us yet; for although we are very bad, we know that our presence with him is doing us some good, for he generally speaks kindly to us, although we treat him in a very wicked way; and we often learn from him things which we never knew, even matters relating to our own world, in which he is deeply interested, and of which he has made a patient study in the writings of Swedenborg; and as we are always present with him, we also read through his eyes, as we cannot through any other man's eyes. So we travel with him, and see the objects in the world, cities, country, mountains, streams, and all the beautiful objects, animate and inanimate, and still our perverse natures lead us to torment, tempt, and curse him in a very capricious manner; and yet he endures it, forgives us, and prays that God in his mercy may lessen our burdens and torments, so far as it is possible with Divine order.

"This hurts us, and arouses our worst states. But there are hours when it does us vast good, and we lament our hard lot, especially when we see his aspirations to reach heaven, and angelic society; for all this we clearly see and try to prevent by all our arts, for we want his company in our society. But he repudiates our ways, inclinations, and purposes, and prays God to deliver him from our influences, if in accordance with his mercy and order.

"This, you can see, hurts us very much; but when he prays, and hopes the Lord may find some way to bring us out of our hard conditions, then we wish to do better and be elevated. Swedenborg describes methods of vastation by which 'evils and falses' adhering to spirits are removed, or in a sense suppressed, and by instruction and better association at last lifted up. Of this possibility we have been

hopeless; but now we begin to hope for a different state, especially since we have learned that evil societies are broken up and dispersed when they become too bad, and are reformed into milder associations. Thus by degrees we see there may be a possibility of an ultimate *reformation* that separates and lifts up those who may desire to live a different life.

"These truths are derived from Swedenborg, and our experiences confirm them; for we have several times been scattered by some wonderful Power, and then found our way into some other society. This we relate to show that our wicked association with Mr. H. may be for the purpose of gaining some instruction by his study and meditations from the Word and the writings of Swedenborg. But we are great pests to him; and while that is a fact he patiently endures it, and pleads with us to cease our evil ways. Sometimes he calls us devils, and such names as represent or correspond to our evils; and while it hurts us, we are soon on good terms again, though he will never call us his friends, as he says 'good and truth' are his friends and neighbors, and evil and false are his enemies; and still he commiserates us. Now all this is to show our vacillating states, and our deficiency of will-power to contend for better things; but we have recently learned that the Lord implants a 'new will' by 'vastations' of 'evils and falses,' and also that even angels [in some sense] are also vacillating, and are sometimes let into their states of evil or false, as on earth, and by such means are more and more purified and perfected, and are again and again lifted up.

"If these higher intelligences pass through such states or ordeals of purification, then we may, it now seems to us, hope for some better conditions hereafter. But in fact we have despaired of ever reaching any much better state, un-

less the Lord gives us a new will, and some better understanding, or love of what is good and true.

"Now, Doctor, in the name of God, continue supplicating the throne of the Most High in our behalf. We are very wicked; this we frankly confess. Our delights have been to do evil; and being associated with Mr. H., as evil spirits are with all men, we could do no otherwise than our evil propensities inclined us; hence we deceived, fooled, lied, persuaded in the name of God; but now we are not happy; and he seems to be measurably beyond our influence, and we are somewhat under his, for good we may now hope.

"Forgive us for wishing you harm. We did not relish at that time your lecture or appeal to us. We were provoked and wrote from our worst states. We have some better moods as Mr. H. knows, for we often spend pleasant hours in conversation; though he generally gets disgusted with our frivolous, trifling, fooling, childish, or devilish ways. May God bless you for your good wishes; may you continue your good work in propagating the Gospel of truth and righteousness, and at last receive the just reward of those who serve God, which we did not in a right way when on earth. Good-bye. We will sign no name, as we have none. All names are false, signed this way."

. . . . . .

The above would satisfy almost any charitably disposed person, and lead to a hope and belief that these unfortunate, doomed spirits, had some remnant of good left, from which they might be *reformed* and developed into higher "intelligences." My experience with them, however, was not cheerful or hopeful. When, therefore, I had sealed the letter, and the spirits desired to say something, I was not surprised, as the reader may be, when the following in substance was written, which I inclosed in the letter as a P. S.

P. S. I regret to say that after my letter was sealed, I had some writing from my "band," very much in the same vein that their apology is written, pretending repentance and hope of better states, and so forth, which they at last closed by saying, "You and Doctor Peebles are the two biggest fools we ever knew, and that letter of apology is only fooling, and we are irretrievably lost and damned."

CHAPTER XII

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS OF THE HEAVENS —SPIRITS AT A CONCERT.—ALL MEN IN EVIL.—IMPERTINENCE.—COMBATS.—SPIRIT WOMEN.—INFERNAL CONDITIONS.—INSANE SPIRITS.—SPIRIT HOMES.—SOME DELUSIVE DESCRIPTIONS.—ALL MEN DEAD.—DRAWING FROM MEMORY.

THE following originated from a private concert, at the house of a friend. The performers were three children and their parents.

"We were not only delighted with the music, but obliged for your consideration in inviting us; but we had come before you thought of us. Now who are these people?" "They are the Star musical family." "So we thought from things in your memory. Will you explain the difference between the celestial horns, and the spiritual string instruments? We see you have been puzzled to discover the distinguishing causes. Suppose we recall some of your meditations, and see if you remember."

Then they proceeded to explore my memory, and reported all they discovered, but found nothing conclusive; that is, I had never understood the distinguishing causes, but only remembered that Swedenborg stated the fact. Then they began to speculate, taking from my memory such

things as they thought would help us to arrive at a conclusion, but after we had discussed the matter for a while, they announced that I had not sufficient basis to form a conclusion, and that they had no personal knowledge that would suggest a solution. Subsequently I hunted up the explanations which I give below.

"We wish to say, the string instruments please us more than the horns, because they are softer, and not so harsh as the horns; and this expression is in consonance with your feelings, because we are in rapport with you."

If the reader will consult Swedenborg's works he will find many passages on the subject of music, and musical instruments in the heavens, and he may learn the truth respecting them.

" . . . There are therefore musical instruments whose sounds have relation to spiritual affections, and there are those which have relation to celestial affections. The voice or sound of harpers and musicians, has relation to spiritual affections, and the voice and sound of pipes and trumpeters to celestial affections. For the instruments whose sounds are *discrete*, as stringed instruments, belong to the class of *spiritual* affections: and the instruments whose sounds are *continuous*, as wind instruments, belong to the class of *celestial* affections."—*Apocalypse Revealed*, *n.* 792.

"It is known that the confessions of Jehovah in the temple at Jerusalem were made by songs, and at the same time by musical instruments which corresponded. The instruments were chiefly trumpets and timbrels, and psaltries and harps. To celestial goods and truths the trumpets and timbrels corresponded, the correspondence was with their *sounds*. . . . . Since the harp corresponds to the confession of the Lord, and this evil spirits do not endure, therefore David by the harp drove away the evil spirit from Saul."—*Ibid. n.* 276.

We suggest that insane persons, especially those "obsessed," be systematically treated with instrumental music. Stringed instruments probably would be most effective. The piano being a stringed instrument, is a good substitute for David's harp which proved effective in Saul's case. Recently we have advised a lady "obsessed" to avail herself of music as often as possible; and she reports that the obsessing spirits do not like the music: precisely what we should expect; and it will no doubt drive them off if continued.

"We see you think that all men in nature are in a perverted state, but that some are in states of repentance, and hope of salvation, while others are not. Then why are we with you? We see you have told us before, 'to tempt you, and hold you in equilibrium, or one side of it, while others are opposed to us.' Still there is more yet. You are evil as well as we, as you say; but you think we are unrepentant and opposed to the Lord. So we are, and so are you so far as we can see, except that you look to Jesus for mercy, and we do not; and you restrain yourself, and we do not! You oppose us when we would lead you into vice and evil, and this difference you think makes a wide gulf between heaven and hell.

"Suppose we should ask you to do some wrong, and you should do it without thinking of it having been suggested by us, and that you never repented of it, what then? We see you think it would stand against you, but you also think it would not be sin unless you recognized it as such, and imputed it to yourself, and that no one is punished for acts of ignorance. Then why are people damned for denying Jesus, when they are ignorant of His true character?" "Because they refuse to be informed, preferring an unknown, impersonal God—a nonentity." "Yes, but we would like to know the truth. You answer, that we do know the

truth as well as you do, for we know everything respecting Jesus that you do, and still we deny Him.

"You are, in fact, astute in answering. So we do know, and deny Jesus just as you say, and you do not; and therefore you repent of sins and trust in His mercy. We find it very hard to shake your faith, your brain is crystallized in that respect. Suppose we change the subject."

April 6. "Sometimes when we are thinking with you, you are totally unconscious of our presence, unless you reflect on the subject. We see you know that, and think that it is in those hours you are acting in more perfect freedom, as from yourself—in equilibrium—and for those thoughts and actions are held more accountable than for others when conscious of our presence, and know we are trying to influence and tempt you, or acting as spies on your conduct. We see you make a very nice distinction between the two kinds of thoughts and actions. Perhaps you are right. We dare not interpose our views on that point. Yes, we are acting very wisely now, as you suggest, in that respect."

April 7. "Our women compare favorably with these in the station. Some are handsomer, others not so pretty. They dress with coarse stuff accommodated to their conditions. Some have better garments, suitable to their higher station, or better states; but all are more or less sombre, with mixed colors, corresponding to evils and falses. They have no choice in the matter, as that is taken from them on account of their false and wicked life on earth. We have no regrets, because no desires for anything better. The robes of women as we see them through your eyes far excel those of our women. We have women of all ages, apparently; conditions evidently make appearances in our realm. There is no special national or functional type here. There is great diversity, and some are quite charming in their facial beauty. We may add, they are very free in their habits and

conversation. Yes, 'shocking' as you suggest, but it is our way here, and no one is censured for it. We are not virtuous, nor modest, nor decent, as you would infer, in our walk and conversation. You pray God to deliver you from such influences, while He has placed you under just such environments. It is true you are not fully conscious of it, but our presence is evidence of the fact, which you recognize.

"We are not only adulterers, and fornicators, but ravishers and all that sort of evil doers, as you have suspected, and accused us, judging from our infestations. Our conditions are not happy or desirable as you contemplate them, but with us it is otherwise. All those evils have their delights, and no one here is really injured as in the world, when such acts are committed. We think you comprehend the difference, and deplore our sad states, as you seem sad when you think of it, and pray God may save you from such an eternity of misery, as you think it is. But we assure you we do not see it in that light; to which you reply 'that it is of God's mercy that we do not see as others who are in higher spheres,' by which you refer to those in a higher state of purity, or perception of truth and love of good.

"Those things which you regard as pure, exalted delights, enjoyed in higher spheres by others, we consider only as chains of slavery by which they would rule and restrain us in our delights, or gratification of lusts. But you think we must be held under restraint in our evil course, that there must be order even in hell, although there is indulgence of natural inclinations. You interrupted our intention of saying something else, namely: We are not the worst of our class who are with you. There are some degraded wretches, whom you could not endure for a moment. They are blasphemers, and you think we are also, because we swore at you so wickedly, when you 'broke' from our control.

True, but we were terribly enraged at you and Dr. Cowley for his interference, and diagnosing that evil spirits were controlling you. Yes, we regret that we failed to purify and glorify you by our well-meant labors!'

"What did we propose to do with you? Truly we never thought of that before, and wonder you never did. Oh no, we had no intention of killing you, by wearing you out by exhaustion, by not letting you sleep. In truth we did not think of that, as sleep with us is not counted. It comes when we need it, and your physical states were not considered by us, but only your spiritual, which we were endeavoring to hold subject to our commands; and in that sense we wished to exercise our rule over you. Our delight is to rule also when we can, and when you abruptly command us to obey you, we get very much angered, because we do not love to obey our superiors.

"You were about to ask why we used such terms as purify, regenerate, and glorify, when applied to our operations in you? Really we do not know what those terms imply, except as seen in your mind. But they are terms associated with ideas in your memory that signify light—spiritual heat—elevation, advancement, ascending into higher spheres or states, and similar things. To us those things are obscure, and we are indifferent as to their meaning. What we do not love is remote from us, of which we do not think, and which we cannot see; and if our thoughts are led in that direction, as frequently by you, we only hate them, turn your thoughts in our direction if we can, or wait patiently until your mood suits us better."

"You see we are frankly admitting our true relation to you, which you very well understand, and which you think we would not admit if you did not know it. You may be right. We know there are some things we dare not tell you, but they relate to your real interior state, so far as we can

judge of it, and which you have not the least desire to have us tell you. We cannot even excite in you a desire to know if you are to have a mean habitation or a grand one, because as we now see in your mind, you believe the Lord gives to each according to his quality of good or evil, and changes these according to the interior changing conditions of angels or spirits.

"We admit that you are partly right, but our experience is, that we go where we please, and ask no favors. Yes, we see you think the Lord provides for our inclinations, so that they are limited to his provisions. Well, that does seem strange, yet we see that we cannot desire what is not provided, nor wish to go where we are not wanted; and hence our inclinations are limited to the things useful for us. You have made a smart presentation of things you know nothing about. But you say that rationally you see that as well as we do. We see you are in an illumination of rational light, while we are in the light of our own intelligence, or of our own states, and many things of your memory seem to be added to us while we are in your presence, and we know some things from experience, which you know from instruction and reasoning. Nor are our houses of our choosing, but they are given to us by our governors, and made, we know not how, nor when. We see that agrees with your views, and it is a law of our universe that wherever spirits go, they find habitations provided for them, suited to their dispositions. It seems strange that you should know that."

The author has been much amused with published descriptions of spirit homes which are being provided for mortals of earth, by their friends on the other side, and by their own acts of generosity, benevolence, philanthropy, and so forth, while on this side. We do not by word or inference discard genuine acts of charity, or good deeds from unselfish motives; they will count no doubt; but all these

descriptions are given by natural, corporeal spirits who are liars and deceivers, only fooling and worse; inspiring false hopes never to be realized.

In one of these houses "on the seventh story are rooms for repose—and a magnificent observatory." Think of an observatory in the spiritual world, where the natural universe is lost to view, and where extent of vision depends on the interior states of truth and wisdom in the spirit or angel! In another account "in many respects the internal arrangements of the homes that stud the Valley of Joy are like well-regulated ones upon earth—only they have *no sleeping apartments.* For the repose of a half conscious sleep when needed, our inhabitants *pass over the river to the land of dusk,* when the clear and steady light from *natural causes,* is shaded down into a dusky twilight." Italics are ours, and are all that is necessary to show the absurdity of the description. One more. "A palace home that I have often entered is composed externally of an ethereal, cream-colored substance, resembling, though far excelling, any Italian marble. I had previously seen *the quarry from which the material was hewn by willing workmen.*" In the light of Swedenborg's statements that houses are provided by the Lord for all *gratis,* and in perfect correspondence with the interior states of angels and spirits, the above and all similar descriptions must appear ridiculous and preposterous.

And now my "band" have at length reached the point where they have endeavored to "inspire" a desire in me to know and inquire of them respecting my spirit home. But since they know no more concerning it than I do, and since such desire is contrary to my nature, because I wholly trust to the Lord to provide for my future life such exact conditions as will be best suited to my happiness, therefore I desire none of that romancing. But to learn how it is that spirits fabricate such descriptions, I have permitted them to draw from my mind such things of natural imagination as

they please, and construct therefrom what they see pictured, only as a natural wish which might, under favorable circumstances, be gratified in the natural world. It is in this manner when spirits are solicited to describe spiritual homes, that they soar into the loftier heights of spiritual (?) imagination, or matters relating to that life, and describe homes or abodes just as absurd and fantastical as is the man's imagination who inquires; and there is not a true spiritual idea in it. We omit the description because it is only a picture of our natural wishes—just as beautiful as we can wish, and sufficient to please almost any credulous soul.

"We see you have been in meditation, and have reached the conclusion that you are utterly dead to everything, unless excited or operated upon by spirits, either good or evil, or both. We see you have reached a climax in this idea, namely: That all angels, spirits, devils, or men cannot live without association with others next to them, by which there is a universal current of life flowing from the Divine Life; from the highest angel down to the lowest demon, and this is active and reactive.

"Now we thank you for that grand thought. Whence did it originate? Oh, you say it originated from heaven or the Lord, and it has descended through intermediates, or subject spirits, until it reached you. Then why do you not ascribe that to us also, as we are the nearest subject spirits to you? Oh yes, we see you answered, as we asked respecting the origin only, and the idea being stored in your memory we may have recalled it, and would now assume or claim its origin if you would permit us. And it is just in this way you think evil spirits impose on poor deluded men, by writing the most beautiful things stored in their memories, and make them believe some friend or eminent historical character has written it. We give you credit for your foresight, and discoveries made in your 'investigations.'

"You have learned this important fact from the manner we used to draw from your memory your best thoughts in the name of Dolly, which made you believe she was with you. Then we were simply composing from your store of knowledge, and entertaining you with your own meditations, so to speak, but persuading you that Dolly was in the same rational or intellectual light, being on this side in the light of the spiritual world."

CHAPTER XIII.

PEACEFUL STATES OF EVIL SPIRITS.—SPIRITS USE MAN'S SENSES.—DESCENT OF DIVINE TRUTH.—SEEING WHAT I SEE.—KNOWING WHAT I KNOW.—LOOKING AFTER MY BUSINESS.—DISTURBING THE CONSCIENCE. — THE USE OF EVIL SPIRITS WITH MAN. — BEAUTY. — FOOLING.

APRIL 21. "I have just been reading n. 2880 S. Diary, describing the *peace* of evil spirits while they are plotting mischievous schemes against others, and that the *hope* of success affords them consolation and tranquillity of mind. Such are their infernal delights.

"What do you say to what we were reading, quiet plotters?"

"Do not ask personal questions. Ask something else."

I asked them to take a walk, and continued reading; but they soon returned and signified their desire to write, which I granted.

"We wish to refer to some of our experiences since last Sunday, when we suddenly quit writing. We were at that moment surrounded, as it were, by a bright flaming light which indicated to us that we had been fooling too much. We see you are suspicious as usual, and suspect this is more

of it, and a prelude to something else concocted since then, You are quite correct, as usual; so we may as well cease at once."

Then the dictate ceased, and after reflecting for a while and concluding that I was learning more and more of their scheming, plotting, and cunning from the Sp. Diary, I remarked mentally, "You see I am finding you out very thoroughly," and then permitted them to respond by writing.

"We decline to have further intercourse with so mean a traitor, who designs to publish our private conversations; so you may resume your very interesting reading. You think you have gained a victory over us this week, in several instances. Well, suppose you did? We had a great victory over you last Sunday night, fooling you in writing our apology to Dr. Peebles.

"Now suppose you stop us from writing at this moment, and let us have '*peace*,' for we were in the enjoyment of '*consolation*' before we commenced writing, '*hoping*' to fool you again with some of our romances And so you think our victory was a 'Waterloo,' as you derived from our deceitful and pretending lying message to Dr. Peebles, some new characteristics of our life, which must be a relevation to the Doctor of which he never dreamed. We see, after all, that we were the fools, and you the wise plotter, to let us show our own evil, wicked states, confirming your opinion of us. So we see we are the darnedest set of spirits ever talked with man, so far as our extensive observations go."

"You see that 3026 S. Diary, and succeeding numbers, treat on the subject we discussed recently."

"We see now, after reading what Swedenborg says, that we were not far wrong. But there now comes home to us an important fact which we have seen in your memory before, but persistently denied, namely, that there is influx from the Lord through degrees, until passing through the angels

and spirits, all ideas terminate in the memory of man, or in man, just as you have said the Lord's Word terminates in the Scriptures, by descending degrees resting in the ultimate, literal sense. We see where you have received your ideas, but these things are above our comprehension; although we see them vaguely as they are fixed in your memory or ideas. We also see that each receives according to his form or nature the good in one way and the evil in another, perverting everything into false and evil, as we have told you many times, we do because we have made ourselves forms of evil, and our nature is to do evil and falsify, as you have abundant proof.

"But suppose we should try to receive in a good way, how are we to do it? We see you promptly reply, that we will not strive, because we have made our nature evil and opposed to good. We think you are correct, for we only treat with scorn all your suggestions to amend our dispositions; for we are not so inclined, but are 'hell bent' on doing all the evil we can.

"Permit us to ask, how do you expect to escape the bad effects of association with us, so far as we have insinuated bad thoughts into your mind, which remain in the memory? We see you expect to be placed in different association after vastations, which will excite only good and true aspirations in your mind—our presence being removed and objects associated with our material ideas; then your mind will be elevated into spiritual ideas, dissociated from things of this lower plane, on which rests the spiritual superstructure as the spiritual sense rests on the literal of the Word. In heaven the ultimate or literal sense is not present, but only the spiritual and celestial. This is the comparison, and hope rests in this.

"Now, if we may venture to insinuate, we advise you to abandon all such vainglorious hopes, and cast yourself into our arms. We will be good to you all your life, and rejoice to

meet you on our side when you come. You say that is as impossible as it is for us to desire to be better, as all your aspirations are to be better and not worse. We see it is that way, and it may be possible your conclusions are well grounded. Still we cannot relinquish our work so long as we are attracted to you by certain hereditary dispositions which you endeavor to subdue. That is our business as it seems to us, and we cannot resist our inclinations as you know. It is then evident that we have a use to perform, even in our evil way which you think the Lord grants, and bends to good for the sake of other associated spirits, as well as for your regeneration by temptations. Then why fight us in the matter? You say it is your business to resist us or evil, so that you may be strengthened and confirmed in your purpose to serve the Lord.

"Now let us ask you, what do you suppose we do while we are with you? You say it is too general a question. Well, when you are attending to your business or thoughts, and not thinking of us? We see you are very nearly correct, so far as we are concerned. We know nothing of the superior angelic sphere affecting you, or operating within or above. But we are always with you, operating on your mind in an imperceptible way, just as if you were acting and thinking of yourself, while in fact you are thinking with us in every movement or action, just as you have supposed, and in accordance with your views: we were much amused today when, at your place of business, you mentally asked us if we did not wish we were in the 'body,' and could do what one of your men was doing?

"We were in your thoughts at the moment, keeping your attention on the work as it was being done, and you really surprised us by your query just as if we were there by your side in nature, and able to do physical work. So we stood by watching the work proceeding, wondering why you sup-

posed we were in the least interested in what was going on. Then we concluded to ask you concerning it as we do now, and we see you are pleased with the recognition of your question.

"Now we see another similar related subject in your mind. We were not near enough to suggest what to do when you were directing your man how to do his work, but we were attentive to your instructions, and tried to see the disposition in you, at the time prompting your words and actions. We saw you desired to teach him a useful 'trick' as you called it, that might help him in his work to afford better satisfaction. We saw nothing in it that we could seize hold of to accuse and castigate you, as we did on Saturday, when you immediately regretted the manner in which you spoke, as you thought it was in a domineering tone and feeling. So it was, and we at once, by influx into your thought, disturbed your conscience respecting it, and you then ascribed the words and deed to us, or to our influence operating into your speech. But you were only acting your own nature which once in a while comes out unguardedly.* Then we go for you, Mr. Hartman, and we are so elated that we count you as one of us; but you soon go back on us by discovering your evil and repenting, and asking God to lead you out of such a life, which hurts us more than you can imagine, as we see little hope of winning you to our ways. In fact we wonder *what use* we perform to you when we can do you no harm, as you always detect us and resist our assaults. [And often laugh at them.]

. . . . . .

* It would be well if we would always recognize the inward monitor, *though devil he may be.* It is by these lashings and castigations, that a regenerating man forces himself to reform, and resist inclinations to evil, and thus obtains immunity from punishments, and consequent peace and tranquillity. *This is the use of devils with man.* Let us give the devil his due.

"You ask if we are a bearded or a smooth-faced people? We see your curiosity is excited. We will gratify it by saying that we are as ugly a set of cusses as you ever saw, not so handsome as the men now before your eyes. Why not, you ask? We suppose, from things in your memory, 'it is good that beautifies,' and in consequence we are what we are. Yes, we see also in your mind, that for the sake of companionship our ugliness from evil is modified, so as not to appear. Perhaps so; but compared with American people, men and women, as a class or race, we are dreadfully ugly: but some of us are not so bad.

"Do you think you are properly answered? For once you think we are near the truth, but in fact we are not, for we are a beautiful set of scamps, as all scamps are you say, when disguised. Now you have us again, and we need not try to disguise the fact. There is no such thing here as a 'beautiful devil,' as there are sometimes on earth in women. Let us ask what is the *use* of beauty? You say: 'It is a joy forever, and a well-spring of delight,' and is so because in heaven it has its origin in what is good and true, as in hell, by parity of reasoning, evil results in external deformity.

"Now that is a hard answer, but true; and we see you appreciate the truth, and hence see in beautiful people something that symbolizes the good and truth of angels. Are there homely angels, do you think? 'No.' Then we have never seen one. You say that may be possible, too, as it is difficult for us to see beauty in what is good and pure. Therefore, since our novitiate state, which has probably passed from our memory, we may never have seen angels. It may be so. But who are our governors? You say 'answer for ourselves,' and that beats us, for we expected to fool you or get an answer we could contradict. But we see you think our masters may be appointed over us from amongst ourselves, and so they are. But who appointed them? You say again 'an-

swer for yourselves.' We see in your mind that there are appointments by the Lord, from the highest heavens to the lowest hells; but all are not cognizant of the fact, because in states of obscurity, and not capable of recognizing his Providence and Omnipotence. Well, we think you are right, but we do not understand it.

"You intended to ask us why we do not fool you every time we write?"

"No, I did not. I thought that you do nothing else but fool."

"Well, that is nearly the same thing. Now we will continue the same course, and show you *what a foolish business this is.*"

"*That is just what I want to show the world.*"

"We see, and we will gratify you in that respect, and do some good in that way. Now we see your purpose is to collect from all this fooling nonsense, whatever will best illustrate your views of the deceitfulness and unreliability of spirit intercourse, in this and other methods of receiving messages from supposed friends and good spirits; and adding these in the 'Sequel' to your 'Facts,' for which you promised to let us write the introduction to our own statements; but you have about concluded not to let us write it, as it will only be more fooling. But now you think that feature or fact would only be in agreement with and illustrative of the rest, and may be adopted. But we are holding the matter under advisement just as you are, and have about concluded not to write it, as we are such consummate fools, that we would disgrace ourselves, and forfeit the respect of the whole world —and every other man."

CHAPTER XIV.

INFERNAL INFLUX.—AMERICAN SPIRITS.—IDIOTS.—PUNISHMENTS OF EVIL SPIRITS.—SOME FUN.—A PROBLEM.—HOW SPIRITS SEE THROUGH MY EYES, AND WRITE WITH MY HAND.—THINKING.—EFFECTS.—SPIRIT FRIENDS.—MESSAGES FROM SWEDENBORG.

AUGUST 2. "We are pleased to respond to your thoughts respecting several subjects. First, respecting spirits entering into the body of men. It is simply a preposterous supposition, because spirits are organic forms, and only one may occupy a man; namely, his own proper spirit, and not another. Certainly we are not so unhappy as to wish to lose our identity by being absorbed or lost in another individual, or even to occupy another's body, and be that person. Nor do we ever feel wholly identified with you, nor any one with whom we may be associated.

"We are within your sphere; that is, we are so intimately associated with you by certain spiritual laws, that we can perceive your thoughts and affections; just as you see objects that surround you. And as you are delighted with certain objects more than with others, so we are with certain objective things in your life; and to those objects our thoughts are directed, and excite in you a remembrance of those things, which lead you to meditation on those subjects. We are then in rapport, or near you and direct your meditation until something else suddenly arrests your attention, and you leave us, as it were, in some obscurity. But we can recall your thoughts time and time again, and under favorable conditions hold and direct them from one object to another, according to things manifested in your sphere. This comes

from our association with you. This was demonstrated while you were under our control; and that our power might be more effective, and that your attention might not be diverted by external objects, we required you to keep your eyes closed.

"What does Swedenborg say concerning associated spirits with men?" "More than I could write in a whole day." "Yes; but on the subject of memory—his own. How did spirits operate into his memory while he was consciously and visibly associated with them?" "Frequently by a common sphere of influx from many. Also, frequently by personal or individual spheres, similar, I presume, to your mode into my memory, when conditions are favorable. Cannot you see in my mind the particular answer you solicit?"

"Yes, and he says we forget who we were, and about everything we knew while on earth. And so it seems to us; for in fact we do not know *when* nor *where* we lived on earth, nor our *names*. We imagine we are certain persons of whom you have historical or personal knowledge, and hence we assume a name to suit the occasion. We believe we are Americans, or of that genius, and hence are with you in your American ideas and principles."

"That is mere speculation." "Well, so it is. But what else have we to do but to amuse or fool you if we can? So we are where we generally arrive, at the end of a nonsensical interview, which profiteth nothing. But we may add, you are now as big an idiot as ever, and we are of the same class, and that sufficeth for this occasion.

"We think that in a previous conversation you expressed yourself too harshly towards us; but you excuse yourself on account of our conduct when you meditate, pray, or read the Word. We must confess when you pray or read the Word we are in torments, and it drives us to desperation. We cannot endure to be with you, when you are in religious

meditations, pray or read the doctrines, or the Word. All such states as those put us in a rage, for we are punished then as if by scorpion's stings, or hell fire burning our interiors. We cannot endure it, and then we give vent to our torture in low, foul language, for the purpose of disturbing and diverting your mind from your subject. We know we are bad and deserve punishment, but we do not want you to be our chastiser in that way.

"We can endure your arguments, and listen to them with some complacency; but do not kill us as you do when you get in your religious moods. We see you did not suspect this was the truth in the case, but we assure you it is. We are your friends and delight to be with you when in your ordinary state of mind, occupied with business, or any other subject but religion; and then we are so outraged by your sphere, that we do not know where to go, or which way to turn."

"Why do you not leave me—retire—go off, and not approach me until I am in a more agreeable condition? I wish you would, and leave me in peace." "We see you think we can leave you and go home, but our home is near to you. How can we go off, out of your sphere?" "Earnestly desire to go; perhaps the Governor may be gracious and let you go." "Not so. He is of another region and holds us where we are, in our own proper element or function; besides, you know we are attached to you by laws that cannot be violated. We are appointed to be in the field where we are, and our appointment is not of our own selection." "Then you are not in freedom after all, as you have pretended." "Yes and no. Sometimes we are perfectly happy or contented, but at other times you are the cause of great irritation and commotion, and we try to hold you in states accommodated to our delights. This you see. Now let us be friends, and have compassion on us, and do not hurt us." "But cannot you

join in my religious exercises, and pray to become better?" "That is the hardest question you ever asked us. Can we commit suicide for your pleasure? Why, you understand all this, and are only tormenting us with such intolerable suggestions. Let us change the subject.

"Suppose you close your eyes and try if you can see anything?" "Fooling now, more folly?" "Yes, certainly. We are in a good humor and like to be entertaining, and make you laugh, as you are usually so solemn and reflective. Now we see you enjoy our humorous mood, and when we get your ludicrous sense excited, we are in our highest delights. Shall we offer you a problem? What is the use crying about spilt milk?" "Give a solution suitable for the answer." "Now, you are often too sad concerning matters of past life, which do not in the least affect your present or future life. Why not let the dead past be forgotten?" "That is keen sarcasm. You infernal chastisers who delight in recalling the dead past, and strive to make me sad and unhappy, would now discourse like angels of light, by drawing your problem and answer from doctrines stored in my memory, from which I derive peace and comfort." "We do not often come to you with such beautiful words of truth, but suppose we change our robes, and pretend to be illustrious angels of light, and discourse with you on cherished subjects of doctrine and religion?" "It is impossible for you to do it without suffering internal tortures, for truths burn the evil-doer." "Now we will show you where you are mistaken. Truths delight us, if it is only truth we are considering. Truth is of the understanding; but truth reduced to life, to actions, to supplications to your God, that is entirely a different thing, and which we do not care to discuss, nor would we pretend to personate angels of that class.

"You are not satisfied with any explanation given respecting spirits seeing through the eyes of mediums. We cannot

see nature with our spiritual eyes, nor can we enter bodily into man, but we can perceive through his senses. How we do it is hard to explain. At this moment we see the words you write, but we seem to see with our own eyes; but if you shut your eyes we see nothing in your world. We seem to be in your room, and in fact in your body, but if we reflect we see we are at home, far away from you. Now we are at your left side. There are three of us here, and we appear to be writing with our own hands just what you think. We seem to be your mediums instead of you being our medium. But still we know better, for we are not clothed as you are, and have our own personal identity. We are men; there is no female in sight; and we are sitting at your desk, each writing."

"What becomes of the writing on your side?"

"Wonderful! We see no writing except in your book. We have neither pencil nor paper, since we reflect upon it. Now we are as you think, moving about, looking at what you are writing from behind, and are reading what is written word for word, just as you see it; but we are outside of you, three of us, each thinking as you do, and acting as you do. We did not observe your respiration nor pulsations, but now we perceive that we all respire and pulsate as one man, and our thoughts are simultaneous. You are no more our medium than we are yours, and the thought seems to com from you to us; but if we reflect, we perceive that yo press the thought dictated by us, and we receive the th from and are mediums for our society which act throu What is written seems to be in your memory, and reading it, and directing you to write; but still it i memory just as much, and we all know what is tho the same moment.

"Now you try to direct your thought and ask for ane subject, and we at once suggest something else which w

in your sphere of thought. You ask, How do we see it? By some emanations flowing from you, which suggest to us a subject of inquiry, as if you were asking it; but now we are leading the thought, and we ask a question of which as yet you have no thought, namely, Why are we all such fools as to be sitting here like three asses feeding from one manger? The manger may be your brain, or the things stored in your memory, and supply us with provender—mental food. So you see when we are in sympathy we are as one, and no harsh thoughts disturb the harmony of feeling.

"Thus you have held us by your thoughts, we have held you as by our thoughts, and you have written without knowing what you would write, or without any mental effort whatever; so we have done the thinking through your brain, but in fact in our own; and you have written as if from your own thoughts, but not one word did you know that was to follow after another until it was written, and not one thought that was written did you conceive in your mind. Strange, is it not?

"Now, Mr. Hartman, what do you think of that effort?"

"I think you drew pretty deeply from my *well*."

"That is not very *well* expressed as we were the *mainspring*, and received our supply from the *fountain head*. Now we will rest for a while."

August 7. "When my thoughts are not directed towards you or interior subjects, what seems to be your relation to me?" "We are not then in your sphere, but we come into it if you direct your thoughts interiorily, or if we reflect on you or turn our thoughts to you. This we sometimes do unconciously, as it were; being acquainted with you, we think of you as you would of an intimate friend, and then we are near you; but when we are not in such thoughts our mind is in something else, just as with you when you change from one subject to another. When you sleep we are at

rest, also asleep. We have, however, distinct spheres, and once and a while we collide, or coalesce, so to speak.

"We may not be able to explain this as you wish, but we are removed from you according to your thoughts or affections, or near to you by your determinate thoughts. Your surroundings are natural; ours seem to be natural, but that is only an appearance. We have about us just such things as are in nature, but of different qualities, in different light, or perception. Some things about you are represented in our world in your sphere. The natural world is objective to us when we are in your sphere and thoughts. We see you do not clearly perceive this, because it is on our side. Suppose you change your thoughts from one object to another, you then produce on this side corresponding objects visible to us, and they would be to you if your spiritual eyes were open, and they would be the effects of your thoughts and affections, and would seem to be perfectly natural.

"But our spheres produce different effects, and when we meet there is a blending or a repulsion depending on states. Now if two colors are mixed a different one results by the blending. So in two individual spheres meeting, there is repulsion or a blending; and if the latter, neutralization follows because of different states. This is a difficult subject, and we see you are anxious to comprehend it. But we see no help for you at present."

"What appears to you to be the hindering cause that my friends or dear ones on your side cannot come to me as you do when I think of them?"

"We see no hindering cause except that probably they are not permitted to come, as it might not be beneficial to either of you. We see some reasons in your mind why it is not permitted, which may be very good, but to us there is no good reason why they should not. What you read this morning in Arcana Coelestia respecting Swedenborg's

acquaintance being present at his own funeral, would seem to favor such possibilities, provided there is a medium to aid their coming. Why you as a medium cannot effect such a result, is not understood by us. Possibly if clairvoyant you might see them when you would think of them. But we are not always granted the privilege of seeing those of whom we think, either; there are laws of permission here as well as on earth. And there is a Supreme Power controls here as well as there. We are led to say this from our own knowledge or understanding, and not from yours. But we do not comprehend that Power."

"What a wonderful experience Swedenborg had in our world. We wish we could meet him. Can you not call him to you so that we may meet him?"

"I am sure he would not come. There are too many calling him. I tried it once, and you did your best to fool me. But you could not personate him. Then when we went to Mr. Best's seance, a spirit pretended to be him, but he was a fraud also just like you. But Mr. Best believed it was Swedenborg, when I knew better."

"Yes, that was in the winter, and you denounced the spirit as a deceiving old fraud, trying to impose on all of you, and Mr. Best did not like that emphatic expression of yours, but we think you were perfectly correct, though we did not see the controlling spirit; and that seems strange too, as we were with you all the time. But such is spiritual law, we may be near together and never know it, unless we are affinities or belong to the same spheres."

CHAPTER XV.

SPIRITS OF MERCURY.—MODE OF READING MEMORY.—THE USE OF FOOLING.—INTERIOR RELATIONS.

AUGUST 9. "Swedenborg states that the spirits from the planet Mercury are in the delight of the memory, abstract from material or terrestrial things, and that they are exceedingly expert in reading the memory of all they meet. How is this accomplished, or what is the memory that can thus be explored? Is it within or without, and how is it related to a man's or a spirit's sphere?"

"The memory as we see it is within man's brain, and not without. We see the things stored, as it were, within the brain. What we see is hard to describe. But we see, as it were, a record of all your thoughts and affections, so far as they agree with or correspond to our life; lower or higher things, we suppose, we do not observe, as they do not affect us. These thoughts and affections are seemingly associated with natural objects in the world, which become visible to us, and represent scenes of actions in which you were the principal actor. Thus we read from objective life what is recorded in your memory. When we come to you, we search for such things as delight us, and excite them, and this recalls them to your memory while you are in a reflective mood of the mind. If these memories were not occasionally excited by us, you would never remember them.

"We see vaguely other subjects in the memory, as you see objects in your walks only obscurely, which do not interest you, and which you do not think about, only as seen in a grand panorama with some central object to attract your

attention; and the rest only present a vast variety of forms, and colors without anything definite. It is these indefinite objects which do not attract us. Now these things of your life are confined within your sphere, which again is outside of you, but is composed of emanations from your thoughts and affections, and flow forth from you as a centre, similar to the insensible perspiration; and these emanations contain light, color, odor, vitality, as it were, pulsating and breathing with life.

"These may be excited into greater activity, or allowed to sleep, or rest in quiescence for a period. Hence there are hours of forgetfulness, and alternations of remembrance. These states are induced by internal excitations from spirits, and external causes flowing into the external senses. So that no particular of your life, however insignificant, can ever be forgotten or destroyed, but may be excited in the memory, or rest quiescent for greater or less periods. We see our answer appears to be rather satisfactory."

"Yes, as I see it just now, and I thank you for your effort. How much of it is from my memory?"

"Well, not much; we are in illustration just now, and see better than on some occasions. We suspect the cause lies in your own perception, which helps us to illustrate the subject under consideration. May we proceed to further demonstrate the subject?"

"Yes, proceed."

"We see just now in your brain a lively activity of the fibres of thought, and these reveal certain phases of your life which we need not name or relate. These fibres show us plainly your state of mind at this moment, and what things particularly interest you. Now when we see these, we select such as please us, and endeavor to excite them into greater activity, in the direction we wish to turn your thoughts, and thus lead you to whatever we wish. If we

succeed we hold you as long as possible in that direction or purpose. But there are other spirits equally active with us, interested in other subjects, and they are also operating in what they see. Now whichever has the strongest attractive force or power, will overcome the weak, less attractive force, and you will unconsciously be led, as you think, by your own determinate will, as you seem to be in freedom; but it is by the superior force of influx from a particular class of spirits, representing some special function in the Grand Man, or some society of spirits, with whom for the time being you are most intimately associated by similarity of thoughts and affections, to whom you yield and are led by them.

"Thus you change momentarily almost, from the influence of one class of spirits to another, just as your thoughts and affections change. Our individual function is to be with you constantly, and in some sense we act as a balance power, holding you in equilibrium between all the conflicting elements. This we only rarely appreciate, as we are seldom conscious of the operations of other spirits into your thoughts and affections. If we were, there might be conflict for the control of you; as it is, we seldom know that other spirits are operating the same way as we do, to hold or lead your thoughts and affections.

"This you understand possibly as well as we, only you have no conscious perception of this work unceasingly going on by us and others on this side. We think you are now pretty well in the understanding of the subject."

"I do not comprehend how it is that you who are spirits, can see either the spiritual internal fibres or the physical fibres of the brain; that is, of either my physical or spiritual organism."

"Well, let us show you. We do not see your physical brain at all; but we can see your spiritual brain, as well as we can see your face. One is the index of the other. But

you think the brain is concealed within the spiritual cranium. True it is, but our vision penetrates into the internal things of spirits present with us. That seems incredible to you, but it is true notwithstanding. Swedenborg somewhere tells you as much, we see it in your thought sphere [?], but you do not remember."

"I think angels may have some of that power of vision, but not those who are in lower degrees of light and wisdom."

"Yes, you think that only superior illustration penetrates the interior things of man. You are in error, however, as we see all the viscera in man, and their operation; and it was this power possessed by Swedenborg that enabled him to describe the operations of spirits, as if they were inside of him operating in certain viscera, as if he saw them within. But that was only appearances of the fact that their influx was into those functions; but they operated from without by directing their thoughts into things corresponding in his mind, and the mind flowed into the corresponding functions or viscera, and created the sensations as of actual presence there—mere fantasy in supposing the spirits to be there in person.

"Thought flows from one to another through the brain, but spirits do not enter the brain of one and another alternately, nothing of the sort. Now we see you are mystified with all this, and you expect us to say it is all fooling; and so it is, just as you expect. You see how wise and philosophical we may appear to be, while we have drawn every idea and word from your brain, though adapting them in some respects to our own perverted views of such things. This, however, demonstrates what our power is in that direction, and how easily we ignorant spirits may fool the wise inquirers, and smart investigators of spiritual life and modern phenomena. This will supply you a chapter in your Sequel."

. . . . . .

"Did you join me in prayer last night, when I invited you?" "No we did not; we were mad as hell at you, for inviting us to do so foolish an act. And if we could have done it, we should have punished you then." "I thought you were on your good behavior, and cultivating interior relations with me." "Well, we see you are not indignant, so we will be friends. Why don't you get mad at us, and say harsh things to us?" "It is better not to do so. I would hurt your feelings, and then I should regret it." "So we see you restrain harshness, and cultivate amity, and we will try to reciprocate." "Then we will both be happier, and doing better than to give vent to vile passions." "Oh how kind you are now! Why, we really enjoy your remarks, as we see you have no bad feeling towards us." "Why should I have?" "Well, every one has—*we seem to have no friends.*" "Doctor Peebles would have been your friend, but you spurned his friendship in a very cavalier manner." "So we did. We were mad then, and apologized; did we not?" "Yes, but the false apology was an aggravation of the original offence." "How can we make reparation?" "Ask the Lord to forgive your sins." "Oh we cannot do that; we do not believe in Him, nor in any such Being; so we must abide in our sins. Tell him we are sorry.

August 10. "We wish to ask, why you do not go home on Saturdays at 2 P. M. instead of 12.10? This is to show that we are cognizant of your daily actions." "Why show what is so well known by me? I know that, if I know anything." "You are correct again. Now we will ask another question. Why did you not go home last night?" "What is that intended to show?" "Why, that we know you did not go home, but are still here." "I know that as well as you do." "Yes, we know you do, but if you publish these simple interviews, it will prove to others our intimate rela-

tions, and that we are men-spirits, and talk to you just as men in the world, except that you do not see us." "Then you are contemplating the publishing of these uninteresting communications." "Yes, so far as your judgment shall determine, considering their usefulness." "With that purpose you should give me the best articles your pencil can produce." "So we will. Recently we have been quite elaborate in our explanations or answers, and prolific in suggesting topics, so as to show our varied talents." "Yes, in concealing what you know, and fooling by re-hashing what I know." "Well, you see, *we know just what you know*, and what we know of our life on this side is not lawful to tell you—or else *we forget all about it* when we are with you."

CHAPTER XVI.

SPIRITUAL SIGHT.—MODE OF WRITING—HOW SPIRITS SEE OBJECTS IN THE WORLD.—MIND READING.—COMING TO AN UNDERSTANDING.

"WE have many times given you evidence that we see objects in the world; but how we see them we cannot easily explain. Your eyes somehow are the instruments of our vision. Still we know we are not in and cannot enter into your body and make use of your visual sense in that way. We may add, that we will try our best to throw some additional light on what we have previously written, and we promise there shall be no fooling.

"We see all the objects on the table. We see the pencil point, and the letters and words which we are now writing, and I who am doing the writing, seem to myself to be using your hand without holding or touching it. My own hand is in your hand, so it seems. I seem to be grasping

the pencil and propelling it, and writing as if independent of you, if I do not reflect. When I reflect I see my own hand, and am then removed from you and see you writing, but still as if my will and thought are in it. We see now you are not thinking of what is being written, because we have occupied your cerebrum and are acting through it. We see also that we control your will by acting in the cerebellum; and yet we are not in them, but our own will and thought seem to flow into your organism and leave you independent of us as we are of you. But we see your thoughts as clearly as we perceive our own, and the two act apparently as one. So that we can act through your hand in writing, precisely as if we were writing ourselves on this side. But when we write for you, we know you are our medium, and then we concentrate our will and thought to influence yours, and thus there is influx into your interiors which act on your internal man. It is the nature of this world to act by unison, or in harmony by association. Hence, those associated from affinity are in unity and act as one. Now we see this is more clear, or appears so to you; but it is all nonsense, as we wrote it from things in your memory and we know nothing about it. We are pleased to have the chance to show you how well we can read your memory, as it evidences that other 'inspirational' mediums are acted upon in the same way.

"We seem to be far off, because we are on different planes. You are on the natural, we are on the spiritual. Our state is interior to yours, and hence we see from interior what is exterior, while you cannot see interior from what is exterior. We are in the light of an interior world so far as our low states admit. From our position we see our thoughts and affections in some sense coalesce with yours, but not always. We find repulsive spheres in some respects, but there are lines of attraction between us; these are from some

interior or external causes. We are not external only so far as our evils and falses attach us to such things as we can find in the minds of men, and just so far we adhere to you. So far as you permit we will consciously attach ourselves to such things in your memory as please and are agreeable to us. But you wish no such conscious conjunction or connection, and hence it must be tacit, or unconscious to you at least, as your delights are not in such things

"If we could obsess you as we once did we would hold your mind steadfastly in such memories as delight us, and would remove or destroy, if possible, all your better qualities which are opposed to our loves. You see we are only in things agreeing with us. But to this you except, saying, we are with you when writing things contrary to our loves, while reading, praying, and meditating. True, but we cannot be disjoined, and hence we try to disturb you in those things because they are contrary to us and we cannot help it, for our very life is being hurt, as you must see.

"We therefore are remote from you, for in truth your interior state is repulsive to us, while your external is more agreeable, and while the mind is held in external, natural things, we are not disturbed but are in quiescent conditions, peace, and tranquillity; but as soon as you read, pray, or meditate on interior or heavenly things, then, as we frequently tell you, 'you *hurt us*.' That hurt you may understand, if you imagine that some one, we for instance, should strive to destroy your affection for things you love or take delight in, those are things of *your life*, and any infringement on them *hurts you*. What better expression can you find? We have said very much more than we expected, and we see you approve nearly everything as being probable. So it is in fact, and you understand our position and feelings."

"Yes, but the hurts seem to be inevitable, as in many

respects we are antipodal; so I hope, if my wishes are any criterion for judging."

"Yes, we see it, we feel it, you cannot help it. That is your choice; but we see in your mind a thought that harshness towards us only adds to our misery, and that commiseration may at least soften our hard lot, although we cannot help trying to make you the victim of our infestations as long as we are associated with you. This you understand well enough and patiently contend with us to overcome us and repel our influence. Now let us understand each other. We will do our best to restrain our inclinations to annoy you if you be kind to us and do not call us bad names. We know now that you are our 'commander.' We must in some degree obey you, as Swedenborg says in Spl. Diary, n. 50: 'It is given to man to command evil spirits, and not to be commanded by them.'

"I see no objection to your wish, with the exception that it has the appearance of a bargain for relieving me from what God in his providence permits me to suffer, and combat without making conditions with the enemy, but in fact it is only an appearance. But even that I must avoid. I will, however, for my own good, strive to treat you considerately. And from principle, so far as possible, I advise you to restrain your own evils and you will suffer less, as evils always involve a corresponding punishment."

"Very good; we see how careful you are not to contract for any less struggle than the Lord sends, and because we are in evil states, we reject and do not appreciate your tenderness, but will strive while with you to do better. We see it all better than you do. You try not to hurt us or any one; so you intend at least. We will ask as a favor then that you do not call us '*devils*' any more. If we have called ourselves such, it was in moods of anger."

"Now, gentlemen, you seem quite rational about this

matter, as if there ought to be some good ground in you yet. I know there is, and that you can never destroy it. You may apparently cover it over or remove it, but it is indestructible, and will remain with you forever, and it may help you to come into even self-forced conditions of order, and so far make you better. Do not despair."

"You are very good to us we see, but we cannot appreciate nor apply the advice you give us. There is nothing in us that is good. God has removed from our centre to the circumference all that was soft, kind, and good; we are only inverted men—sons of perdition. You say that is very sad, and yet our acquaintance with you shows clearly how bad we are, and we strive to torment you because we are sent to you for the sake of your regeneration. We know you are prudent and tender-hearted, and do not wish to afflict us with more than our present burdens. Now, then, we will do the best for ourselves, as you suggest, that we possibly can, and hope to be better understood. We see that you are not willing that we call you our friend, as you think we are evil and you do not wish to be friend or friendly with evil. It is right from your view. But it hurts us, and you are sorry, we see; but still it seems to be the only attitude you can take at present. Well, then, be it so, and we will be as good as we can. We understand your purpose is not to hurt us."

"Why should I have such a wish?"

"We see no reason, so good-bye. One word; we thank you for this opportunity. It makes us feel better to see how kind you are to us; it is all right."

Although these evil spirits have tormented and tortured us, we confess that we are often touched with pity, and compassion for them. Swedenborg shows such feelings to be proper. See A. C. n. 968, and S. Diary, n. 406, from which we give the sense—Novitiate spirits wondered that Swedenborg

would converse with evil spirits, as they thought they ought to castigate them and treat them contemptuously; but he instructed them that they were to be commiserated, and spoken to tenderly; and that those whom the Lord protects or adopts cannot be hurt if all hell from without and from within were to surround them. . . . . "And that men have at least two spirits from hell and two angels from heaven attendant upon them, and that the evil rule the wicked, but are subdued and forced to serve with the good."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE CONTROL'S CONCLUSION.

"THIS strange narrative is now to be concluded. We who have been with the author, through his investigations, are now about to take our leave of the reader, who has patiently followed the remarkable leadings of the Divine Providence as narrated in these pages. We are not in a position to identify ourselves as possessing the names or fame of any modern authors, nor those of antiquity. In fact, so far as we have any recollection of our earthly career, we were persons of only mediocre abilities, and those abilities as seen in the light of the author's sphere, have been dreadfully perverted. We are not, therefore, of that quality that delights in any moral, mental, or religious exercise, but find our delight in the inversion of what to others seem to be sacred and reliable revelations, or guides to direct the footsteps of erring humanity. That our own nature is opposed to such love, or desire to worship, or the acknowledgment of a supreme Power, results from our perverted state of life, self-induced while on earth, and continued since we came to the spiritual world.

"Just what circumstances environed us while in earth-life, that should have led us into our present dark abyss, we cannot recall, because we are not in the memory of much that belongs to our earthly existence. Nor can we remember so much as where we lived, and not so much as our names. This is now of no consequence to us, but it is a fact that spiritual investigators may do well to remember when they are in intercourse with the invisibles of our sphere.

"There were many amusing episodes through which we have passed with the author, we having had him for our medium, and acted as his control. To the world these pages may appear as the weavings of an unsettled or unbalanced brain. But the mysteries of the hidden world are so much concealed and misunderstood, that few professing Christians have the least conception of the forms, powers, good and evil qualities which inhere in either the higher or lower spirits. Only in recent days has the world awoke from her spiritual lethargy, and rubbed her sleepy eyes to discover the dawn of a new spiritual era.

"What has descended from the world of light into the terrestrial sphere of moral and spiritual gloom, a few, an infinitesimally small number, have faintly perceived and welcomed as the harbinger of future promise. What may be the future role of our class of super-mundane beings, we shall not attempt to predict. Evil or bad as we are, still we know that we are instruments in the hands of the supreme controlling Power, of bringing comfort and consolation to many a stricken heart.

"Immortality is now made sure. The doubting, incredulous, gloomy mind has had convincing light—facts brought to demonstrate that there are two universes, one within or adjoined to the other, and that the inhabitants of both do now have constant intercourse one with the other. Of this fact we have made our medium duly sensible, though we

must not deny that for many years prior to our open intercourse with him, he had a rational belief of this important truth.

"That we have controlled him by our mysterious power, so that he could not so much as move a finger—that we have for several weeks held oral discourse with him by audible speech, and then, by a process of active thought, he has related. That we have distorted the truth, and misled him by pretending to be innocent children, and dear ones tenderly beloved, we confess without compunction of conscience. The end justified the means. But the means employed by us are known only to ourselves, and are not matters of revelation. The end is no more comprehended by us than by the investigating world. We are the mediums of the Supreme Control, and our work is done in accordance with a Divine law, just as much as the revolution of the planets round the solar orb, or as the harmonious movements of all the celestial spheres.

"We are not celestial we know. Our true character has been revealed to the author, and what he has written dedeserves no criticism from us. His sense of decorum has induced him to reject some of our too familiar expressions. He has given enough, however, to place us on our true footing. We have been of use to him we believe, which he sometimes admits [in a *qualified* sense], and he has afforded us much pleasure by permitting us to come into the world through his senses, seeing, hearing, feeling as men do who live on earth. How we do this is as inexplicable to us as it is to those who investigate this matter. But sure we are, we have no intercourse with the world except through the senses of a medium.

"We advise the incredulous carefully to ponder what we have said and done through our medium. The simple narrated facts are the only arguments, we think, required to

convince the unprejudiced, candid mind, of the truth of immortal life, and its related states and conditions. We need add nothing more that is personal to ourselves. Other communicating visitants relate their own business through their own subjects or mediums. Let each answer for his own revelations.

"We are not on the best of terms with our medium. He thinks we are worse than the plagues and abominations of Egypt. He has prayed that his Lord would remove us from his conscious presence. But we abide with him. We cannot help it. He treats us considerately. Commands us to act decorously, and in many respects we get along agreeably as a matter of necessity. What is to follow this narration, we cannot prophesy. We take our leave of the patient reader who has followed us through these fragmentary records. We expect to abide with the author just so long as the Supreme Control permits. Our name is—

"LEGION.

"March 3, 1884."

For several days after the Sequel had been concluded, my "subjects" complained that since that work was finished, it seemed to them that they had nothing to do, and asked "What next shall we do?" I replied, "I have no further use for you; I hope you will now leave me and go home." To this they objected saying, "We cannot think of leaving you, as it is our business to remain with you." A few days after, I felt it to be my duty to dismiss them if I could, and therefore commanded them to leave me and go off. Since which I have refused all their importunities to write, though I am frequently conscious of their presence from influx into my thoughts, which has continued for one year, gradually growing less and less troublesome.

March, 1885.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE AUTHOR'S CONCLUSION.

THE mass of facts presented in these pages must lead to well-defined, clear-cut conclusions, which the author will not attempt to arrange in a series of deductions. This is left to the reader to do in perfect freedom. But we have something to say respecting the significance of the facts which in many respects are mystified by the artful fooling of pretended angelic "guides" and dear "returned friends." The array of facts prove conclusively that evil spirits control, and that, under the deceptive guise of angels and "exalted intelligences," some smart people are cheated out of their common sense, and many out of their money.

What do these manifestations signify? In our humble opinion they are a natural sequence of the Last Judgment, executed in the Spiritual World in 1757, by which the reopening of intercourse with the world of spirits has been effected in accordance with prophetical promise. This is a logical inference derived from a close study of Swedenborg relating to that stupendous event.

What can be done about it? It cannot be stopped. The tide is now in the flood. Who will predict the time of its ebb? Call the manifestations what you please, it will not alter facts as they exist. If wrong, who is to blame, when in the year 1848 the Divine Providence discovered to the Fox children a simple mode of holding intercourse with spirits? The children did not seek it. The "raps" came to them as sport. Their significance was revealed providentially. If wrong, disorderly, or premature as to time,

had Omnipotence no alternative, no preventive? Let us acknowledge that the Lord reigneth, and all power is in Him; then we may believe that, bad as it is in its present aspects, He is in Control and will bend it to everlasting good to the human race.

What can be done to suppress it? Denunciation, anathema, or the "Pope's bull," must all alike prove futile. The age is transitional. We are emerging from the slavery of dogmatical religion, and entering into a New Age of moral and religious liberty. Spiritism is one of the incidents and instruments in bridging the passage. Swedenborg's intromission into the spiritual world and his intercourse with angels and evil spirits for many years, with his published revelations, we believe were the precursors of modern progress, discoveries, and phenomena.

The interior significance of these manifestations few will suspect. We will declare what appears to us to be their Divine purpose, or why permitted. That evil spirits are the active forces in immediate contact with and acting through human mediums, we assert. That angels are not in intercourse with the world is not because it would be disorderly, but the world generally, and men in particular, are so deeply immersed in gross, selfish, corporeal, sensual lusts, that were angels to come, and men could be brought to feel their heavenly sphere of mutual love, they could not endure their presence without inexpressible torture and most painful judgment.

Judgment is effected in the world of spirits simply by the Lord and his angels "drawing near." The evil cannot endure the presence of the Divine nor of angels, unless the Lord interpose by means of a cloud or some tempering medium that prevents the light or truth of heaven from penetrating into the mind or interior life of spirits or men, which would expose their interior hideous deformity to their

consciousness, with a fear of destruction and indescribable terror.

It is for this reason that after death, regenerating men abide a while in obscurity in the world of spirits, and undergo "vastations" by which evils are separated from goods, and thus they are prepared for heavenly life. Evil spirits are used to castigate and expose them, and torment and torture them, until they are ashamed, and abhor all their evils, and cry for help and mercy. This is the Lord's appointed time when He hears their cry, and saves them. But wicked men and spirits who are confirmed in evils and are unrepentant, never suffer such vastations, but seek hell from inclination.

In this age, regenerating men who have conscience, sometimes come into these interior states, and suffer similar things to what spirits do when being vastated in the world of spirits. These states vary, and are as dissimilar in their manifestations, as are the subjects in their affections and religious knowledges. No two cases can possibly be alike. Some are deep, interior, affecting the spiritual life, and leading to despairs, while others are light, superficial, and affect only the external corporeal life: but there are few, indeed, who know these facts, and those who experience these states are misunderstood, except by the instructed.

It follows that men must be prepared before angels come; and Swedenborg, the great seer, who was no exception, tells us that this is done by spirits who first come or go before the angels. If this rule applies to an individual, then it applies to the world of humanity; and in this truth is found the solution of the problem of spirits being now so often in open intercourse with men. It is to prepare the way for the angels to come: and since it is of the Lord's providence, who can say that it is not his chosen mode?

The following from Spl. Diary, n. 1656, seems clearly to favor our expressed opinion. "From this it may be inferred

that, in the universal heaven, and the whole orb of the earth, viz., before the approach of angels, a spirit is despatched to prepare the way, to inspire a fear, and to admonish that the angelic visitants be courteously received; and moreover, that such messenger spirit often speaks somewhat harshly. . . . Hence, it may appear that in the universal heaven and the whole world, the custom obtains of a forerunner being employed.* Jesus himself, as to his *natural* humanity, was not exempt from this rule of spirits manifesting themselves, tempting, and assaulting him; and thus preparing him for his glorification, and final conquest, and subjugation of all the hells. In Matthew, Chapter IV., it is written: "Then was Jesus led up of the spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil. And when he had fasted forty days and forty nights, he was afterward an hungred. And when the tempter came to him he said, If thou be the Son of God command that these stones be made bread; but he answered and said, It is written, man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God. Then the devil taketh him up into the holy city, and setteth him on a pinnacle of the temple, and saith unto him, If thou be the Son of God cast thyself down; for it is written He shall give his angels charge concerning thee, and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone. Jesus said unto him, It is written again, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God. Again the devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain, and showeth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them, and saith unto him: All these things will I give unto thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me. Then saith Jesus unto him, Get thee hence, Satan: for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God and Him only shalt thou serve. Then the devil leaveth him and *behold angels came* and ministered unto him."

* See Arcana Cœlestra, 8028.

It is to be observed that by tempter, devil, and Satan is signified the power of all the hells; and it was this force which was concentrated against the *natural* hereditary principles in him, derived from Mary the mother of Jesus, but the interior Divine soul or Eternal Father could in no wise be tempted or assailed. How little can poor mortal man comprehend the temptations of Jesus, when all hell was united in the assaults! Only by the power of Omnipitence in him was He enabled to subjugate the hells, and reduce them to order by judgment, and thereby make it tolerable for man to live on the earth, and possible for him to come into angelic life.

It is of vast use, therefore, to bring to light, through the experience of men, the operations of spirits when they tempt, assault, and control them. Therefore we are justified in showing the reader, briefly indeed, somewhat of Swedenborg's unsurpassed experiences, continued through a period of more than thirty years. But it is especially his first experience of preparation for his open intercourse with angels, that we wish to bring under the light of facts herein recorded.

It is a matter of history that Swedenborg's maligners, not understanding interior temptations or spirit control, published that he was crazy, and that he did several foolish and insane things while living in London. The charges when greatly modified, are admitted, and his apologists attempt to excuse any improprieties or want of decorum, on the grounds of his having had a "violent fever" at the time. From close study of his S. Diary and from our experience, we have no hesitation in repudiating the common explanation and offering as the real cause, that he was under control of spirits who acted through his body, speaking through him and moving his body as if it were their own. If then, when obsessed, the obsessing spirits should have made him say absurd, insane things, or should have made him act like the

demoniacs who dwelt in the tombs, whom the Lord cured, or should have made him do everything and more even than his enemies have asserted—suppose we admit it and ask, What if he did? Many people become delirious when sick, and are excused for what they say or do. Why not be equally charitable to Swedenborg, if he was crazy with a fever?

But obsession is now becoming more frequent and better understood, and a study of his S. Diary furnishes abundant proof that evil spirits frequently assaulted and controlled him. His London experience in the year 1744, at which date his interiors were being opened and he was passing through states of desolation, vastation, and humiliation, was similar to that of spirits in their first states in the world of spirits, when the externals are being brought to agree with the internals. Evidently this was requisite before he could be introduced into heaven or the society of angels. This work of preparation very few at this day can fully appreciate. But in the future, as the interiors of men will become more commonly opened, Swedenborg's behavior will be better understood, and recognized as incidental to the work of interior preparation.

Our position relative to Swedenborg's condition at this period, is confirmed by many things related in his Private Diary, covering this date of supposed insanity. His recorded dreams run from March 24 to October 27, 1744. A careful perusal shows that he did not comprehend the power which was controlling him, for he was not yet fully intromitted among angels and spirits. During a part of this transitional period he was unquestionably controlled by evil spirits. He says he had "tremors and was shaken from head to foot, and thrown out of bed on his face." He also had unusual "perspirations" and believed he was being "purified, encompassed, and preserved by the Holy Spirit."

"I was in temptation," he says, "thoughts invaded me that I could not control, . . and full liberty was given them to resist the Holy Spirit, which leads in a different direction. The infestation was indeed so strong that unless God's grace had been stronger, I must have succumbed or *become mad.* . . . The action of the Spirit and its power affected me so that I almost lost my senses.

"It was wonderful that I could have at one and the same time *two thoughts*, which were quite distinct, one for myself who was occupied entirely by different thoughts, and at the same time the thoughts of the temptation, in such wise that nothing was able to drive them away. This kept me in such a state of captivity that I was at a loss whither to fly, for I carried them with me. I am still weary in my body and mind for I know nothing except my own unworthiness, and am in pain on account of being a wretched creature. . . I was continually in a state of combat between thoughts which were antagonistic to one another. . . . This has now lasted twenty-one days."

"I was this day, at intervals, in interior anxiety and at times in a state of despair. . . . Afterwards I dreamt how the Evil One led me into various deep places and bound me. . . . Being thus tied I was cast into hell. . . . While I had the most damnable thoughts, the worst that could possibly be, Jesus Christ* was presented visibly before my internal sight. . . . During the whole night I lay in a strange trance, whether asleep or awake I knew all that I dreamt [thought], but my thoughts were kept bound, which at times produced perspiration. . . . Violent tremors came over me, one after another, as many as ten or fifteen. . . . In the morning on awakening I fell into

* This we believe was an evil spirit pretending to be Christ, as in our own case, the spirit pretended to be God.

a swoon, a fainting fit, . . so subtle that I was almost dead. It came upon me as soon as I saw the light. I threw myself upon my face when it gradually passed off."

Much of the above is so similar to our own experiences as narrated in "Facts," that we have no difficulty in accounting for it on the same general principles of spirit control—spirits also inducing the fantasies. We think one cannot come into interior conditions without coming in contact with demons who expose the evils they so quickly detect by exploration, whence follow depression, melancholy, and desperation, according to the states of faith and charity in the person, and the degree of interior opening.

Dr. R. L. Tafel, writing in "Documents concerning Swedenborg," p. 1078, respecting this period of dreams, considers it, as we do, a state of preparation, when "there is no purification without temptation, and there can be no temptation without the agency of evil spirits, who excite into activity, and if possible into act, the evils of our nature. Temptation is a conflict between the good and evil within us, and as angels support us and evil spirits assail us, temptation is a conflict between angels and demons, as to whose we shall be. . . . There can be no doubt of these being the very dreams of which we are now speaking. Some of them appear to be indeed something more than temptations, to be rather of the nature of *demoniacal possession.*"

The conclusion of Dr. Tafel seems to be inevitable; and as there is no record of "dreams" from May 20th until June 11th, we may well suppose that was the period when "this lasted twenty-one days." There can be no doubt but he was in dreadful temptations or vastations at this time, which were essential to prepare him for the work he afterwards performed under the protection and guidance of the Lord.

Our conclusion has a further basis in Swedenborg's subsequent experiences, after he had come under the protection

of angels and the Lord, when evil spirits occasionally controlled him. In Sp. Diary, 1934, he says: "On a night of this month, evil spirits . . . shook the joints of my whole body with trembling, so that there was a universal tremor, such as I had occasionally experienced at other times. . . . Had any other one experienced what I have occasionally experienced of this nature, he would have supposed he was *possessed* by *demons*."

The prophets while performing the work peculiar to their function, were not exempt from spirit obsession, and were required to do many apparently foolish and insane acts. Nor could they help doing what was commanded. But no one now censures what was done so long ago, even if they were obsessed, as Swedenborg affirms they were. In S. D. 2272 to 2283, he describes the different degrees of obsession, and somewhat of his own.

It is known from the Word of the Lord that the prophets in former times had various gestures; and that if they lived today, and performed such things, they would be regarded as obsessed. Take, for instance, that Saul stripped off his clothes, and prophesied before Samuel, and laid down naked all that day and all that night. 1 Samuel xix. 24. And Isaiah went naked and barefoot three years, while Ezekiel lay seige against Jerusalem in a remarkable manner. See Chapters IV. and V.

More than fifty years ago, prior to modern spiritism, James Johnston, of England, had for several years his spiritual senses open, and frequently held intercourse with a great number of spirits, whom he persistently calls angels. His diary was recently published, and shows that he and two assistants were often required to perform novel or strange things, generally in secret ways. Their actions as related, we doubt not, most readers think are sufficient proofs of insanity.

The spirits holding intercourse with Swedenborg did not always treat him harshly; and he says: "Very often when any one spoke with me, spirits spoke through me. . . . This occurred many times; for instance, twice to-day. I cannot enumerate the times, they are so many . . . that I have scarcely thought this worthy of relation. Moreover, that they have *laughed* through me, *and done many things.* . . . . There are those who introduce these things into my thought, and while I am unconscious of it, lead my hand to write thus." Sp. Diary, 2957–2996.

No. 7167, Adversaria. Swedenborg describes the different modes by which he wrote, and he distinguishes the true or genuine revelations from those which were not reliable. He burnt all the latter to prevent their being published. They were written as I myself and many other mediums write, and are wholly unreliable.

We have one last word to say to the reader. We place no confidence in ordinary spirit communications; but we entertain the most profound confidence in Swedenborg's published theological writings, given as we believe under the protection and guidance of the Lord Jesus Christ, which Swedenborg affirms in these words: "Thus have I been instructed; consequently by no spirit, nor by any angel, but by the Lord alone, from whom is all truth and good." S. Diary, n. 1647.

" . . . Now since all these interposing congregations [of evil spirits, in the world of spirits] were dissipated by the last judgment, it is plain that the communication between heaven and the world, or between the Lord and the Church *has been restored.* Hence it is, that after, and not sooner, revelations were made for the New Church. *For since communication has been restored* by the last judgment, man is able to be enlightened and reformed; that is, to un-

derstand the Divine truth of the Word, to receive it when understood, and to retain it when received, *for the interposing obstacles are removed:* and therefore John, after the former heaven and the former earth passed away [in the world of spirits] said that he "saw a new heaven and a new earth, and then the holy city, Jerusalem, descending from God out of heaven prepared as a bride, adorned for her husband; and heard One sitting upon the throne, say, *Behold I make all things new.*" *Contin. L. J.* n. 11, 12.

APPENDIX.

CASES OF OBSESSION.

ALTHOUGH my strange experiences were anomalous, there are others who have passed through somewhat similar ones. I have recently found statements of experiences so nearly identical with my own, that I present here a few extracts from a pamphlet entitled "The Nature of Insanity; its Cause and Cure, by J. D. Rhymus."

Case of J. D. Rhymus.

"In my own case I know that the brain was not diseased at all; my whole nature seemed to be intensified by conflicting emotions raging within the breast. I was completely enveloped and pervaded by thought, or in other words thought came as something impinged upon me, seeking expression through me, without being coined or generated by the action of my own brain, although fully conscious at the time, as I am now, that I possessed a strength within me not my own will and brain power so-called—yet it was so blended with, and manifested through, my own powers of action, that I felt great exhaustion of nerve force, and mental prostration when the conditions subsided. . . . I was never affected to the degree of unconsciousness, but generally with memory most wonderfully aroused, and quickened feelings greatly intensified and keenly alive to my surroundings in every most minute particular. . . . Mind strangely and painfully illuminated, thoughts with seemingly significant portence, ready coined and moulded, over which I had not the slightest control, would come welling in and surging over me, until my whole nature seemed to become multiplex—many individualities merged into one. I had no power to think or stop thinking; I simply suffered thought In my

own consciousness I stood the focus of influences, both external and internal; and strange as it may appear, the internal was by far the more vivid and real, compared with which the external was tame and unsubstantial. Being obliged to respond to that which was the most potent and real, my actions and conduct to the mere external observer, seemed but the manifestations of delusion and frenzy. . . . .

"Every act of my own life, with its attendant motive, would come up most vividly before me, and would seem to be attached to some corresponding inward condition; all those acts of careless self-indulgence told most fearfully against me, yet mysteriously mixed and blending with all this dark background, shining like threads of gold, was the little good that I have done, those acts less selfish, prompted more by motives of kindness and benevolence, which had blessed and benefited others; this was all the capital I had, my whole stock in trade. In this condition I could realize and feel the full force of the command: "Lay not up for *yourselves* treasures upon earth;" I could plainly see that it is our good deeds in life, and those only, which form the golden threads of memory, attaching and linking us to a higher, diviner life. I could also plainly see where God's books were kept, and just how every act of our lives, with their qualities, were recorded with unerring precision and certainty [this is in man's memory], and that we indeed have to give an account for the deeds done in the body. Yet ever in this overwhelming vortex of contending forces I could, within my deep spirit, feel a divinely beneficent hand extended for my deliverance; and when my companion, in her exhausted strength, would raise her soul for Divine help, I could feel her spirit grasp the extended hand, and through her external hand laid upon my brow, would be transmitted an influence and force so Divine in its nature, so permeating and soothing to every nerve, so cool and tranquillizing in its effects, its source could not be doubted; and I saw just how prayer was answered, and how the sick are healed by prayer.*

* This power of prayer was felt as equally efficacious in my own case; as was also every touch from any one who acted with a view to making me more comfortable; each touch was felt as an inspiration from the Lord, and carried with it such force that the evil spirits seemed gradually to relax their hold, when strength and self-control were restored. And yet none of the persons could suspect the amount of good they were doing.

" . . . 'He that overcometh!' When a man's spiritual understanding becomes quickened to grasp this in its deepest, broadest sense, and he at once sets himself to act upon it, that moment this force before so destructive, becomes a regenerating power revolutionizing and purifying the whole currents of life within his being; the mind becomes stimulated to an act of eternal vigilance, and the soul is placed in an attitude of unceasing prayer."

Case of Doct. J. T. McVey, of Tyrone, Pa.

During the war of the Rebellion, my friend, Doct. McVey, visited me in Pittsburgh. He told me that he was frequently clairvoyant, and clairaudient, and in his visions years before he had seen in the spiritual world battling hosts prophetical of what was then transpiring within our bleeding, suffering country. . . . On some occasions he saw in front of him beautiful vistas, ascending in the distance as far as his vision could reach; and this way was crowded with a living, active multitude of spirits, intent on going where their life's affections attracted them. Below, as if in subterranean chambers, he frequently saw spirits from the lower stratum of humanity, of all nations and colors, intermingling promiscuously in all sorts of wickedness and debauchery.

His immediate associates were of two classes. One with the most tender affection, and earnest appeals to his intelligence and better nature, were bending and leading him into honorable, upright, and true paths of light and life. These were seen in front of him, on his right side. The other class were persistently persuading and urging him to live a life of unrestrained, natural, sensual indulgence, saying that his sins had already condemned him, and restraint, retracing, or repentance were entirely useless, as he would surely be damned. These spirits were seen behind or over his left shoulder. These interior states came to him during hours of dissipation, or when he lost sleep from too constant attention to his patients.

In passing through a house, he would see them in dark halls or dark rooms, and at night when riding along shaded, or dark roads. . . . Once he was sick, confined to bed in a lower room, while the spirits, the Sanhedrim, were for

several days assembled over head in a chamber, and were considering his case. The important question before them was "whether he was yet prepared to ride the 'white horse.'" He heard the debates, and the matter was at last determined by vote in the negative. . . . During this illness a former female patient, then in spirit life, constantly attended his bedside, ministering to his spiritual wants.

When he was with me he said the "spirits had informed him that if he again gave himself up to dissipation, he would then pass over." I never saw or heard from him, personally, afterward. I met his widow not long after, when she said, that it actually came to pass as had been predicted. She described an incident which occurred some months before his death. He came home to tea one evening, when she was seated in a rather dark corner of the room, unnoticed by the Doctor. He came in conversing with invisible beings, and offered two or three of them seats at the table, and pressed his guests to help themselves. Presently a dish of fruit moved toward one of the unoccupied seats, when the Doctor rose to his feet and began to curse the invisible for being a selfish, greedy ——, and at the same time snatched the dish and replaced it in the centre of the table, and invited the others to help themselves; but the dish again took the same direction as before, which infuriated the Doctor, when ensued an apparent struggle for possession of the dish. All this the wife witnessed, and says it was not an illusion on her part, and that she neither saw nor heard any one with the Doctor.

Case of Mrs. Elsie Reynolds.

Mrs. E. S. Sleeper, of San Francisco, reports through the Banner of Light, Aug. 16, 1884, the facts of a controlling spirit laboring under the fantasy that he was still living on earth, and had never passed into spirit life Mrs. Reynolds and Mrs. Sleeper reside in the same house. The former was controlled by the spirit, who imagined that Mrs Sleeper was his sister, and she being clairvoyant, reports what she saw. We give the report as published.

"For nearly two months I was brought in contact with a spirit who held Mrs. R. in the most complete entrancement I have ever witnessed, giving the most unmistakable proofs

of the genuineness of his control, such as facts of his earthly existence, names of intimate friends, his business connections, etc., constantly asking me, as his sister, to interfere and settle his business and not let his money be lost. All his conversation proved that avarice had been his ruling passion. This spirit was in entire ignorance that he had passed from mortal to immortal life, believing that he lay upon a sick bed with his mental faculties somewhat clouded by a long illness. The guides of the medium and spirit-friends of persons who visited me during the day were living men and women to him, and when requested to describe those spirits (for which we had to allege the darkness of the room as the reason for our not seeing them) complete descriptions would be given, with names and other tokens of identity, making it a wonderful proof of the reality of what we were witnessing.

"This control continued almost daily for two or three hours' duration. I nursed, soothed, and otherwise treated him as a very sick brother, but all attempts to teach him that he was a spirit and controlling a medium were received with scorn and great irritation. This induced us to kindly tend and wait. I wish I could tell you of all the revelations that were given to us in those many hours of day and night; obeying that *lost* spirit's bidding, making him comfortable on bed or lounge, looking up papers, getting his lawyer, and doing much other work he wished done to prepare his business to his satisfaction, for him to be willing to die; humoring all his wishes and complying with all his requests, making all appear smooth and right to him. This was no easy task, seeing he was a spirit and we mortals; but we gave him our kindest attention, tenderly teaching, indirectly as much as possible, until finally the spirit informed us he was growing worse and knew he must soon die. Vainly we endeavored to bring before him the fact of another life after mortal death, still trying to teach him of what he would find in that life, asking him what he thought that world like, and gently speaking of what we had heard of it from some spiritualist. He said they were all a set of crazy people, and if any one talked that to him he should be a lunatic like them, and he knew and cared nothing about that foolishness.

"The guides of the medium informed me that all such efforts would be useless, for death only would release the cling-

ing spirit; and the time came. In the stillness of early dawn I was summoned to the death-scene, and I entered the room of the medium with feelings of thankfulness, knowing that the morning sun would rise upon a spirit redeemed from earth. I lost sight of the medium as such, and saw before me a pale, emaciated mortal, whose brows were already damp with the dew of death; whose sunken eyes gazed anxiously into mine; whose lips feebly uttered a farewell to his dear sister, for such he supposed me to be, with kind remembrances to absent ones.

"With the sympathy of a dear sister I stood beside his death-bed and watched for the moment of release, being assured that his spirit-friends would be present, and at the last moment open his eyes upon the glorious realities of spirit-life. I noted the flickering, fitful pulse, the death-rattle, the gradual lessening of the heart pulsation. As the film of death set its glassy seal upon those upturned eyes, his spiritual sight was opened, and with a beatified smile he welcomed the approach of his former earthly companion, with upraised hands exclaiming, "Jane, my dear wife, I am coming to meet you!" Then with a convulsive shudder all was over, leaving us the mortal form he had held possession of, apparently enfolded in the cold embrace of death, which, to all appearance, would have been literally true had we not known that the medium was in the hands of competent guides, who in a short time would assume control and relieve us from all anxiety concerning the medium. The death-scene we had witnessed was the resurrection of only one soul of the many thousands held down to the surroundings of earth, as the result of lives absorbed in worldly gain, to the detriment of the inner life of the spirit."

Case of Rev. B. S. Hobbs, a Universalist Minister of New York State.

The following is taken from the Gadarene, a book edited by J. O. Barrett and J. M. Peebles.

"More than once has my speech been controlled in the presence of my audience while engaged in the sacred service of public prayer . . . until at last I was compelled to use the Liturgy. More than once have I been driven from the workshop after being forced for a time by positive con-

trol to leave the pulpit. This to me is not easy of solution. It seems like violence, which no spirit is justified in inflicting on a mortal. And were it not for my own tried experience, I should not believe it possible.

On three Sabbaths I have been prevented from speaking. I have been prevented from speaking a word for hours, and have been otherwise so influenced as to make the performance of my Sabbath duties, after much effort and trial, clearly impossible. I am, in fact, literally driven from the pulpit.

After being released from the lunatic asylum, he said he was "no more insane when thus in Utica than when in our room, but only under control of different orders of spirits." The lower order, when obsessing him, would throw his awls and hammer out of his hand, in the shoemaker's shop; and throw the Bible off the pulpit when he was preaching, make him froth at the mouth, swear like a 'piper,' and then compose psalms. He would actually improvise psalms in the style of David's, that no one could tell from David's so far as *style* and diction were concerned.

Case of Miss S——.

An eminent physician of Philadelphia has supplied me the following facts:—

"The young lady to whom you refer in your letter is a Miss S——, who was once my patient and quite intimate in my family. Her father was a sea captain, and was lost at sea, no one knowing when or where. Her anxiety to learn something of his fate, lead her to apply to a spirit medium. She was found to be very susceptible, and a remarkable medium. She did nothing to encourage the approach of spirits; but they came all the same. They almost tormented the life out of her for a long time—how long I do not remember. They appeared to have full control of her bodily movements. They often made her get out of bed at night and perform all sorts of grotesque antics. She finally drove them off by repeating the Lord's Prayer on their every approach. The particulars I cannot recall. That she resorted to other passages of the Word I do not know, but my daughter says she did; but with what effect neither of us know. . . . .

"Your sincere friend, MEDICUS.

"Nov. 12, 1884."

Case of an Artist.

Our esteemed friend, Doct. E. A. Farrington, of Philadelphia, has given us the particulars of a peculiar case which we somewhat abridge. His patient was under the control of spirits, who induced the fantasy that he would die at 6 o'clock. He knew it because the spirits had said he would. "Where are the spirits?" asked the Doctor. "They are behind me, near my ears, but you cannot hear them." "But do you remember the Biblical words, 'Get thee behind me, Satan.'" This seemed to deeply affect him for a while; but presently he exclaimed "That won't do, Doctor; my mother is one of them; she is not a bad spirit." . . . "But only the Lord knows when we are to die." "True, but he has commissioned the spirits to inform me of the hour." A symptom of aconite reads, "The patient names the hour of death." The Doctor administered aconite, and as he turned to place the rest of the medicine on the bureau, the patient burst into a loud laugh, exclaiming, "Don't you hear them, Doctor? There now, they're gone; and they said, Here comes that d—nd Homœopath Doctor with his little pills. We'll have to run!"

He was soon asleep. Next morning he called on the Doctor and thanked him for his services, and expressed his belief that the spirits had deceived him by personating his dear mother. "But they declare they will return on the 31st of March next." On the 30th the Doctor sent by mail to Baltimore, where the patient then was, a powder of aconite, which was received at the hour when he was in a condition similar to that when the Doctor first visited him. He eagerly took the dissolved medicine, with the same happy results; and for several minutes after, the receding spirits were heard cursing Homœopathy, and heaping maledictions on the offending Doctor's head.

A year or more later, the Doctor was called to visit him again. He found him pacing the floor, gesticulating, and conversing with invisibles. He suddenly seated himself and wrote upon a scrap of paper; then his chair was overturned and he rushed upon and grasped the Doctor by the shoulder, exclaiming, "Come down stairs." They hurried below with terror depicted on the patient's face, and his limbs shak-

ing under him. In his hand he held the paper, "Read it," he shrieked. The Doctor read, "Mr. ——, you are to die; it will be painless; we shall use physical means." Signed "Spirits." The Doctor addressed him, saying, "Why you wrote that, I saw you." "Yes, yes, but the spirits made me do it." "But the spirits shall not harm you." "Oh, Doctor, you're a brave man, but you cannot fight spirits." "No, but am I under their influence? Can they read my mind as they read yours?" "No, no!" "Well, then, I will get a carriage and two policemen, the latter to fight the physical means. You are not afraid of anything physical, are you?" "No, I am not." And then he assumed a combative attitude. "Very good; now the officers will guard you against physical means, and I shall send you to a place that *I* am to know, but not *you*. See; they can't read my mind, and so can't follow you." Transparent as was the deception, he eagerly caught on to it; and half an hour later he was in the Pennsylvania Hospital. Not long after he met the Doctor, thanked him for his finesse, and added, "You've mistaken your profession; you should have been a detective."

Case of English Christians. (From the Gadarene.)

William Howitt, of England, the Christian Spiritist, citing numerous facts in proof of his statements, demonstrates that the doctrine of the church, used as an excuse, has an inevitable bias to such infestation. He proceeds to say:—

"Others desire good equally and earnestly, they pray fervently and continuously for it; but evil is with them. With them the approach of evil spirits is not a visit, nor simply a visitation, but an inroad. The door once open, they come in crowds, in mobs, in riotous invasions. They run, leap, fly, gesticulate, sing, whoop, and curse. They are the most merry and the most bitter of mockers. Wit looms in their words like flashes of infernal lightning; pantomime is in their action; laughter in their eyes, and a horror which no assumption of innocence can veil, is the effluvia of their presence. There is no question with the wretched sufferers of their phantasmagorial assaults, that they are the life and quintescence of hell. Nor is it the mind only of the unfortunate one which they haunt; they have a

power over his material movements; they move and remove articles; they fling and toss; they hide and steal; they put things where they ought not to be; they take them from whence they should constantly be. Mind, body, soul, memory, and imagination—nay, the very heart—are polluted by the ghostly *canaille*, and the sanctuary of life and the dwelling are invaded, disordered, desecrated, and made miserable by them. We know such sufferers. When they have written, praying for advice how to get rid of this pestilence, we could only say, "Pray with all your might for it, *and stick close to the Saviour* who cast out these tormentors in his earth life. Pray without ceasing; *pray in the might and faith of Christ.*"

It has been in vain; no prayer, no agony of petition, no persistence of a holy and wrestling exorcism, has been able to dislodge the foul and murderous crew. There they were and there they are.

But we have not reached the abysmal depth of the dark mysteries of the spirit world. There is a fact more startling still, if these spirit prowlers on the border lands of life are to be credited on their own assurances. When asked, and that by different persons in different places, "Why do you intrude on me and persist in your intrusion, though commanded to depart?" The answer has been, "Because we live on you. Through your sphere we enter into the atmosphere of human life. That is our happiness, we know none else. We have none here; here all is dark, barren, and joyless. We long to be back again in the warm, bright life of earth, and we achieve it through you. You are our highway, our bridge, our door along which we travel, over which we pass, and through which we enter, and again possess the heritage we lost. In your emanations we revel; through your nostrils we once more snuff up the aromas of earth, and scent the feast and the wine cup; *through your eyes* open upon us as of old all the sweet varieties of life."

Struck with horror, one of these persecuted sufferers exclaimed: "But this is a species of spiritual vampirism!"

"How so?" asked one of the tormentors. "Every grade of animal lives upon another. For your physical sustenance you live on the animal tribes; for your spiritual sustenance you live on Christ. He gives Himself for the

food of mankind. By his flesh and blood you exist. He is that living bread which came down from heaven; and we live on you and through you."

Case of a New York Lawyer. (From the Gadarene.)

"Judge Edmonds has recently expressed the opinion that many of the so-called lunatics in asylums, are only under the influence of spirits. 'Some fifteen cases of insanity, or rather obsession,' says the Judge, 'I have been instrumental in curing. This I said to the Academy of Science, in New York.'

"During a recent visit to New York the Judge, then in earth form, related to us this incident in substance as here described.

"A professional gentleman of the city engaged in the law, and an exemplary Christian, walking, as he believed, in the fear of God, of a sudden became irritable, cross in his family, inclined to swear, and what was more strange to himself, he at times thirsted for liquor. He became daily more and more a puzzle. Though a temperance man all his life, he could hardly get by a dram-shop without going in, and though ever cautious in language, he could hardly keep at times from swearing outrageously; and then he was tempted in other directions not necessary to name. At times he felt suspicious, selfish, and utterly unlike himself every way. His family observed how strangely he acted. And then he became magnetically nervous and angered at the least provocation, so unlike his previous calm, upright, and moral life.

"Finally he felt inclined to consult Judge Edmonds. Calling upon him, and commencing to relate his condition in a roundabout way, the Judge said: 'You tell me no more; I know all about it. A spirit came into the room with you —a spirit who is the cause (unknown to you) of all your troubles.'

"What spirit?" inquired the attorney.

"He does not give me his name," replied the Judge, "but has been relating his history. It seems from his appearance and what he says, that he was an ignorant, positive, selfish, and worldly man, who went to California in the gold fever

days. He lived on the lower plane of mining life. In the mines he died. He tells me that he remained about the mines some time—remained or lingered in the *dark*. He was neither happy nor very miserable. He seemed to be pretty much alone, and yet he was conscious of other and better beings about him, who did not come to him. Dissatisfied with his locality and condition, he resolved to go East, to New York, and about the first one he saw, or saw clearly enough to come into sympathetic relations with, was you."

"What did he come to me for?" asked the Christian attorney, shuddering at the thought. "What sympathy could there be?"

"He says," replied the Judge, "you were suffering with the same physical disease that he died with, and your dissatisfaction and mental irritability caused by the physical disease, attracted him to you."

"But what do you stay with me for?" asked the lawyer. "Because I like to," was the spirit's reply. "Why do you like to?" "Because it is light around you; and then I can better hear and know what is going on in the world, that I did not want to leave."

This obsessed lawyer and the obsessing spirit (through Judge Edmonds), then held a long interview.

Finally, the Judge, who was both clairvoyant and clairaudient at the time, talked to the spirit kindly and friendly, telling him what to do—to leave the man, to look up, to pray, to ask the aid of God and angels for light, etc.

"In a few weeks," said the Judge, "I met this lawyer again, and said, 'Well, how do you get along?'

"'Oh, finely; my health is good and I have felt no desire to be profane, or to turn into the gin-shops along the streets.'

"'Of course you feel finely,' replied the Judge, 'for that spirit has been hanging about me, more or less, half obsessing *me*. Actually, for several days the electric aura that he threw around me, in his efforts to stay with me, made me cross when I had no occasion for it, and inclined me for the moment to profanity, and cold-hearted selfishness, and other vices. Seeing that I would not yield, and at the same time, willing him to depart, together with reliance upon my angel helpers, he left.'" The Judge added, that "a denial of obsession is a confession of ignorance touching the psycholo-

gical effects of mind upon mind, and spheres infringing upon spheres."

"The Judge has had Catholic priests, after a thorough trial of their 'holy water and prayers,' send their mediumistic members when wickedly disordered, to be demagnetized and released from the grasp of obsessional spirits."

Case of Mrs. James.

Mrs. James lives in a Western State. She was informed of the "obsession" through which we have passed. She is afflicted in a similar manner, though never under the control of spirits. She hears voices, several—male, female, children—and the Holy Spirit, speak to her; but she never sees them. It is terrible, and she does not understand what it all means. She wished us to tell her how we were relieved of our trouble, and we have advised her the best we could. She writes, "I do not close my heart or mind against anything good or true; I respect all moral or spiritual teachings, but it don't do me much good. All desires and aspirations after better things, all my reading and praying, do not stop these *voices*, nor give me the peace of mind which I have earnestly sought. . . . They tell me to *curse them*, that it will be more effective than *praying*. I never did nor could use profane language even in my thoughts. . . . Now these voices are making a terrible fuss. They say the more I write or talk about them, the worse they will act, and that they will craze me before you can do anything for me, and that no medicine will help me. I have tried to avoid listening to this babel and confusion of sounds by going out into company, or having others talk to me, and it is the best thing I can do. If ever there was a miserably afflicted mortal, one that needs help, it is I. The constant noise is gradually deafening me, and the voices say they will not only drive me mad, but deafen me to all human sounds.

"I can't go on but a short time with the awful noises. I shall be crazed surely. If ever anything is done to better my state, it must be done *soon* or it will be too late. If I never write you again it will be because my mind is taken from me, or because I shall not be able to write. I dread this night coming. Oh! why does God permit such things,

when one is striving to live right? I am an old woman but earnest and sincere in all I say or do, and would be grateful for advice.

"It is now going on *three* years since I first heard the voices, and a little over two since they began talking to me. At first I supposed they were in an adjacent hotel, but soon discovered that I was almost deaf to voices in my own house. They threaten with everything, disasters of all kinds, and death. I cannot tell you how it goes on, day and night. The screaming is horrible at times. They get so angry when I write about it as I am now doing. . . . Now these 'talkers' claim to have my boy and girl with them, and that they can get children with them and teach them evil, no matter how innocent or good. [All children are adopted by the Lord, and are safe in his kingdom.] And that they want to get all who can be got, by fair means or *foul*. It seems as if they want to stick to me, and deafen or craze me, perhaps both. They say they cannot get away, and would not if they could. . . . .

"I can neither read nor write in any degree of peace or quiet. The sounds are talking, two like males, two like females, one like a child, then some like crickets, locusts, and frogs, tree-toads, and all animals. Then again like the surge of rushing waters or of a mighty wind; and I tell you I am almost deafened to human sounds at times. The noises make me shiver, I mean the screams of children, shrill sounds. They say they will never leave me as long as I know enough to *think*, or have any mind, and are every day threatening evil. . . .

"I don't hear the *bird now*, but did for a long time, and *that talked* too. But the one who began it all and claimed to be, and others said he was, God and Jesus Christ, *he can make all the sounds, can talk like a woman, man, or child;* so they say, and he wanted me to starve myself to death. . , . . . They can't go to you, but one says, 'tell him to send his spirits after us.' One says, it's to fool me, and then again, that I am fooling myself. I do not give much heed to what they say. . . . I love music; they say they hate it, me, everybody, and everything, etc."

Nov. 1884. . . . "My ears are filled with the most horrible din, and it is three years since they began talking to me,

and it is getting worse. If I try to read, it seems the whole battery of noises is let loose. They yell at every word I write, are mad, and show it so much that I will not do anything to please them. No influence can stop this noise except Divine power. This I believe, for when I first began talking with them *by thought*, one asked 'which I intended to serve, the God of the Bible, or their God with them?' I placed my hand on the book which I kept by me, and read when I could, and this voice would read with me so loud that I took no comfort. The same in prayer, go right along with me, even urging me to pray, and then tell me I did very well, made a good or poor effort, and that he could do better himself, and that he had tried to pray and live a better life on earth, but God took no notice of his petitions and will not of mine. . . . If God is more merciful and forgiving than earthly parents, why does He afflict those who try to do right and serve Him? . . . I sometimes think this is the work of the Evil One, over whom the Lord has no power; else, why is it permitted? as they are *now* howling, raging, and cursing, and swearing around me, until I hardly know if I am on earth or not. . . . They say they will haunt and torment me all the more for telling of them," etc. etc.

Case of Mr. Orville G. Hursen, Quincy, Ill.

We copy the following from "Mind and Matter," Jan. 31, 1885.

"*Dear Sister Lois:* Yours just received. . . . I hardly know how or where to commence to tell it all; suffice to say that my dear boy, from over-study and sympathy for me in my sickness, and sitting for 'development' (as he was told at a circle that E. V. Wilson [a spirit we presume] wanted to use him for a speaker, and for the benefit of humanity he was willing to be used), he became psychologized, or in a condition to be controlled by 'undeveloped' spirits, and was kept talking nearly all the time for three days and nights. I did all I could for him and he was getting better, but he was induced to leave the room on the plea of going to the college to see the professor, and he was taken to the court-house where a jury was already impanelled, and in twenty minutes from the time he left, they pronounced

him insane, and locked him up in the jail, not by himself but in a room with a dozen dirty criminals. They kept him there from Tuesday till Friday, and then sent him to Jacksonville. The laws of this State are such that I could do nothing. . . .

"The professor who made the complaint is a Methodist; the physician who examined him a Presbyterian, and the jury of mixed theology. When I told the judge that the boy was only laboring under the influence of a psychological spirit, he told me very emphatically that he did not believe there is such a thing as psychology. The sheriff is a Catholic. So you see what they are trying to do. It is not the boy, as he was perfectly harmless and did nothing but preach.

"There is a magnetic healer here who cured a woman of obsession with two treatments, after she had been in the asylum six months and got no relief; but none of the healers here were allowed to treat him, nor I to see him. . . . I could have endured it to have buried him, but this is so terrible. He was all right otherwise, and would say to me, 'Ma, this is so queer, I feel just as I always did, but when it has a mind to talk I can't stop. . . .

"MATTIE E. HURSEN.

"QUINCY, ILL."

From personal correspondence with Mrs. Hursen, we learn through a letter, March 4, 1885, some additional facts. She says: "I am happy to say my son has been released from the asylum. He was held there six weeks and three days. . . . He had got quiet and had one short sleep before he was taken to the jail, but did not sleep while kept in jail, nor did he sleep the first night in the asylum; but he gained his self-control then, since when no spirit can control him unless he is willing. For the next four nights he did not sleep much, because he was tied down in such position that no one could sleep except from sheer exhaustion. . . The advanced spirits can hardly force their way down through the masses of earth bound spirits, and we hardly get a truth through our mediums, until they have years of experience in deceptions and lies from spirits. . . . My son was controlled by an old priest." [This, we believe, was mere pretence.]

The son writing to the physician at the asylum after his

release, says: "When taken to Jacksonville as a lunatic, I was simply under spirit control, or was subject to the will of spirits. I won the battle between them and myself the first night I was in your institution, and was no more insane the next morning than I was the day you let me come home; but all I could say or do had no weight with those in charge. I was treated like the *worst kind* of a lunatic, when I was no more insane than you are." The correspondence shows that the young man was treated in a very brutal manner, and was released on account of his mother's indefatigable exertions in his behalf.

Case of Mrs. R. A. Schoenhofer.

The following, taken from a morning paper, shows the ignorance and prejudice of those in high places, whose unjust decisions consign to insane asylums persons who are under spirit control, or whose interior senses are "open."

CHICAGO, *March* 6, 1885. A throng of curiosity seekers, and a number of people seriously interested in "spiritualistic investigations," presented themselves in the county courtroom this afternoon for the purpose of witnessing proceedings in the case of Mrs Rebecca Alice Schoenhofer, recently adjudged insane, but in whose behalf a motion for a new trial had been entered on the novel ground that she was not insane, and that her alleged eccentricities were merely incidental to her belief in Spiritualism.

Dr. C. C. Higgins was foreman of the jury and was severely examined by Mr. Sydney Thomas, who appeared as attorney for Mrs. Schoenhofer.

"Have you any personal knowledge of the phenomena claimed by Spiritualists, and do you deny their ability to see things which are not visible to the eye of the person in a normal condition?" asked the attorney.

Dr. Higgins replied: "I believe that any one who claims to see spirits on a vacant wall, or claims a spirit can mark upon a slate, is insane or a liar. I have no sympathy for persons who make any such assertions."

Mr. Thomas. "Then you are prejudiced against their religion. Would you believe people in their right mind who declared they could see such phenomena?"

Dr. Higgins. "I would say they were frauds if not insane."

The attorney challenged Dr. Higgins "for cause," but the Court said the prisoner was not entitled to a jury of Spiritualists.

Dr. Higgins said: "There are many professed Spiritualists who no more believe they see spirits than I do."

Mr. Thomas. "There are about 8000 Spiritualists in this city, and I think they should be given a fair trial. The Doctor is too prejudiced."

The Court. "The jury system does not contemplate a jury of experts or of one view. The petitioner is not privileged to a jury of Spiritualists. Whether there are 8000 people in the city of that belief, the Court takes no knowledge."

Mr. Thomas. "Your Honor, I make another suggestion. It seems to me that spiritual phenomena are of so long standing that the Court must have taken judicial knowledge of their existence."

The Court. "The defence takes the ground that the lady is not insane, but a Spiritualist, and therefore believes in phenomena not understood by people not members of her faith. I overrule the challenge."

After some further talk by the attorney the case was indefinitely postponed.

To those "obsessed" we advise: Never obey the spirits. Command them to desist, leave, or obey you, but do it kindly. Allow nothing they say or do to scare or alarm you, the Lord is protecting you. Think of such things as will break the rapport with them. Enjoy the soothing influences of music, as often as practicable. Do not be persuaded to live abstemiously, or to starve yourself. Eat, drink, and be merry, and laugh at the folly of the spirits. Live a pure, temperate, Christian life. Look to Jesus Christ (whom evil spirits hate) as your only God and Saviour, and trust confidently in His power to save. Read the Gospels until you are familiar with their teachings. Frequently repeat the Lord's Prayer, and think of Jesus as your only God and Saviour. If the physical body is diseased, obtain medical aid; if it is not, great good may be derived from the sympathy and kindness of family and friends. Evil spirits cannot endure the active, helpful sphere of mutual neighborly love; hence every kindness bestowed or received is helpful.

If physicians or others apply the above simple rules, great good may be expected to follow.

"Obsession," we believe, is the effect of the subtle power of magnetism exercised by evil spirits (or by men). If, therefore, there are honorable men *skilled* in the art of *de*-magnetizing, who possess greater power than the obsessing spirits, such men could, no doubt, "cast out the evil spirits" and restore the "obsessed" to his normal condition. Some people object to this. But why not prefer to trust ourselves to the beneficent curative influence of our fellow man, than helplessly suffer the torments and tortures inflicted by degraded evil spirits?

Most diseases are usually treated with antidotal *poisons*, dictated and sanctioned by their demonstrated efficacy. *De*-magnetism is the only known antidote for obsession, and as a remedial agent seems to have been imparted to the Apostles by the Lord and also to Paul, "so that from his body were brought unto the sick handkerchiefs or aprons, and the disease departed from them, *and the evil spirits went out of them.*" (Acts xix. 12.) "And a young man fell down from the third loft and was taken up dead. And Paul went down and fell on him, and embracing him said, 'Trouble not yourselves, for his life is in him.' . . . And they brought the young man alive and were not a little comforted." (Acts xx. 9, 10, 12.)

Although the Lord empowered his disciples to heal the sick and cast out devils, there were some cases where they failed, when the Lord intervened and wrought the cure. Thus we read in Mark ix. 14–29: "And when he came to his disciples . . one of the multitude said, Master, I have brought unto thee my son which hath a dumb spirit, and wheresoever he taketh him he teareth him; and he foameth and gnasheth with his teeth and pineth away; and I spake to thy disciples that they should cast him out, and they could not. He answereth him and saith, O faithless generation, how long shall I be with you? How long shall I suffer you? Bring him unto me. And they brought him; and when he saw him, straightway the spirit tare him, and he fell on the ground and wallowed, foaming. And he asked his father, How long is it ago since this came unto him? And he said, Of a child; and ofttimes it hath cast him into the fire and

into the water to destroy him; but if thou canst do anything have compassion on us and help us. Jesus said unto him, If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth. And straightway the father of the child cried out and said with tears, Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief. When Jesus saw that the people came running together, he rebuked the foul spirit, saying unto him, Thou dumb and deaf spirit, I charge thee to come out of him and enter no more into him. And the spirit cried and rent him sore and came out of him; and he was as one dead, insomuch that many said, he is dead. But Jesus took him by the hand and lifted him up, and he arose. And when he was come into the house his disciples asked him privately, Why could not we cast him out? And he said unto them, This kind can come forth by nothing but by prayer and fasting."

The important lesson taught by this beautiful narrative is, that certain requisites were essential to effect a cure: namely, faith and works, prayer and fasting. Thus we are assured that "faith works wonders."

Another lesson is to be learned from the above case, namely: that even innocent children may become "obsessed," and that obsession is no evidence that the obsessed is a wicked sinner above others. "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone."

Jesus endowed his apostles with the gift of healing by the laying on of hands, and they seem to have been as jealous of their rights as the medical doctors of to-day, who hold diplomas from some medical institution. Thus, John said: "Master, we saw one casting out devils in thy name, and we forbade him because he followeth not with us. And Jesus said unto him, Forbid him not; for he that is not against us is for us."

Thus Jesus not only instructs his disciples in the mode of healing, but he also sanctions and justifies others who held no diploma, whom John forbade. Why should the medical profession oppose the mode of treatment and the right to practice, which the Lord taught and sanctioned?

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